



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

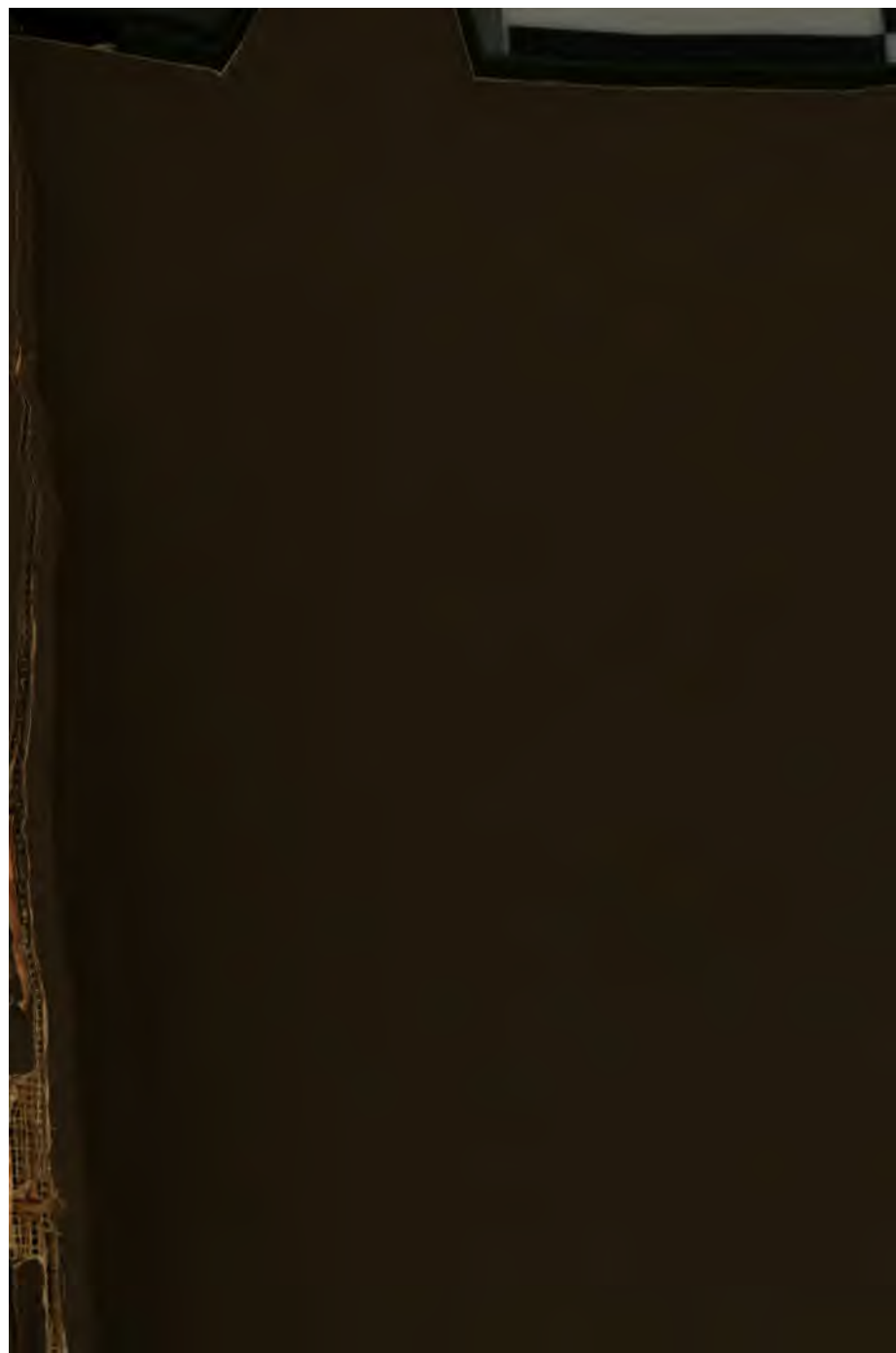
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



MY LIFE.

VOL. I.

*Robert
= Loftus
-AN*

1152. H.

By the same Author.

In Two Volumes, Crown 8vo, 21s.,

MY YOUTH, BY SEA AND LAND,

FROM 1809 TO 1816.

BY CHARLES LOFTUS,

FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL NAVY, LATE OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

"It was a happy thought that impelled Major Loftus to give us these reminiscences of 'the old war,' which still retains so strong a hold on our sympathies. Every word from an intelligent actor in these stirring scenes is now valuable. Major Loftus played the part allotted to him with honour and ability, and he relates the story of his sea life with spirit and vigour. Some of his sea stories are as laughable as anything in 'Peter Simple,' while many of his adventures on shore remind us of Charles Lever in his freshest days. During his sea life Major Loftus became acquainted with many distinguished persons. Besides the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Regent, and William IV., he was brought into personal relation with the allied Sovereigns, the Duc D'Angoulême, Lord William Bentinck, and Sir Hudson Lowe. A more genial, pleasant, wholesome book we have not often read."—*Standard*.

"Major Loftus's interesting reminiscences will prove generally attractive, not only as full of exciting adventures but as recalling stirring scenes in which the honour and glory of England were concerned."—*Morning Post*.

"Major Loftus's narrative is a remarkable and interesting book. In abundance of adventure and heartiness of style a novel of Marryat is not more attractive."—*Daily News*.

"Major Loftus tells the story of his career with a freshness and zest worthy of his lively and adventurous boyhood."—*Academy*.

"Major Loftus's reminiscences are pleasantly told."—*Athenæum*.

"We have seldom read a more pleasant book of travel, anecdote, and adventure. Major Loftus is happy both in his style and matter. The volumes will afford the reader pleasure, instruction, and amusement."—*Messenger*.

"Major Loftus gives us a book as entertaining as 'Midshipman Easy,' and as instructive as a book of travels. It has not a dull page in it; and, whether by the camp-fire, in the barrack-library, or on shipboard, we are confident it will receive a warm welcome, whilst its literary merit will commend it to those unconnected with the services."—*United Service Magazine*.

HURST & BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS, GREAT MARLBOROUGH ST.

MY LIFE.

FROM 1815 TO 1849.

BY

CHARLES LOFTUS,

FORMERLY OF THE ROYAL NAVY,
LATE OF THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.

AUTHOR OF

"MY YOUTH BY SEA AND LAND."

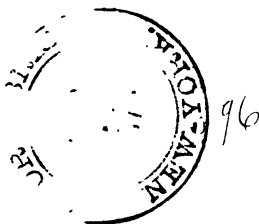
IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1877.

All rights reserved. B.



LONDON :
PRINTED BY DUNCAN MACDONALD, BLENHEIM HOUSE,
BLENHEIM STREET, OXFORD STREET.

TO
JOHN VILLIERS STUART,
THE MOST NOBLE THE MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

You were kind enough to say that you should feel much gratified by my dedicating the continuation of the events of my early life to you ; and I assure you that it is with great pleasure that I do so, not only from my sincere affection for yourself, but regard for the dear old Hall which you inherit, in which I was born, and have spent so many very happy days, and wherein many of the events here related occurred.

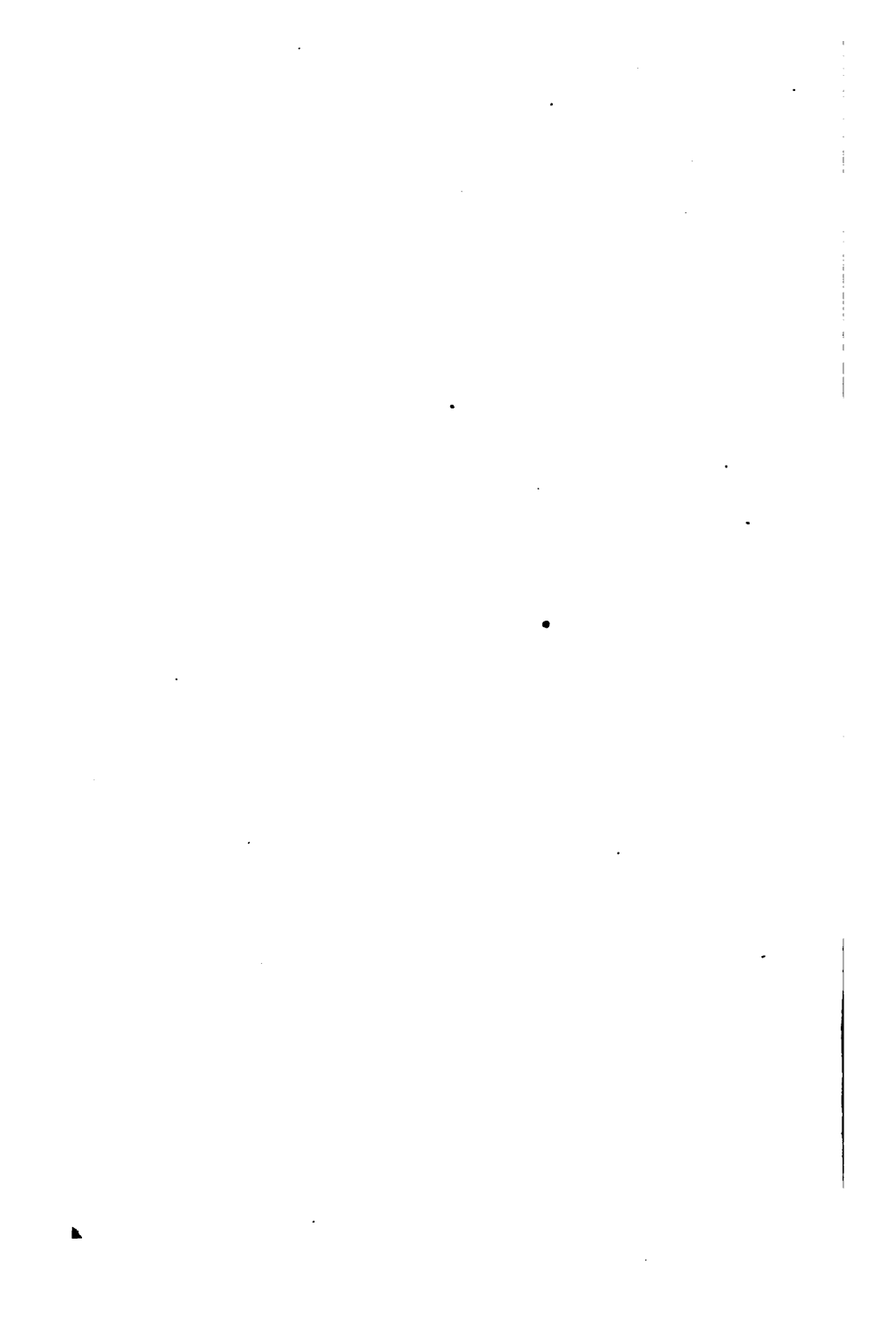
Believe me,

My dear Marquis,

Ever your affectionate Cousin,

CHARLES LOFTUS.

Wyndham Lodge, Bournemouth,
April, 1877.



CONTENTS
OF
THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

The Perils of a Sailor's Life—Idle Flunkies—Pat and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Building and Manning Ships of War—Iron <i>versus</i> Wood—Seamanship in Former Days—Maintenance of the Army—I obtain a Commission in the Army—Enter the Coldstream Guards—Disaffection of the Lower Classes—General Loftus—Interference with the Passage of Troops—Reform Agitation	1
--	---

CHAPTER II.

The Coldstream Guards after Waterloo—Quartered at Windsor—Cricket Matches—George III.—A Presentiment—Visit to Hanover—The Crown Prince—Vigorous Exercise—Inflammation of the Eyes—Ignorance of Naval and Military Affairs—First Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo—Sport—The Spanish Adventurer—Greyhounds and Coursing—An Error corrected—A Walking Match	24
---	----

CHAPTER III.

My Father's Military Career—Officers of my Battalion—A Dreadful Accident—The Irish Sentinel and his Mother —My Brother's Services—Expedition to Buenos Ayres —Putting his Foot into it—The Art of Lassoing— Death of the Princess Charlotte—General Milman— The Opera—Don Giovanni—Nicholson the Flutist— Presented at Court—Viscount Exmouth—Slaughter at Algiers—The Admiral's Teeth—Story of Paul Ben- field	47
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to Norfolk—Smugglers—Their Audacity—Franklin, the Baker—Billy Betts, the Keeper—A Discovery— Waiting for a Run—Partridge-Shooting—Theatrical Celebrities—Farren as Sir Peter Teazle—A Cricket- Match—Faith in a Future Life—Excursion to the Sea-Coast—Garboro' Creek Adventure—Apollo and Venus—Handling the Gloves—Defence against In- vasion—French Bullies	71
---	----

CHAPTER V.

A Melancholy Story—Late Guests—Early Attachments —The Bull—A Sentry who knew his duty—Uni- form of the Guards—Volunteers—A City Light- horse Volunteer in Paris—Good Training—Hunting —Communication from London—Aide-de-Camp to General B——Guernsey—A Levee—Making out a List for a Dinner-party	95
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

A Review—The General and his Staff—Inspection of Coast Batteries—The General's Horsemanship—Story of a	
---	--

White Feather—Castle Cornet—An old Officer—Island of Herm—Conquest of an Unruly Horse—Alderney The Fortifications—Hereditary Governors—An Unpleasant Voyage—The French Cook—Opening of the Royal Court—Castle Carey—Picturesque Costume—Diana and her Nymphs caught bathing . . . 123

CHAPTER VII.

Costume of the Peasantry—Unfortunate Contretemps—Exclusiveness of the Guernsey People—Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington—Wine *versus* Toast and Water—The General's Cellar—Visit to Jersey—Ludicrous Accident—The Governor of Jersey—Elizabeth Castle—La Chapelle des Pêcheurs—Capture of a John Dory—Island of Sark . . . 148

CHAPTER VIII.

Fall from a Pony—Perversity of Women—A Veteran Battalion—Alarm of Fire—Pleasure Excursion—The Seigneur of Sark—Houpé Pass—The Artilleryman's Bull-Dogs—Cromlechs—The "Creux Terrible"—Valley of Singing Birds—Perilous Position of a Vessel—A Female Smuggler saved from Death by Drowning . . . 172

CHAPTER IX.

Going to a Party—Ladies' Cloaks—Awkward Accident—New Year's Reception at Government House—Death of George III.—The Minute Guns—Disturbances in the North—Luddites—The Thistlewood Conspiracy—The Brunette—Unexpected Revelation—Disagreeable Interview—Threatened Duel—Satisfactory Issue—Temporary Farewell to Elise . . . 200

CHAPTER X.

Return to England—Preparations for the Coronation of George IV.—Queen Caroline—How the <i>Times</i> did Business—The Old Charlies—Night Amusements—The Coronation—The Queen's Attempt to enter Westminster Hall—The Champion's Challenge—Popular Feeling—The Guards insulted by the Mob—Riding at Norfolk Fences—Raynham Troop of Yeomanry—Purchase of a Horse—A Yeoman of the Old Style	233
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

Trial of Queen Caroline—Non Mi Ricordo—Funeral of the Queen—Military Arrangements—Proceedings of the Mob—Two men Shot—Ludicrous and Perilous Position—Letter describing the Marriage of Queen Caroline—Marriage of the Princess Charlotte—Wreck of a Vessel on the Norfolk Coast—Wreck of a Dutch Galliot—Meeting with the Hounds—Capital Run—Laying my Horse	259
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

Management of Yeomanry and Volunteers—Reminiscences of the Norfolk Rangers—Popularity of the Corps—Mr. Matthew Pepper Manby and Sergeant Bond—Military Discipline—Travelling in Former Days—Box-coats—The Old Waggon—The Sleepy Waggoner—Ponding Horses after Work—All-Hallow Eve Superstition—Old Molly—Bed-warming Extraordinary—A Noble Stag	285
---	-----

MY LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

The Perils of a Sailor's Life—Idle Flunkies—Pat and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland—Building and Manning Ships of War—Iron *versus* Wood—Seamanship in Former Days—Maintenance of the Army—I obtain a Commission in the Army—Enter the Coldstream Guards—Disaffection of the Lower Classes—General Loftus—Interference with the Passage of Troops—Reform Agitation.

THE success which has attended the two volumes of "My Youth by Sea and Land," has induced me, at the request of my friends, to continue the narrative of my early life, not that I anticipate an equally favourable reception for this account of the incidents of my subsequent career.

Shortly after my arrival at home from the Mediterranean, where, as I have stated, I had

been serving with Lord Exmouth, it became a matter of consideration, when I found myself recovering from the effects of the severe suffering I had undergone in consequence of my fall from the main rigging to the quarter-deck of the ship in which I was then serving, whether I should return to the Navy or join the Army. I had been six years on the briny ocean, and had weathered many a hard gale, which made me think of two lines of one of Dibdin's songs :—

“Many droll sights I have seen,
And wish the wars were over.”

Yes, many a brave fellow have I seen knocked over, and many a gallant tar fall off the top-sail yards in the darkness of the night into the foaming waves below.

“Ye gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease,
Ah, little do ye think upon
The danger of the seas.
Give ear unto the mariner,
And he will plainly show
All the cares and the fears
When the stormy winds do blow.”

How often have I thought of these lines when high on the giddy mast, and while the sails were flapping around in the darkest night, I

have heard the cry of a "man overboard," with no hope whatever of saving him. I think a true-hearted British sailor is the finest and the bravest fellow in the world.

Ye sleek, well-fed, well-clothed flunkies in many a hall in London, reading the morning news in well-cushioned chair, while toiling up the stairs a maid-servant carries her load of coals, you being merely condescending enough to carry a little tray containing one or two cups of tea or coffee, a delicate plate of bread and butter, and a cream jug to my lady and her friend, only as far as the drawing-room, but not gallant enough to exchange your load with the weaker vessel even so far, of what service to you and your order it would be to holystone the quarter-deck of a line-of-battle ship at four o'clock in the morning watch without shoe or stocking on those delicately-clothed and shod legs and feet, "buckle at the knee and buckle in him shoe!"

This reminds me of an anecdote which I have heard my father relate, that when my mother's father, the old Marquis of Townshend, was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, walking down Sackville

Street one morning, the streets being dirty, he came to the bridge across the Liffey, where he saw Pat with a box and brushes, ready to clean shoes. Pat touched his hat and said, "Shall I brush the dirt off your honour's shoes?" not at all knowing at the moment to whom he was speaking. My grandfather, being a good-natured man, always full of humour, thought proper to indulge Pat in his vocation, so putting up his foot on the stool, he said,

"Now, Pat, brush the dirt off my shoes, and make them shine well."

Pat began his operation, and was brushing away, when, turning up his face and looking at his customer, he began to mutter,

"By the pow'rs, by the Holy Virgin, I believe he is the Lord-Lieutenant."

Still he went on plying his shoe-brushes, ever and anon looking up into the face of his employer, and muttering various ejaculations.

"By my sowl, I belave it's him."

The job finished, the noble lord said,

"Now, Pat, what am I to give you?"

"By the pow'rs, my lord, whatever your lordship plazes."

"Here then, Pat, give me change for a guinea."

"A guinea, my lord! Gad, you might as well ask a Hielander for a knee-buckle."

"Well, if you have not got change, then keep the guinea, Pat."

"By the pow'rs, my lord, I hope you'll come every day."

It is unnecessary to say that my lord was a great favourite with the shoe-blacks ever after, as the story soon spread abroad.

At the time I am now writing the continuation of "My Youth by Sea and Land," there is a great controversy, involving many differences of opinion amongst naval officers, upon the subject of building ships of war and manning them; and in regard to the Army, there is a still wider difference of opinion respecting the best means of obtaining a sufficient supply of men for that branch of the service. The great question is, who is right, and who is wrong? and every man living in a free country like Old England has a perfect right to state his ideas on these subjects. John Bull is a queer fellow to deal with upon many matters, particularly those of

money, and when the tax-collector comes round for payment, he puts his hand into his pocket, and twists and turns the silver about before he can be induced to part with it, grumbling, growling, and swearing that we have no business with a standing army, or with so many ships of war. I must confess that I always feel out of temper on these occasions, but when you come to talk with John Bull quietly, and to reason with him, he is soon brought to agree with you that it would not do to leave your country in a defenceless state, and that you must have an Army and a Navy, and what you do have and pay for must be of the best kind.

The science and skill displayed in building enormous ships, coated with iron thick enough to repel a shot when it strikes them, are in themselves wonderful things; but then these enormous leviathans, clad with armour, some of them mounting cannon which throw shot weighing three hundred pounds a distance of five miles, are still more wonderful. When we see these enormous ships floating on the broken billows with the ease of the swan resting on her native element, we are struck with wonder

and amazement, and none more so than myself, who, fully sixty years ago, slept in our ships of oak upon the stormy sea with seven hundred companions in arms, and felt as secure as if we were sleeping in our fathers' houses at home, knowing that there was an officer on deck, with four or five midshipmen, and two hundred and fifty seamen, who knew their duty, and were ready to handle the sails at a moment's notice, if a storm should come and wake the deep.

"What matter, what matter,
I should ride and sleep."

Well, we have all a right to give an opinion, and mine is that hereafter we should build no more ironclad ships, for the guns which shall be brought into use against them will pierce through their iron coating, and send them to the bottom of the sea before they have a chance of coming into action. We have already heard of the sinking of the *Captain*, with her five hundred brave men on board, in a breeze which enabled her to carry three topsails, and we have heard lately of various other disasters, such as running foul of each other, and sending one or other to the bottom. We do not read of these

disasters in olden times under Collingwood, Nelson, Howe, Rodney, Duncan, Jervis, &c. All these men had large fleets under their command; they did not run foul of or sink each other; their great object was to sink their foes.

It has struck me there must be something wrong somewhere. There are certainly many more hundreds of vessels on the seas than there were in former days, but in time of peace steam-vessels, as well as others, carry lights at night. In my younger days our great object was not to carry any light, so as not to be seen by an enemy, but, as I said at the commencement of my observations on the Navy, things are so changed in every way that I am not competent to give an opinion.

Regarding the Army, every well-wisher of his country is desirous to have a good Army, and those are not true patriots who begrudge the payment of money, so as to give men some inducement to enter the service; and, above all things, I should say put aside the short enlistment system. Give a bounty to a man entering the service, and a pension when he retires, after twelve years' service, and a larger one if he re-

mains eighteen years. I am quite sure that the Army cannot desire a more sincere well-wisher than the present Commander-in-Chief, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, who has, indeed, to contend with many more difficulties than people in general are aware of.

To return to the narrative of my early life, from which I am afraid my readers will think I have made too long a digression, I gave up the idea of returning to the Navy, and as there was a vacancy in the Coldstream Guards for one or two ensigns, the Duke of York gave me a commission in that gallant regiment. I think it was some time in the month of February, 1816, that I found myself at my father's house in London, preparing to join my regiment. I had an elder brother, long since dead, who was then in the same regiment, A sergeant used to come to me every morning from the barracks, which were then, I think, in Portman Street, Portman Square, to put me through my facings, &c. Soon after beginning, he said,

“Sir, I see you know all about it.”

“Yes,” I said, “I learnt these things years ago.”

Just as I was on the eve of putting on the regimentals for the first time, to appear on parade, I was seized with a dreadful pain in my right hip, the same place I had hurt in the fall described in my previous work, and likewise violent inflammation in my left eye—indeed, the same symptoms which I had experienced in my former attack, continuing for about a month. I was obliged to be bled and blistered, and to undergo severe treatment. However, I recovered, and went down into the country for a month, after which I joined my regiment. I merely mention this circumstance as one of the facts which show that I never got rid of the effects of that fall until I became totally blind, since which time I have never had an ache or pain.

When I joined my battalion it was quartered at the Tower. I had a cousin at that time Resident Governor, who was, in fact, what is called the fort-major, but who did all the duties of the Governor. My father was Lieutenant-Governor, but never resided there. My cousin, Major Elrington, who had been in the 13th Light Dragoons for many years, and who had been

aide-de-camp to my father at the battle of Vinegar Hill, where he commanded a brigade, was a kind and hospitable friend, kept a good table, and it is unnecessary to say I found myself in good quarters. I soon learnt the duties required of me there, watching, as I did with great attention, the drill going on at different times. I was in a few days on duty at the main guard, and when my turn arrived I was able to take command of the guard from the regiment in the Tower, stationed every night at the West India Docks.

Occasionally it was my duty to be on the Bank guard. Here everything was very comfortable. We had a nice sitting-room, with a good couch in it, a table spread for three persons—soup, fish, &c., and three bottles of wine. The bank directors were most courteous gentlemen, finding the officer of the guard a first and second course.

A good story is told of an officer of the Guards (as good a fellow as ever breathed, and still, I am happy to say, in the land of the living, though he has long since left the Army), who, being on duty one night at the Bank, had

asked two friends to dine with him. After waiting a while, the dinner was placed on the table, but no company came. My young friend felt rather low-spirited, never liking to be alone, and preferring the company of friends better than his own. He ate his dinner, the dishes were cleared away, the wine being left on the table with fruit. His friends not appearing, he finished the sherry himself, then the port; when the sergeant came in for him to go the rounds. This service having been performed, he returned to his room, got the newspaper, and sipped away at the claret, which, being a bottle of Sneyd's, he was not long in finishing, as he had done the others. He then laid himself down on his couch and slept soundly till daylight, when, the sergeant coming in, he was aroused, went out, and inspected his guard. The gates being opened, and his duty ended, he marched steadily back to the Tower, not even suffering from a headache. I think I should have had one for a week afterwards.

During the time I was doing duty in the Tower of London, it often came to my turn, as I have stated, to be on guard at the West India

Docks. It was a most disagreeable duty, and in those times a most disagreeable place to get to. You will ask why? To traverse dirty and narrow streets with a hundred soldiers under your command, and the population of London at that period of a very disorderly character, and in a very irritable mood against the Government, and especially against the soldiers—though why or wherefore I never could understand. I always felt happy when I arrived at the end of my march without receiving insult on the way. On one occasion, however, I did not get off scot-free. As I entered on the lower part of the road which led to the docks, I saw groups of ugly, dirty-looking fellows standing here and there, all staring at the soldiers, and making disagreeable remarks as we passed. I had passed with part of my guard through one of the bye-streets, where I saw a waggon with the horses standing. The law of those days, and I believe it is so now, was that all vehicles of every description were obliged to stop for the passage of troops. I had got twenty yards across with my advance guard, when I heard two or three voices crying out, “Now, Bill, go

it!" and, at the same moment, hearing a clatter, I looked behind me, and saw that the waggon had been drawn through my ranks. The leading horse had knocked down two of my men, and the waggoner, with the butt of his long whip, was in the act of striking another a heavy blow on the head, which was fortunately in some measure protected by his shako. I halted my men, but before I could get up to the spot, the soldier had returned the blow with his musket across the waggoner's head, and I verily thought had killed him, for the man fell to the ground as if dead; but, fortunately for the fellow, he had a thick, broad-brimmed hat over a thick skull. Of course, I lost no time in stopping the fray, and took the name of the waggoner, and of the owner of the waggon. My men turned the waggon back up the street, and I, putting my guard in order, marched on, leaving the driver with the broken head to get home as best he could. Of course, I need not say I received no small abuse from the people in the street, but, as we were not the aggressors, I had nothing to fear. However, in the course of the afternoon, a sergeant came to tell

me that an officer had come from the Lord Mayor with an order for me to give up the man who had knocked down the driver; to which I replied "that that was a matter which would be settled hereafter, but that he need not expect I would give up any man of my guard for any such order."

The next morning, having been relieved, I marched my guard back to the Tower, expecting to have another rencontre in the streets; but I found everything clear and quiet. The Lord Mayor never summoned me, nor did I ever hear any more of the matter. However, there used to be a good many disagreeable things happening in the streets in those days. We had no police as we have now, and there was a revolutionary party in England doing everything they could to create a bad feeling against the institutions of the country.

I have said that my cousin, at his residence in the Tower, kept a good table, was fond of good cheer himself, and very popular with the city *bon-vivants*; with such men for example as Sir William Curtis and his brother James, who lived at the old Southsea House, where he had

an appointment. One day I received a letter from James Curtis, asking me to dinner with my cousin, the Governor, saying, however, "that he had nothing for dinner but soup and cow-heel," but would be most happy to see me. I took his invitation literally, but I observed that my friend, the Governor, took a pinch of snuff significantly as he remarked to me, "Well, Charles, we will go."

The next evening we found ourselves at the old Southsea House at half-past six, ready for dinner. We were ushered up an old-fashioned winding staircase, and were shown into a snug apartment with a good fire, and everything looking most comfortable. We were not long here before our host came to us, and dinner being announced, we entered, through folding-doors, into a large and spacious apartment. On the table we found a tureen of mock turtle soup, the best, I think, I ever ate of the kind. My host took his place at the head of the table, and the Governor at the foot, opposite to a covered dish. I forgot to mention that another gentleman had joined the party, making, in all, four. The soup finished, the cover was removed, and

there, sure enough, was the cow-heel, which was dressed up in the most fantastic manner, but of which, of course, we none of us refused to partake, and I really found it most excellent. During our first course the soup and cow-heel disappeared, and their places were supplied with every delicacy one could think of: patties, cutlets, and every description of luxury, not forgetting champagne, burgundy, hock, &c. As the glasses sparkled on the board, so did the conversation brighten. "Old Jimmy," as we used to call him, was full of humour, and his friend, the citizen, was also a lively companion. On our return home, the Governor remarked to me,

"What do you think of the cow-heel dinner, Charles?"

"Well," I replied, "I must confess I never had a better cow-heel dinner in my life."

About a week after this, we received another invitation to dinner in Fitzroy Square. There existed, as I have just said, a very unpleasant feeling in London against the ministry of the day, and, in fact, against the institutions of the country generally. People were crying out for

reform in Parliament, and it was no uncommon thing, in the days of which I am now writing, for the Radical mobs to break the windows of any member who voted in Parliament against their wishes, backed, as I am sorry to say these mobs were by the Whig party of the day, who, to gain their own purposes, did then as they would do now, namely, use any unfair means in their power to turn out a government to which they were opposed. We have, thank God, at present, a good Conservative Government at the helm of state, piloted by an able man through the shoals and quicksands into which the late Liberal Government had directed the Royal Sovereign; and I have not the slightest doubt that if the same Liberal party should get into power again, they would have recourse to the same destructive conduct as they were guilty of at the time of which I am now speaking. All I wonder is that noblemen and gentlemen of high birth, of wealth and property, should ally themselves with such a revolutionary party.

Well, as I have said, there were cries of discontent with the Government, and demands for

reform. Meetings were held in various parts, and revolutionary speeches made. At Birmingham, Manchester, and in different parts of England, similar proceedings were carried on, inflaming the minds of the people, and in London creating great excitement. Mobs collected in various parts, and meetings were held at Tower Hill, where inflammatory speeches were delivered.

In the midst of all this we had, as I have said, a second invitation to dine in Fitzroy Square. There was talk of a great meeting to be held on Tower Hill that evening, but the Governor and myself thought it a matter of no importance, and we drove off to dinner in Fitzroy Square at seven o'clock. I found there a large party. My host had a very pretty niece, and the Governor whispered in my ear,

“Take her down to dinner, she’s got £40,000.”

I did not let the hint escape me, but somehow found myself shortly by her side, and, when the dinner was announced, offered her my arm. Soup, fish, and all the delicacies of the season were on the table. There was no one present whom I had ever met before, most of them

being bankers, and opulent men in the City. Not that I cared much about that, for I devoted all my attention to the young lady at my side, whom I found not only handsome, but most agreeable. I did all I could to ingratiate myself into her favour: I do not know whether the £40,000 had anything to do with it. But I rather fancied the idea that she should take a liking to me! I was not a bad-looking fellow in those days, though,

"Time which steals our years away,
And steals our pleasures too,"

has made a strange alteration in the outward man. Still I have a lively recollection of those youthful days.

The dinner over, the dessert was placed on the table, the bottle passed round, and I began to feel myself very much at my ease, when a note was handed on a silver waiter to the Governor. I looked at him, and wondered what it could be about. My cousin opened it very quietly, first taking a pinch of snuff, according to his custom. As soon as he had glanced at the letter, he exclaimed,

"Good gracious, Charles, we must be off.

The Tower has been summoned to surrender."

There was a general consternation amongst the company.

"Good God!" said an old lady, "what is the matter?"

The Governor replied,

"There is an immense mob on Tower Hill, and they are going to attack the Tower."

"Don't be alarmed, madam," I said, "that is easier to talk of than to do."

My young lady looked at me, and I at her. "Confound the mob," thought I to myself. "This is a dreadful break up of all my happiness."

My worthy friend the Governor asked to be allowed to ring the bell, and inquired who brought the letter. On being informed that a corporal from the Tower had brought it, the man was desired to procure a coach.

This unfortunate event broke up a most pleasant and agreeable party. We took leave of our host and hostess. I shook hands with my fair friend, who seemed as sorry to part with me as I was with her, and the Governor and myself soon found ourselves ensconced in the interior of one of the old-fashioned vehicles of the day, yclept a

hackney coach. The corporal had mounted the box by the side of the driver; but before we reached the environs of the Tower, the Governor exclaimed,

“Where is the corporal?”

“On the box, sir,” I replied.

“Stop the carriage. Tell him to come in. We shall be marked and attacked by the mob.”

The corporal, who was soon inside the carriage, was made to squeeze himself down at the bottom of it, and orders were given to the coachman to drive as fast as he could up to the gates. We came down by the Minories, and on the hill found an immense mob of people. We were fortunate enough to get into the fortress without being molested, and we found everything in the greatest excitement. True it was, the Tower had been summoned to surrender, and information had been sent to the Secretary of State, who sent back word to the officer in command “that, if any attack was made, the attacking party was to be fired upon.” The cannon on the ramparts were put into position, so as to bear upon every point likely to be assailed, the portcullis was lowered, and every-

thing bore a most warlike aspect. However, the night passed off quietly, and the mob dispersed, tired of waiting for those who were to lead them on to the assault, but who never made their appearance. Of course we all knew it was humbug, and got up by the revolutionary demagogues of the day to mislead the ignorant people.

Perhaps the march of intellect in the present day, and the better education of the lower classes, will make them see the folly of such proceedings, though I am sorry to say there still exists a number of men who, by meetings of the same sort in Trafalgar Square, Hyde Park, and elsewhere, endeavour to create disunion amongst a people who are in heart truly loyal to the Crown and institutions of the country. My readers will not have forgotten a celebrated letter, not many years since, in which the multitude were advised "to show themselves in force from Charing Cross to Westminster, and to burst open the doors of Parliament, which were barred against them."

CHAPTER II.

The Coldstream Guards after Waterloo—Quartered at Windsor—Cricket Matches—George III.—A Presentiment—Visit to Hanover—The Crown Prince—Vigorous Exercise—Inflammation of the Eyes—Ignorance of Naval and Military Affairs—First Anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo—Sport—The Spanish Adventurer—Greyhounds and Coursing—An Error Corrected—A Walking Match.

NOTHING more that I now remember happened worth relating during the time the battalion remained in the Tower. I found my brother officers a most gentlemanly set of fellows, all men of good family, some of whom had served in the Peninsular campaigns, and some, like myself, had but recently joined the regiment. There had been many vacancies in the regiment in consequence of the bloody battle of Waterloo, where the valour of the Coldstream Guards shone most conspicuously in

the defence of Hougomont. The present General Sir Henry Bentinck was the adjutant of the battalion. With him I formed a friendship, which I enjoyed during the time I served in the regiment, but, owing to my blindness, I have lost sight of him and of many of those good-natured and amiable friends with whom I served ; and indeed this unfortunate event has deprived me of much of the society I formerly enjoyed.

Captain Bentinck had the battalion in most admirable order. He was an excellent officer, as he proved afterwards in the Crimea, where he accompanied the brigade of Guards under H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, where both these gallant officers much distinguished themselves, and where many a gallant fellow fell to rise no more, especially in the battle of Inkerman, where the brigade of Guards lost so many men and officers. At the time of which I am writing our other battalion was in France, with the Army of Occupation, under the command of the great conqueror of many a hard-fought field.

The time having arrived for the change of

quarters of the Guards, as far as I can remember, about the end of February, we were marched to Windsor. Here I made an arrangement with one of my brother officers to take my duty for a month, as I found we were not all required to be there, while I went into Norfolk, where I remained for more than the time stipulated, and then returned to join my battalion. Morning parade, mounting guards at the Castle whenever it came to my turn, rowing on the Thames, and occasionally going to a ball at the Town-hall, or at a private house in the town, were the principal things which occupied my time. When cricket began, we used to have some capital games, and on one occasion I played in a match against the townsmen of Windsor, who had challenged us. Large placards were put about everywhere, saying, "Great cricket match between the town of Windsor and the Coldstream Guards for one thousand guineas." The money, I need not say, was all a farce. No one thousand guineas was ever brought into question. There were good players among us, some of whom had been at Eton in their younger days. We had at the time at Windsor

Colonel Barrow, commanding battalion, Captains Shawe, Clifton, Salwey, Baines, and other officers.

I was reckoned a good bowler, and on the first day of our match I distinguished myself by bowling out with my second ball the best man of the Windsor party, and when at the wicket myself, by running my bat into the stomach of a fat citizen, Mr. Ramsbottom, who had run out of his proper ground, and got before the wicket. This created much amusement in the crowd, but I had some difficulty in making the worthy citizen understand that it was an accident, and appeasing his anger.

At the time of which I am now speaking, there was little occurring at Windsor Castle. King George III. at that time lived, I may say, in seclusion, in consequence of the sad state of mind under which His Majesty was then suffering. H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, then Prince Regent, performed all the kingly offices of State. When on guard, I often observed His Majesty walking on the terrace with the equerry-in-waiting, or a gentleman appointed for that purpose. The King had the misfortune

to be blind, a malady to which other members of the Royal House of Brunswick have been subject.

I had always a dread of becoming one day blind myself, and had a presentiment which, unfortunately, has only proved too true a warning of the future calamity. I therefore watched the King with more than common interest as he walked, led by his attendants, along the terrace at Windsor. One day I observed that His Majesty stopped in his walk, and repeatedly desired to be re-conducted to the palace—a wish which his attendants, desiring to keep him out longer in the air, paid no attention to.

Some years after I had lost my own sight, I went to Hanover to spend the Winter there, having been to Grathraft to consult Dr. De-leuve, the famous German oculist; and while at Hanover, I frequently walked on the same road with the Crown Prince, who was himself blind. The first time I was introduced to him I was while walking with my daughter, now no more, along the Herringhausen Road. The Princess was with him. H. R. H. sent his

aide-de-camp across to me to say that he wished to speak to me. The Princess knew Miss Loftus, she having attended the Court with her mother. They were both most gracious and kind, and he asked me how I had lost my sight, and when I told him, the Prince added, "You were in the Guards, were you not? What a nice set of fellows are your officers in the Guards!" And then he asked if I had not been in the 15th Hussars, for "the King of Hanover thought that I had." I told him that I had not, but that my elder brother William had been in the 15th, and was afterwards in the 38th, and had been all through the Peninsular campaign. The Prince was always most kind and amiable to us, and H. R. H. and the Princess interested themselves very much in us, sympathising in my misfortune. The King of Hanover died shortly after.

During my stay at Windsor, many little things happened which took off the tediousness of a life in barracks, where there was little duty required. I did not dislike the marching out early in the morning for a field-day, for then I learnt something regarding the manœuvring of

a battalion, under the able instruction and command of the Adjutant, and a first-rate sergeant-major (Baker), whom, after he had left the Guards, I found in a high position in the police force in London. The eminent surgeon, Mr. Guthrie, who had attended me for inflammation in the eyes, had advised me to take all the exercise I could, never to take more than two glasses of sherry per day, never to touch port wine or beer. I followed this *régime*—often walking up to London after parade in the morning, a distance of two-and-twenty miles, playing at cricket in the park, and boating on the Thames with my brother-officers—and enjoyed perfect health, as I still do.

I remember on one occasion walking to London to my father's house in Wimpole Street, and after dinner with him, going to a ball in Portman Square, dancing till four o'clock in the morning, getting back to my father's house to change my clothes, catching the Windsor coach, and arriving at the barracks in time enough for morning parade, after which I was well prepared to eat a good breakfast. After

that, I was pressed to join in a game at cricket, which I did. So much for my youth and spirit.

I then began to hope that I should have no more attacks in my eyes, but subsequent events will show how sadly I was mistaken. I have lost my sight, but, thank God! I have still the use of my limbs, and my intellectual powers of memory are wonderfully good for a man of seventy-nine years of age. All the bright scenes of early life rise up in the mind's eye before me as vividly as ever. I never hear the cock crow in a farmyard but that it calls to my mind some recollections of the happy home of early youth. While I am inditing these reminiscences I hear the thrushes' notes and the chirping of many a well-known bird; the murmuring stream, as I walk along its banks, reminds me that, when at my father's dear old place in Norfolk, I used to take my fishing-rod, with a little tin box full of worms, and bend my way down to the river-side, and now and then hook a beautiful trout, of which fish we had plenty in the river. At other times, my brother Ferrers and myself used to "glaive" for eels, of which

we had a beautiful silver kind in the river. The very smell of the violets in Spring, and the cowslips, too, on the lawn, recall the hours of vanished days and years.

People often ask me questions upon various subjects regarding the Army and the Navy, and the ignorance which I find prevailing amongst certain classes of Her Majesty's subjects is truly astonishing. Not long since, I went into a highly respectable tradesman's shop, and as he was alone, we spoke a few words together. I knew him to be a good and religious man—a dissenter from the Established Church ; but I am not so bigoted at seventy-nine years of age as to think that, because a man does not belong to the Established Church, he is not worth speaking to, or that his ideas are unworthy of attention. He said to me—

“ I hope no offence, sir, but may I ask you a question ? ”

“ Certainly you may,” I replied.

“ Well, sir, I was at a little party the other evening, and the people were talking of the Army and the Navy, and your name, sir, was mentioned as having belonged to both services ;

and it was said that you had lost your sight in consequence of an injury received in the Navy, and it was supposed that you enjoyed a good pension thereby. It was also a general supposition that the reason of so many of the younger sons of noblemen and gentlemen entering the Army was that they were provided for immediately by receiving £300 a year."

"Capital!" said I. "Now, this little question of yours proves to me what I have long thought: how ignorant and ill-informed are men in your class of life as a body, who, under such erroneous impressions, do injury to themselves, to the country, and to society at large. Far from this being the case, no officer could maintain himself in the Army with the pay he has, which is certainly not £300 a year, unless he had some means of his own. He has, perhaps, his commission as an ensign to purchase, or as a cornet of Dragoons, and his regimentals to furnish himself with too. To give you an outline of what I had to do when first I joined the Coldstream Guards at the end of the year 1815: the shako alone, covered with gold

lace, I believe, was ten or fourteen guineas ; the regimental red coat, with gold epaulettes, belts, gorget, sword, white leather pantaloons (three guineas a pair), Hessian boots, (three pair, not less than two guineas a pair), besides a blue frock-coat, cloak and sash, a full-dress coat for Court and Guard of Honour days, white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, pumps, and gold buckles 'in him shoes,' which every gentleman wore in those days, far superior to the common fashion of this day. Forty guineas the full dress alone cost, besides all these etceteras I have named. And now, my friend, what becomes of your magnificent provision for the gentlemen of the Army?"

"Good gracious, sir!"

"Ay, good gracious, indeed! What, do you suppose that His Majesty or the country gave us our fine feathers, our mess daily, and wines, our shoes, and blacked them for us? You are quite right to ask me this question, for ignorance on these points, and other subjects with regard to the Army and Navy, produces discontent, disunion, disloyalty, and Radicalism in the country. Read and inform yourself on these

things, instead of devouring the vile literature subversive of all order, union, and loyalty, which causes men to vote at an election to Parliament against gentlemen who would uphold the dignity of the Crown, the ancient institutions of the country, and, above all, our Protestant and long-tried faith, which I firmly believe, under the protection of Divine Providence, has enabled us to spread the gospel truth throughout the world by means of our shipping and commercial interests, and to promote the great prosperity of our glorious country, proving England to be the fortress of Christianity. With respect to myself, I never received any compensation from my country for the loss of my sight. In the first place, my sight was not lost in battle, but in consequence of a severe injury received while on service, causing a constant inflammation in the eyes, culminating in utter blindness. I should be too glad to receive a pension, for which, indeed, Guthrie urged me again and again to apply, but I neglected to do so then." So much for my conversation with this most respectable but evidently ill-informed

shopkeeper, which I mention as a specimen of the prejudices entertained by his class.

To return to my narrative. In the year 1816, the first anniversary of the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, the Horse Guards Blue commemorated that event by giving a splendid ball at Windsor. To this ball I, in common with my brother officers, was invited. Here I met many old friends from London. It was a grand affair, got up in first-rate style, where Gunter displayed his artistic cuisine on the supper-table to the utmost perfection. The Marquis of Anglesea, one of the heroes of that memorable day, with numerous other officers of distinction, was present.

At length the time arrived for a change of quarters. A few days previous to my leaving Windsor I received an invitation to dine with Lord Rivers, who was the equerry-in-waiting on His Majesty at the Castle. His lordship and I had much conversation on the subject of coursing, he himself being a great lover of that sport, and possessing a first-rate breed of greyhounds, of one of which he was afterwards kind enough to make me a present. We had an officer in the

regiment of the name of Joseph Sidney Tharpe, a well-known character among us. He, like myself, was fond of all kinds of sport, and particularly of coursing. He had two or three good horses at Windsor, and he often used to mount me for a ride with him. It was a favourite amusement of his to take me to some place where there were particularly high banks, with ditches on each side, when he would say to me,

“If you’ll find a neck, I’ll find you a horse. I want to try such and such a horse to-day, to see how he’ll jump those high banks and ditches.”

I was fortunate enough to get over most of them without a fall. After both he and I had left the Guards, I used to meet him sometimes at Newmarket, near which was his father’s residence, and he gave me two or three excellent greyhounds, from which, and Lord Rivers’s dog, I bred some puppies, few of which I was able to rear. My readers may have heard of the story of “the fortunate youth,” which created a great sensation at the time. My friend was the brother of the heroine of that story.

There appeared in London about this time a Spanish gentleman, who, as it was generally

supposed, was possessed of enormous wealth. He cut a great figure with horses, carriages, &c., and lived at one of the most expensive hotels in London. He became acquainted with my friend aforesaid, who, with his usual urbanity and kindly nature, invited him to his father's place, near Newmarket, to pass a few days there. At this hospitable mansion he met many gentlemen of the country and other persons of distinction. The October meeting being at hand, it was a most favourable season for showing every attention to a guest. At that period there was every opportunity of showing him good sport in the partridge-field and good pheasant-shooting in the open. Nor do I think that there was any sport more amusing in those days than to see, when one was out partridge-shooting, a fine cock-pheasant, who had strayed from his covers, suddenly rise up before you, and fall plump to your gun at about thirty yards' distance.

The Spaniard was a tall, handsome young man, of good address and gentlemanly manners. No one seemed to know who he was or whence

he sprang, but somehow he won upon everybody, and was to be found in the best society; and thus he found his way to the house of my friend's father. Here he lost no time in making the best play for the hand of my friend's handsome and amiable sister, into whose favour he soon ingratiated himself. It was the talk of the neighbourhood far and near, "Have you not heard of the match Miss T—— is about to make with this handsome and wealthy Spaniard?" The matter was the subject of conversation at all dinner-tables. This gentleman managed so cleverly as to draw for money upon some leading person in Spain, and he carried on the war so successfully as completely to delude two English acquaintances into a belief of his riches, and to pass three or four months of the London season in the best society, before he was detected. I congratulated my friend upon the brilliant match which seemed likely to take place, and he hired a house in Bryanstone Square, where he entertained myself and the rest of his brother officers upon the strength of the wealthy con-

nection which was about to be formed. Somehow or other the bubble, which had glittered so brilliantly in the air, suddenly burst, and left my friend and others in astonishment. One fine morning the Spaniard was *non inventus*, and none knew of his whereabouts. Horses, carriages, liveried servants were all left behind, and vain were the inquiries for their master. Bills flowed in apace from unfortunate tradesmen. The great horse-dealers, Anderson & Co., felt that they had been cruelly "bitten." Stultz the renowned tailor, Hoby the well-known boot-maker, to say nothing of jewellers, and even Jews, a difficult race to circumvent, were in despair for their money. Grave and long faces were to be seen in the neighbourhood of the fugitive's deserted habitation. We need not say that the effect on the public mind was most amusing. I myself, who had been duped like others, shared in the laugh, nor shall I forget the face of my friend when I met him at the club, and asked him whether there was really a true bill. His reply was more pronounced than polite. An eminent solicitor, in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, was also a dupe to the plausibility of the clever Spaniard,

and, I believe, was the first to draw attention to the wealth of this supposed Croesus by a story of his having seen branded, on the corks of bottles of wine, the names of his estates in Spain !

To return, however, to our greyhounds and coursing. My younger brother, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was as fond of sport as I was. He possessed a fine dog, called Joss, which he had bought at a sale when a puppy. I had likewise an excellent dog, which I had bought—one of Lord Rivers' breed. I always contended that my dog had the greater speed. Sir Joshua, as we sometimes called my brother's dog, was certainly a capital fellow, and a great favourite with my elder brother's servant, who lived in the country and took care of them for us. Sometimes my dog would run splendidly, and give Sir Joshua the go-by ; at other times, when I most wished him to do so, he would leave the other dog to do the work, and, in consequence, I lost my match. There was a squire in my county, Mr. Dewing, who kept a fine pack of harriers, and was fond of coursing. He had a splendid greyhound,

which had beat every dog in the country round. Once my brother and Mr. Dewing made a match, and immense was the excitement which it created, the squire being a great favourite with all the farmers around him, as he was a first-rate rider across country, and showed them excellent sport with his hounds. I knew him well, and took my first lessons from him, when I was a boy, in riding across country. I used to let my horse go full swing at the fences, and the consequence sometimes was that we both came to grief, for, if he did not clear both the ditches, a fall was inevitable, whereas Dewing's plan was to make his horse leap on to the top of the bank, and then spring over the further ditch.

During my visit to Norfolk at this period I went over to Raynham to stay a few days at the old Hall, and this reminds me that in my former work I have made a mistake respecting the descent of Dorothy Walpole, the Ghost. The correct statement is that Charles, second Viscount Townshend, K. G., married July 2, 1713, Dorothy, daughter of Robert Walpole of Houghton, in Norfolk, and sister of the minister, Sir Robert Wal-

pole, by whom he had five sons and two daughters—Mrs. Spencer Cowper and Mrs. Edward Cornwallis. The only son who left issue was Edward Townshend, D.D., Dean of Windsor, father of Charlotte Townshend, wife of John Norris, Esq., mother of Lady Wodehouse, grandmother of the Earl of Kimberley.

I have said that Mr. Dewing and my brother had made a match with their greyhounds, which was to take place, I think, at Creek. All the squire's friends mustered strong to see this match. I believe there was a great coursing party made up for the occasion. My uncle, Lord J. Townshend, was there, and other gentlemen of the neighbourhood. The day was fine, and plenty of hares were found, and gave good sport. In the afternoon of the day the match was run off, and the result was that my brother's dog won it, beating the squire's favourite, to the astonishment of all. The day wound up with a jovial dinner, as was generally the case on these occasions.

I remember another circumstance taking place in which my brother was one of the principal performers. He was in bed at my father's

house at Stiffkey, when he was aroused early in the morning by a letter from Lord J. Townshend requesting him to come over to Testerton House, where Lord James then resided, and informing him that he had made a bet the night before that he should run a match against a celebrated Mr. G——, who had been performing some wonderful feats in running, and had beat everybody, and it was decided that he was to be at my uncle's house at eleven o'clock, to run a match against this great performer. My brother, who had made no preparation for a race, rose immediately, put up a few things in his valise, and mounting his horse, rode over to Testerton to breakfast. He went over in his shooting-jacket, a dress generally worn by gentlemen in those days. Soon after eleven o'clock a carriage drove up to the door, in which were two gentlemen, who, on alighting, were shown into the drawing-room, the one who was to run the match against my brother being dressed in a very light and picturesque costume—a round sailor's jacket, white duck trousers, silk stockings and pumps, a blue-speckled shirt, a blue

neck-tie, tied with a true lover's knot. The fact was that he was a young officer in the Navy, a handsome young man, five feet nine, broad-shouldered, and well-made.

After his arrival, some other friends having heard of the match, and knowing my brother to be an active man, came to see the fun. When they came to the ground, about a hundred yards were measured out. My brother, on perceiving the active frame and light costume of his opponent, thought he had got one who would give him some trouble to beat, so he changed his dress, putting on his evening costume, with light shoes and silk stockings. Umpires having been appointed, one of whom was Squire Dewing, the competitors of the race were placed in a position for a start, the word was given—one, two, three, and away they went, the Royal Navy man going ahead of the Guardsman several yards, so quickly did he spring off the ground; but he did not long maintain his advantage, for my brother was soon up to his side, and quickly passing him, went ahead, and won the match easily, beating him by twenty yards, to the great chagrin of the lieutenant,

who little thought that a Grenadier Guardsman could go such a pace. I must confess I never saw a finer runner than my brother. I was a good one myself, but never could come near him.

CHAPTER III.

My Father's Military Career—Officers of my Battalion—A Dreadful Accident—The Irish Sentinel and his Mother—My Brother's Services—Expedition to Buenos Ayres—Putting his Foot into it—The Art of Lassoing—Death of the Princess Charlotte—General Milman—The Opera—Don Giovanni—Nicholson the Flutist—Presented at Court—Viscount Exmouth—Slaughter at Algiers—The Admiral's Teeth—Story of Paul Benfield.

IN describing the events which occur in the early part of life, we often remember things which we have previously omitted. I am anxious, as far as possible, not to forget circumstances which happened in my family, and to mention events which have come to my knowledge. I had a great love and regard for my dear father. He was a thorough gentleman—courteous in manner to all, at the same time benevolent to such as applied to him for assistance. He was a good soldier in his early career. He joined the 9th Dragoons as a cornet, and

afterwards changed into the 17th Dragoons, with which regiment he embarked in 1775 for America, where he served until appointed to the 3rd Foot Guards. He was at the memorable action of Bunker's Hill; at the battle of Bedford; at the taking of New York; the battles of Penham Manor and the White Plains; and, by the desire of the Commander-in-Chief, led the Hessian Grenadiers across the River Bronx, where he was wounded—as he was also in the attack on the lines of Kingsbridge. In 1794 he raised the 24th Light Dragoons; in 1796 was made a Major-General, and appointed to the English Staff, from which, in 1797, he was removed to the Irish Staff, and commanded a brigade at the battle of Vinegar Hill. In 1809 he commanded the Eastern district.

In naming the officers whom I met on first joining the regiment, I find that I have omitted several with whom I lived on terms of friendship. Our second battalion being in France with the army of occupation, I did not become acquainted with all at once. However, Serjeantson, Kingscote, Beamish, Jasper Hall, I remember, were in my battalion. I have a lively

recollection of Serjeason, for we were competitors in two or three races which took place at Windsor. I am free to own that Serjeason proved himself to be the best jockey, though we were both considered good horsemen. But, then, I must state that my friend was a Yorkshireman, and I only a Norfolk man. My eldest brother, Henry, was in the Coldstream Guards at the time I joined, and had seen some service in other regiments. He was also in the 17th Dragoons (now Lancers), and was in the unfortunate expedition to Buenos Ayres and Monte Video. When that expedition embarked at Portsmouth, 1809, a dreadful accident happened which destroyed much property, and might have proved more disastrous, but for the timely aid rendered by the crews of the men-of-war's boats near at hand. The troops had all embarked, and some extra barrels of gunpowder had been placed ready to be carried off in the morning to a vessel appointed to receive them. Over the gunpowder was placed a sentry, with strict orders not to permit any person to come within a certain distance of the dangerous explosive. The mother of the sentry in charge

was anxious to see her son before he embarked. Finding that he was on duty over the powder, she stole slyly to the Hard, where the barrels were placed in rows. Lighting her pipe, in Irish fashion, she seated herself on one of them, unperceived by the sentry, who, when he caught a glimpse of a figure seated on forbidden ground, immediately challenged the woman, whom he did not recognize, and desired her to be off, or he would shoot her. His threat brought forth all the tender feelings of the parent.

"Ah, John, shure, is it *you*, my darlint, that I have come to see, threatenin' to shoot your own mother, who has come down to see the last of yer, my dear boy?"

"Get away, mother—get away!" said the alarmed sentry, advancing a step or two towards her. "Get away, mother, I say! I shall be hanged when the relief comes round, and you will be shot!"

The old woman, regardless of his remonstrances, in rising to go to her son, let fall her pipe full of burning ashes upon one of the barrels, out of which the powder must have es-

caped into the canvas covering. The cloth round the barrel took fire, and an immediate explosion was the result. The old woman was blown up into the air, her petticoats in a flare, which was fortunately extinguished by her falling into the ditch surrounding the ramparts. The poor sentry was killed on the spot. The houses adjacent were blown down, several persons were seriously hurt, and much injury was done to property. I was but ten years of age when this occurred, but I perfectly remember hearing the account of it contained in a letter from my brother, which was received at home just before the expedition sailed for South America.

In the expedition to Buenos Ayres, the 17th Dragoons went out unprovided with horses, and were to mount themselves on their arrival either from the Spaniards, or from the American prairies, where it was said that horses could be obtained easily—that is, if you knew “how to throw the lasso.” My brother Henry, the major of the 17th, took out with him as his groom Robin Withers, an honest, hard-working Norfolk man, whom we all liked, greatly attached to his master, and with whom, as boys, we used to

play all kinds of pranks, rolling him in the snow, &c. Robin Withers, of course, embarked with my brother, and was with the head-quarters of the regiment on board the frigate. On the passage out, one day, while the ship was becalmed, a large shark was caught, and hauled up on the quarter deck. One of the young midshipmen, thinking that he was dead, was foolish enough to put his foot within the monster's open jaws, which were immediately closed upon it, biting through both boot and foot, and holding on so fast that they were compelled to force an iron handspike between the jaws, the poor lad yelling with pain. The desperate creature, however, did not relinquish his dying hold, till, at Withers' suggestion, his head was cut off. Through the surgeon's skill, the boy recovered the use of his foot after long and painful sufferings.

My brother used to relate that when, at Buenos Ayres, Robin Withers heard every morning and evening the milk-woman calling out, "Leche!" (milk), he was heard to say, in broad Norfolk, "You fule, why can't you say milk at once?"

After Buenos Ayres had fallen, and not till we had lost many men, there was some idea of mounting the 17th, but that was more easily said than done. A party was to be sent, under the guidance of men who were acquainted with the clever art of lassoing. Robin, hearing of this, volunteered to join, as he wished to obtain a horse for his master, and he had received lessons in the art of sending the lasso over the horse's head, and throwing him. It appears that the men, following their guides, reached the ground which was said to abound in horses. Robin, and a companion whom he had with him, were well mounted on Spanish horses used to the exercise. He described to me that, having entered one side of a forest, they soon came in contact with a wild troop of horses, which gathered around them, snorting, and looking so mischievous that he acknowledged he secretly wished himself well clear of them. A horse coming snorting up to him, he threw his lasso, which he had coiled ready for action, over his head. The animal, alarmed, immediately started off, and Robin, instead of holding his own horse in, and letting him plant his fore

feet firmly on the ground, allowed him to rush after the wild horse, tethered, as it was, to his master's saddle by one end of the lasso. The consequence was that he was soon brought to grief, being pulled from his seat, and stretched, with a heavy fall, on the swampy ground, losing both his own horse and his prize. Fortunately, his companion, as well as the other men who took part in the expedition, secured horses, but poor Robin had to find his way home, sometimes walking, sometimes riding behind one of the horsemen, feeling very crestfallen, and expressing great disappointment that his master had lost the prize which he had hoped to secure for him.

My brother brought to England some Muscovy ducks, several pairs of which we kept at Stiffkey for years. They were very handsome, with a crimson rim round the eyes, the plumage grey, scarlet, black, and blue. He also brought with him a beautifully mounted rifle, and two long-barrelled Spanish muskets, which we used for many years on the marshes when duck-shooting. Robin Withers is now dead, and his grave is close to that of my brother at Raynham Church.

After being in the country for more than two months, I returned to London to renew my duties. As far as I can remember, it was about the time of the death of the Princess Charlotte. My servant, who was a steady and honest man, gave me the first intelligence of this melancholy event. He brought up my regimentals for me to dress, preparatory to going on guard at St. James's. As he was laying my things down on the table, I heard a noise which attracted my attention, and, on turning round, I observed that my servant was crying most bitterly.

"Why, what is the matter, Thomas?" said I.

"Oh! sir, she's gone!—she's gone!"

"Who is gone?" I asked.

"Oh! sir," said he, "the Princess Charlotte, sir, she's dead!"

I mention this circumstance merely to show how much that estimable Princess was beloved by all.

On going down to the Horse Guards to attend the guard-mounting—my brother being captain of the guard that day—everything seemed to me to wear an aspect of gloom, and all appeared to feel the loss they had sustained, not only as a

deep national one, but as a personal grief. On going up to the Club after breakfast, my brother introduced me to another officer of my regiment, Frank Milman—a great friend of his—whom I had not until that day met, but with whom I was on very intimate terms for many years afterwards. He had been a prisoner in France for nearly five years during the war. He entered the Coldstream Guards in 1800, and eventually commanded the regiment as its Lieutenant-Colonel, retiring in 1837. He was present in all the actions of the Peninsular War, from Oviedo to Talavera. In 1808, as aide-de-camp to Major-General Catlin Crawford, he was engaged at the battles of Roleia and Vimiero. He was on the same general's staff through the campaign of Sir John Moore, and was engaged on the heights of Lugo, and at the battle of Corunna. He was on the rear-guard from Sahagun to Corunna, where he had a horse shot under him. On his arrival in England he found that his regiment had again embarked for Portugal, and he joined it on the banks of the Tagus, and was present on the taking of Oporto, and afterwards at Salamundi, on the confines

of Galicia. The regiment was subsequently engaged at Talavera, where he received three slight wounds, and a severe one in the body, the ball lodging in the left breast, whence it was extracted. From loss of blood he was found bereft of his senses, close to where the fern had caught fire on the field, and was saved from being burnt by Thomas Bull, a private soldier of the Guards, and a wounded private of the 48th Regiment, who carried him to a convent, which served as a hospital, in the town of Talavera. At the time he was thus fortunately rescued he was in the hands of a Spaniard, who was busily engaged in separating the gold lace from his uniform.

Some days after the ball was extracted, and he endeavoured to escape before the arrival of the French, but broke a blood-vessel in his wound by the exertion, and was consequently confined to his bed for ten weeks, during which time he remained in a precarious state. In the month of November, however, he was conveyed as a prisoner to Madrid, with other convalescents, in a cart, and confined in the jail of the Retiro, whence he was marched under escort to

Bayonne, where he was nearly five years a prisoner. In 1810 he was at Paris, where he witnessed the grand entry of the Empress-bride, Marie Louise, whose carriage was drawn by captives of another class, the cream-coloured horses of George III., Elector of Hanover. He was among the prisoners stationed at Valenciennes in 1811 and 1812, where he still suffered severely from his wound.

Whilst resident at Verdun sur Meuse in 1813, he witnessed two imposing spectacles of painful contrast, the march of La Grande Armée towards Russia, and the return of its remains. He returned to England upon an exchange of prisoners in 1814, and joined the 1st battalion of his regiment, which was not in Belgium at the time of the battle of Waterloo, though the 2nd battalion had its share in that celebrated engagement.

Colonel Milman was not unmindful of the brave and faithful service done to him on the field of Talavera, for when he returned from abroad, he made Thomas Ball a handsome present every 28th of July, and, when that good soldier was very ill and confined to his

bed in Westminster, he sent him wine and other necessaries recommended for his complaint. In due time Colonel Milman received the Peninsular War-medal with four clasps, for Roleia, Vimiero, Corunna, and Talavera. He became a Lieutenant-General and a Colonel of the 82nd regiment, and died in 1856.

I have mentioned that whenever an opportunity offered I did not neglect to make use of it in going to the opera, which to me was a great source of enjoyment. The opera of *Don Giovanni* had still its run. Grisi, Mario, Titiens, and a host of others, who have succeeded the celebrated singers of my earlier days, are, or were, all delightful; but Ambrogetti as Giovanni, Naldi as Leporello, and Madame Fodor as Donna Elvira in those days carried everything before them in song and acting. I went with a large party one evening to the opera. My uncle, the duke, knowing me to be so fond of that amusement, had given me his box, so that I might take any of my friends. There were many whom I wished to oblige, but the tickets would only admit a certain number. There was a young lady in our party who had never been at an

opera before, and, therefore, was most anxious to see what it was like. I watched with peculiar interest her great excitement at every part of the performance, and in that scene when the statue moves his head she was so alarmed that it was with difficulty we could keep her quiet; but her horror was dreadful on seeing the unfortunate Giovanni descend to the regions below, surrounded by all the imps of Satan.

I indulged my love of music by going to hear the best vocal and instrumental performers of the day. Nicholson was a great flute player, and I seized every occasion to listen to the charming and delightful notes which he brought forth from that sweet instrument. Since then, I have heard several fine players; but none, that I can remember, who surpassed Nicholson.

I was not a member of the "Catch and Glee Club," but I often went there by invitation of Lord Saltoun, who was one of the principal persons connected with it; and here I enjoyed the delightful singing of Vaughan, Belamy, and other glee singers, with whom I was now and then invited to join, having, in those days, a high tenor voice. Of the fine voice

of Braham, who was a great favourite with me, I have a delightful recollection.

In the Spring of 1817 I was presented at Court by my father. His Royal Highness the Prince Regent had on that occasion a great number of presentations. If my memory serves me right, I met on that day my old friend, Admiral Pelew, with whom I served in the Mediterranean, as I have recounted in the memoirs of "My Youth by Sea and Land." I also met Sir James Brisbane. I ought to have mentioned that my late Admiral had been created Viscount Exmouth for the gallant victory he had obtained over the Algerines, and the release of the prisoners whom these pirates kept in cruel slavery.

There are several amusing anecdotes connected with this attack upon the Algerines, which were told to me by two or three of the officers who had been in the fight. My old friend, George King, was flag-lieutenant to the Admiral on that memorable occasion. The *Queen Charlotte*, three-decker, which carried the Admiral's flag, was at that time a fine ship of her class. I suppose she would be thought

nothing of now, when brought alongside an ironclad ; but there is one thing I may take the liberty to say, that we all of us felt tolerably safe in a three-decker of *Queen Charlotte's* build in a heavy gale of wind, and that we should float securely o'er the billows when the stormy winds did blow ; but we are none of us quite sure what would be the case should a war break out now, and these ironclads be compelled to blockade an enemy's port. If they cannot keep off a lee shore with their sails, and should have expended all their coal, what is to become of them ?

The *Queen Charlotte*, as is well known, ran close in and anchored alongside the Mole Head battery, being so close to it that her fire was most destructive. King told me that hundreds of people had gathered on the Mole Head battery to see the ships come in. One of our frigates had anchored ahead of the *Queen Charlotte*. The enemy thought that, by letting the ship anchor so close to the battery, they would be sure to be able to sink her, but they little knew the effect of a broadside from a three-decker. They fired the first shot. The good old Admiral, not

wishing to make a general massacre among the people, namely, the people who were not manning the enemy's cannon, made signs to them to get away; but they would not move, and the consequence was that when the word was passed along the deck to open fire, the havoc and destruction among the mob and soldiery were terrific. So dreadful was the fire from the *Queen Charlotte* that in a short time the seawall that faced the battery came crumbling down, a sight which, with the terrible sacrifice of true believers, excited some of the Algerine officers to such a pitch of fury that they were seen waving their scimitars in a threatening manner at the ship. King relates an amusing anecdote regarding the dear old Admiral, who stood on the poop, watching everything that took place. In the midst of the fire from the enemy, a piece of chain-shot struck the Admiral in the mouth and cut away his front teeth. Clapping his hand to his mouth, he cried, "There goes £30, by St. George!" These teeth had just been replaced in London by a first-rate dentist, so that he might "show a good front" to the Algerines. Everyone knows the result

of this engagement. The Algerine fleet was defeated, the Mole was destroyed, the captives were released, and once more the British flag waved triumphant on the sea.

I went up to the Admiral, when I saw him at the levée, before the doors were opened. He shook me warmly by the hand, as did also Sir James Brisbane, my kind old captain, who added, "*You* ought to have been with us." All I could say was I was sorry I had not been with them; indeed, I regretted much that I had missed that opportunity of seeing a little more of naval warfare than it had yet been my lot to see. My old friend, Jack Clayton, was there, and worked the quarter-deck guns, and, I was informed, had shown much gallantry in boarding one of the enemy's frigates when on fire, and with the assistance of another boat towing her clear of the Admiral's ship. I can only refer my readers to James's "*Naval History*" for a full account of this glorious event.

About this time I met with another old comrade, whom I had left in North America when my ship came home from that station in the year 1813. His mother, who had been a great

friend of all my family, had married a gentleman who, having embarked in a mercantile speculation, had acquired a large sum of money, and was in France with his son at the time when Napoleon seized upon all the property invested by English subjects in the French funds, many of whom, being in Paris at the time, were unjustly and vindictively detained; and among the rest, my friend and his father, a proceeding which brought the mother and daughter, who were living in a splendid house in Portman Square, to great pecuniary difficulties. They could obtain no money from Paris, where all their funds had been invested, and were therefore compelled to sell their house, horses, carriages, and everything of value they possessed. However, they found warm and sincere friends in my dear mother, my grandmother, the Marchioness of Townshend, and my aunts.

When I came home from Walcheren in 1810, I remember, when at my father's in Wimpole Street, a young lad making his appearance one morning, and I was sent for to come and speak to him. He was dressed in a sort of French costume, and seemed to speak very imperfect

English; but I recognized him as the only son of my mother's dear friend, who had escaped from France in a smuggling vessel from the coast of Holland. Finding I had just come from the Walcheren expedition, and hearing my stories, he decided upon going to sea with me when I joined my new ship, which was then fitting out at Chatham. My father soon introduced him to Captain Beresford, who consented to take him, and we joined her together when that ship was first commissioned. He became a most valuable officer, and continued with me in the same vessel for more than five years, during which time we were bosom friends. He was active, enterprising, and brave in the discharge of his duties as head of the signalling department. How often have I watched him in the heaviest gales ascending to the main-top mast-head, with his pilot hat tied under his chin, and fastened to his back his glass to make out what the strange sail then in sight was.

When it was decided that our ship, which had suffered severely from the heavy weather we had encountered, was to be sent home, it was notified to the midshipmen that any who wished

to remain on the American coast might do so. It was understood that there were three or four large frigates coming out, so that they might have a better chance, should they fall in with an American frigate, of coping with ships of their large class. My friend, Paul Benfield, was one of those who volunteered to remain on the station, and he joined Captain Jackson, who came out in command of one of the expected frigates, so I lost sight of him until the year 1817, when, being on guard one day at St. James's, I turned into Piccadilly, with the intention to take a look at the British Gallery, to pass the time there, not without the hope of meeting some friends. Just as I was ascending the steps at the doorway I was tapped on the shoulder, and looking round I found myself accosted by a gentlemanly-looking young man, of whom I had not the slightest recollection. He was pale, had the appearance of ill health, and was extremely lame. We looked at each other for a moment, when, seeing by my manner that I did not recognise him, he exclaimed,

“Why, Charles, don't you know me?”

I certainly did not till I heard his voice, and

then I knew that it was Paul Benfield. Common exclamations of surprise and pleasure at meeting escaped us both.

"Where have you come from?" I said, when our first hearty congratulations were at last brought to an end.

"From the West Indies, where I have been in hospital at Jamaica. I was bringing home a prize loaded with bales of cotton, taken by our ship, when, in a heavy gale, one of these bales rolled off on the deck from the booms, where it was stowed, and broke my leg, as well as the arm of another man. Being near Jamaica, I ran my prize into Port Royal, and went to the hospital, where I have been for some months."

He told me he had heard I had left the Navy and joined the Guards that very morning on arriving at his mother's house. It was then decided that we would meet, on my coming off guard, at his house, when he would tell me everything that had happened to himself and his family since we last met. It is needless for me to say that I kept my appointment, and was with him by twelve o'clock the following day, having marched with my Guards into the bar-

racks in Portman Street, and as he lived in Cumberland Place I had not far to go. I was not aware till I arrived at the house that his mother and sisters had come to London, and that, owing to the exertions of our Government, the French had been compelled to promise to restore all the money they had plundered from the English, the sum that he, his mother and himself, should receive being no less than nearly two hundred thousand pounds. However, I never knew exactly what they did get, but my good and valued friend began at once to speak about repaying the money I had let him have when in America, for when I left the station, knowing that I should always be able to get money at home, and he would not, I told him to take what he wished to have out of my bag, for I had at that time plenty in hand from prize money that I had received. This little matter was soon arranged between us. I dined with him that day, and we talked over old times. He told me he had been with Captain Jackson, who had come out in the new frigate, but that they had not been lucky enough to fall in with any of the Americans. He never returned to

the naval service, there being no occasion for him to do so. The war was at an end, and had not terminated very gloriously for the British arms. He took to the sports of the field, bought hunters, built a small hunting-box at Leicester, where he kept his horses, and where I used to go and stay, passing many a happy day with him there, as I shall have occasion to describe in subsequent pages.

CHAPTER IV.

Visit to Norfolk—Smugglers—Their Audacity—Franklin, the Baker—Billy Betts, the Keeper—A Discovery—Waiting for a Run—Partridge-Shooting—Theatrical Celebrities—Farren as Sir Peter Teazle—A Cricket-Match—Faith in a Future Life—Excursion to the Sea-Coast—Garboro' Creek Adventure—Apollo and Venus—Handling the Gloves—Defence against Invasion—French Bullies.

THE London season at an end, I went down into Norfolk, to my much-loved home. I well remember that journey, on which I rode a favourite horse of my father's, "Hippocampus" by name, about fifteen hands high. He had a splendid action, bent his knee in the good old style, and did not kick every stone before him on the road, or cut daisies on the grass as he went along. He was that sort of horse upon which you felt safe as you rode, but which people who thought themselves so clever in the art of breeding horses have done all in their power to destroy, particularly in the county of

Norfolk, once famous for its fast trotters. I well recollect the breed, of which the Norfolk people had reason to be proud. Some of these fast trotters would do sixteen miles in the hour, but I fear there are few of them left in the county. I was fond of fishing—we had plenty of trout in the river that ran through the Raynham property, which, in justice to the tenants settled upon it, was well preserved, as well as the game on the estate.

There was little or no poaching carried on on our manors, although smuggling was to a great extent at that period, and for many years after, carried on perseveringly all along the Norfolk coast. I believe there were several well-known smugglers in our village. John Dunn, a tall, athletic man, was the head of the gang. Whenever a vessel was to run a cargo, these fellows knew exactly when and where it was to be done. Whenever a vessel appeared off the coast with that design, she used to flash off her lights when it became dark, one light indicating one place, two another, and so on in the code of signals by which they gave notice to their friends on shore where they were ready to land the cargo; and

if they did not accomplish this undertaking on the same night, they were pretty sure, weather permitting, to do it the following night. The coast between Wells and Blakeney was most favourable for this sort of enterprise, the beach being low and sandy, while there was little surf breaking on it, except when the wind blew strong upon the land. In those days there was no coast-guard, but only certain officials who were called riding officers, whom the smugglers generally managed to elude, deceive, or lead astray. To tell the truth, many of them were themselves believed to be connected with the smugglers.

There was a gentleman from Yorkshire learning to farm on the holding of a Mr. Bucks, one of the tenants, who was a kind and amiable man, and certainly understood everything connected with farming. He lived in the old Hall Farm, which was an old castellated building, with a tower at each end, in a most beautiful position, a river running about four hundred yards from it, and surrounded by hills on every side. With this gentleman from Yorkshire I formed a great intimacy, and we used to take long rides

and excursions together. On one occasion we rode over to the Wells races, which took place on the sands, and to show the daring of the smugglers on our coast, they had chosen this very day to run a cargo on the very beach, where the races were going on. I had observed a cutter standing in and off the land for an hour or more, but thought she was some yacht bringing people to have a look at the races. My friend's attention and my own were unexpectedly called to a sudden rush upon the beach, where four or five light carts were being furiously driven across the sands towards the shore, to which a number of people were running down. Presently a sort of fight commenced, and the gentleman who was then in command of the Custom-house department at Wells came running and shouting to me and my companion, calling us to come and help, in the King's name, the revenue officers, saying that they were attacked and almost overpowered by the smugglers, who were running a cargo of brandy and tobacco on the beach.

Of course we could not resist the call to arms, and felt compelled to obey the summons. At

the same moment we were fortunately joined by two other gentlemen on horseback, who appealed to me, as I had a little experience in such matters, to know what was best to be done. I said form up into line, and keep line straight with me. We thus trotted along to the fight, which I saw was going on about two hundred yards ahead of us. Meanwhile the smugglers on shore had got many of the tubs into their carts, and had driven away. Amongst the combatants I saw two or three of our villagers, amongst the rest our principal baker, who was having a personal set-to with a revenue officer, the latter getting the worst of it. I told my companions to keep their eye on me, and gave the words, "Trot, gallop, charge," and away we went into the midst of the mob, who flew in all directions. The result was that we broke up the assemblage of law-breakers, and saved the revenue officers from a severe thrashing, but the smugglers got away with the principal part of their cargo.

I must add that as I passed our baker in the charge, I gave him a crack over his back with my whip, for old acquaintance sake, and as he

had on neither coat nor waistcoat, he must have felt it considerably.

In the evening we all went to drink tea at a worthy merchant's, whose name was well known in those days, old Mr. Bloom, where we received praises and congratulations from all for our warlike conduct on the field of battle. I could not help laughing at the affair. Four horsemen dispersed the whole mob, but the smugglers got clear off with nearly the entire of their cargo, the preventive officers only capturing six tubs out of the whole. Riding home late in the evening, I turned my eye towards the baker's house. I suppose he had heard my horse's feet coming down the road, for he was watching for me at the door. As soon as he saw who it was, he ran up to me, exclaiming, in quick, low tones,

"Mr. Charles! Mr. Charles! don't say a word about it. Pray, sir, don't say that you saw *me* amongst them. I think I saw John Dunn driving a cart full of tubs, from what I heard, furiously along the sands."

"Very well," I said; "we shall see what will come of it."

"But, Mr. Charles, that crack on the back that you gave me, I feel it now."

"Well for you," I said, "that I had no sword in my hand, or your head might have been off."

"Law, sir! Well, Mr. Charles, but you won't say a word about it, for if the General heard that I was among the smugglers, I might lose all his custom, and be taken before him" (my father being a magistrate).

Fortunately for the baker, Franklin, his name never appeared on the list of summonses, and I heard no more of the affair. It was a daring act, on the part of the smugglers to run a cargo at noonday on a crowded beach where races were taking place. I mention the circumstance merely to show to what extent contraband goods were in those days conveyed into the country.

One evening, coming home from shooting with the keeper, while we were passing through one of the woods, I put my foot upon what I thought was a lump of leaves. I tumbled heels over head on to something hard. I called out to Billy Betts, the keeper, to come and see what it was. On clearing away the leaves, we

found, to our astonishment, a dozen small kegs containing hollands and brandy. Billy Betts, who had been an old man-of-war's man, looked at me, as I did at him.

"Well, sir, this is a pretty go," said he.

"What's to be done, Billy?" said I.

"I don't know, your honour—you know best," and he took off his hat and scratched his head.

"Whom do you think they belong to?" I asked.

"I should not like to say, sir—I might be wrong."

"Well, I think I can tell you," said I.

"Who do you think, Captain?"

"Why," I said, "John Dunn, or the baker—perhaps both."

I suppose, as a loyal man, I ought to have given information at once to the riding officer, but I went home to dinner, and Billy, I think, gave timely notice to the owners of the kegs, for there were none to be seen next morning. This was not the only occurrence of the kind which took place on our coast, and in which our villagers took a very prominent part.

Some years after this circumstance, I was coming home late from hunting, having had a long run with Sir Jacob Astley's hounds, when I came into a lane which led to the village of Marston, belonging to my grandfather. In the lane I came upon fifteen light carts, which were standing evidently waiting for something or somebody.

"What are you all here for?" said I.

"Waiting for a run, sir—we expect to see a flash," was the bold reply.

"What, then, is there a vessel off?"

"Yes, sir, she's been off and on all the afternoon, and we rather think they've got a hint of it at Cley, and they have got three dragoons down there, sir, to help the preventive officers. Two of our men are gone down to Cley, sir, to get the dragoons into 'The Swan' to drink; and if we catch a preventive officer, we mean to tie *him* fast in a furze bush. We don't like them dragoons, sir—they've got pistols and swords."

I thought it best to trot home without saying anything, especially as I was hungry and tired, and wanted my dinner. I heard next

day that they had run the cargo with success.

Thus passed the time of the Summer of 1817. The September partridge-shooting had commenced, and I was out two or three days a week, with a brace of steady old pointers, to enjoy the sports of the field, accompanied in these expeditions by my two younger brothers. We always had excellent sport partridge-shooting, for we bred a great many on the manor. In the middle of October I was obliged to return to London, the officer with whom I had exchanged duty wishing to go into the country to enjoy some sport himself. So I took up my quarters for the Winter in my father's house in Wimpole Street.

I was fond of going to the theatre in those days, and whenever I had an opportunity I did so. Old Kean was one of the principal attractions of the day, particularly in the part of Richard III. Young, Macready, and the Kembles were also great favourites at that time. I went more than once this Winter to see old Farren as Sir Peter Teazle. His acting was perfection; his figure, manner, and dress would alone win you; but when you came to analyse

his imitation of the gentleman of the old school, it was inimitable, and I have often thought what a deal of good such a man as that would do in our days in teaching the *art de politesse*. Not that I say that the art does not exist in these days, but there certainly might be more of it among young people, particularly in their manners and conduct towards their elders. The "fast" language of the present day, such as "Thanks," and "Awful!" upon *all* subjects, are not favourable to good manners, and some of the expressions used are often very inappropriate.

In the Summer of this year one of my brother officers had made a match for me to play a game of cricket against another of them, who was really a better batter than myself, and this game was to come off at Lord's Cricket Ground. When he told me what he had done, I said—

"Why, you've done a foolish thing! He's sure to beat me."

"Nonsense!" he said. "I've made a bet of £5 that you'll beat him, so you are to be at Lord's to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and I want you to take the shine out of him."

I knew I had one advantage over my rival, and that was in the bowling. Accordingly, at twelve o'clock the next day, we both appeared on the ground. It was a single match, and we were allowed one scout each. I must confess I was very anxious to win, but I had no hope of doing so. We tossed up for innings, and my opponent got the first. He got two runs, and then I bowled him out, at which he looked very glum, and the betting was all in my favour. We were both young and active, much about the same size, and both good friends in the regiment. He had brought his friends, and I had brought mine. Several ladies had come to witness the contest, and I had a peculiar interest that day in wishing to win, for I knew one fair face was watching me most earnestly. It was a clear, bright day—all in my favour, for I was not as good-sighted as my opponent. Having bowled out his middle stump, I took my bat, and placed myself at the wicket. It was his turn to bowl. I fortunately stopped his first ball, or my middle stump would have disappeared. The next ball I struck out, and was fortunate enough to get a run

with the next. The third I was unfortunately caught out, and felt very down-hearted. We were even, but there was another innings. He went in, got one run, and I bowled him out. When my turn came again, great was the excitement, for I was still the favourite. I got a good swinging hit at the ball, obtained a run, and we were now on equal terms. Full of confidence and hope, I made a slashing hit at the next ball, missed, and down went my middle stump. So ended this, to me, memorable match. Although it was a drawn one, my friend was still convinced that I was the best man, and arranged for another trial. However, this never took place.

I have described some of the particulars regarding the smuggling trade. In De Bourrienne's "History of Napoleon I.," he relates many interesting anecdotes of the manner in which smuggling was carried on at Hamburg, adding that the English greatly contributed, in trading with Hamburg, to deceive the French Douaniers.

In the evening I used to get the villagers into

my father's grounds, and we had several good games at cricket during my stay. A challenge came from Warham to play the Stiffkey men. My friend, the smuggling baker, came to ask me to head our people. The match was to be played on one of Mr. Coke's farms at Warham, which place belonged to the Holkham estate. I picked out eleven of our best players, and on the appointed day for the match, took my men there. We tossed up for the innings, and we were fortunate enough to go in first. The match lasted the whole of the day, and we did not leave till a late hour, the "Cockle Boys," as my men were called, being victorious.

How the recollections of our early youth come back to the mind, as if they had occurred only yesterday, and you see before your mental vision places and persons as if you were again actually on the spot! Father and mother, brothers and sisters and friends, all pass in review. Painful and pleasant remembrances flit before you, and you heave a heavy sigh at the thought that you are left nearly alone to mourn their loss. Cooper, the American historian and novelist, draws a beautiful picture of the American

Indian, of his love of country, the wild scenes through which he roams, his attachment to his hunting grounds, and of the idea prevalent among these warriors of the wood, the prairie, and the forest, that they shall meet again hereafter in happy hunting-grounds, without sorrow or care, without separation for ever. I fear that often very strange thoughts pass through the mind of every human being, as to what will be when we shall be no more. I know and feel that one day I shall stand before the Judgment Seat of my God, and, believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, who came down from heaven to redeem mankind, that I shall find everlasting life and peace and happiness through Him in the world to come; in Him who said, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest and peace."

Soon after the circumstance which I have just related, my father and sister returned home. It was the general custom at this time of the year to make excursions to the sea-coast, which, although not far off, took some trouble to reach, particularly when ladies were in the

case; and on these occasions the maids also were all turned out in their mud costumes (not "customed," as *they* now call it), *their* petticoats not draggling along the ground, doing the work of a scavenger. I do not animadvert upon the maids alone, for their mistresses set the example, and you tread unpleasantly on *their* skirts. However, our party got ready for the sea excursion. The housekeeper, maids, and one footman were generally bundled into a light cart; and old Robin Rowe, the coachman, and Sam Dunn, who worked on my father's land, and who knew every creek and hole in the marshes, acted as pilot to take the party safely through the muds up to the sands, while John Lane and I pulled the oars of a good, broad-beamed boat, containing my father, my two sisters, and the old governess, with a basket of provisions, up the Garboro' Creek, which led into what was called the Warham Hole—*i.e.*, a large lake of water of more than a hundred acres, deposited there by the sea.

Having moored the boat, we took up our position on the sand, strolling about in search of jet and amber, which are often to be found,

with here and there a cornelian pebble, on this coast. I always imagined that the amber came from the far North, and from the lapidaries I have often tried to find out the origin of jet on that shore. Perhaps it may have dropped from the trading collier vessels so numerous there, the surging of the waves hardening and cleansing it. We used to file and work up these jet and amber pieces into crosses, rings, and hearts, in the Winter evenings.

We passed a most pleasant day. About three o'clock, John spread the cloth on the sand. Mrs. Rattery took care of her maidens at a respectful distance, while the "Apollo Belvedere," as the first footman was styled—a most conceited fellow he was—spread the cloth for her. The "Venus de' Medici," my sister Lady Charles's maid, was so named by us brothers from her exceeding vanity in dress, and fancying herself a perfect figure. "Minerva," our governess, presided over our party. A very amusing scene took place on our return. At five o'clock Lane told us it was time to be moving off with the cart and its baggage. Accordingly, as agreed upon, I blew

my bugle, to collect all travellers. Robin yoked his team, and carried off the housekeeper and her staff. We launched our boat, and pulled leisurely home on a lovely evening down the Creek, with the tide, to our usual landing-place opposite the gates leading through the fields to the house.

Farther down the Creek, I saw Sam Dunn riding the leader of the two horses tandem fashion in the cart. He was descending carefully the slope to cross the Creek, Robin holding the reins of old "Peggy," a blind mare, which always went with us on these occasions with perfect safety. She was so clever and so sensible that, if you called out to her, "Now up, Peggy!" she would raise her knees in the most beautiful manner, in entire confidence in your voice, and avoid any dangerous spot or hole. They plunged into the water, with intent to reach the opposite ground, and obtain a sound footing in the grass. The tide being high, the water rushed into the forepart of the cart, nearly even with Peggy's back. Behold! "Venus" in her car, with her companions, became alarmed. "Apollo," no doughty esquire of

dames, rushed to the back of the car, to save his own elegant person from a souse. His unfortunate example being followed by the loving Venus and her train, the cart was tilted up, and Apollo was pitched head-foremost into the flood, while the others were suddenly precipitated into the Creek, amidst piercing screams for help. "Oh! we shall be drowned." (The water was only three or four feet deep). My father stood aghast. Pitching the anchor of our boat to secure it on the bank, John and I rushed along and jumped into the water to the rescue. We got Mrs. Rattery out together—no slight weight was she—and rushing back, I caught the lovely Venus in my arms and conveyed her, weeping, safe to land, which Robin, Sam, and the horses reached with the deserted car. The pilot and John Lane did their parts manfully, and Apollo, the cause of all the mischief, did his best to repair the damage. I went back to my father to tell him that all were safe, and then I burst into a fit of laughter, in which they all joined me, the more so as Minerva looked very serious, and said, "*It might have had a fatal termination.*"

Apollo used to practise with us the noble art of pugilism, which it was very necessary in my young days for gentlemen to learn. In the Winter months we often assembled for this in a barn adjoining the coach-house in which we used to put the carriages of friends visiting us. Here from three to five on bad days we met, having previously sent to the village for the fat baker, who was fond of the noble art, and two or three others. I put on the gloves with the Apollo, as he much wished to try a round or two with me. Apollo, who had donned smart shoes and stockings, with his livery buckles, threw himself, as *he* conceived, into the most scientific attitudes, well calculated to show off his fine figure, at which I detected a broad grin on the amused faces of John Lane and the baker. In the first round I allowed Apollo, who was longer in the arm and taller than myself, to make play. He made several good hits, which I parried. Seeing his style of fighting, I allowed him in the second round to begin the attack, which he did by striking out with his right arm. I parried the threatened blow, and let fall my right hand right into his face, a proceeding

which woke up, not his lyre, but his fire, and he rushed in, thinking to overpower me with blows, but I met this hits with others in such quick succession that he found he had met his match. So rapidly did I follow up my blows on his face in a rally, that at last he fairly bolted, and ran under one of the carriages for protection. My brother Ferrers put on the gloves next with the fat baker, and gave him such a dusting in his bread basket, that he made him cry *peccavi!*—"Enough, sir—I've had enough!"

"It is wonderful," said Franklin, "how you gentlemen can handle the gloves."

"Yes, Franklin, you have not now the smugglers to deal with."

"Ah, Mr. Charles, do not say a word about *that*."

Soon after the Garboro' Creek adventure, we made an excursion to Weybourne Hoop, setting out after breakfast, the carriage conveying my father and sisters and the governess, while the maids were in an Irish jaunting car, driven by "Apollo." We all safely reached the beach, six miles from Stiffkey, a most charming

spot for a picnic. Here we wandered about, looking for pebbles, jet, and amber on this shingly beach. At Weybourne the water is very deep close to the shore, and ships can therefore come in close to the land. During our luncheon, my father related some facts of his own experience which showed that the depth of the water off the shore at Weybourne had been called to the attention of the Government during the threatened invasion. My father was dining with the Minister then in office, and the conversation turned upon the subject then uppermost in the minds of all men, viz., the expected attack by the French, and the place at which they were likely to land. My father quoted the applicable lines—

“He who would Old England win,
At Weybourne Hoope must first begin.”

“Pray what is that you quoted, General Loftus?” said the Home Secretary. “Pray repeat those lines.”

He did so.

“What do they mean?” he again asked.

My father replied that the water is so deep close to the shore, that large ships in fine wea-

ther might disembark any number of troops.

In consequence of this, a few days later, my father received a notice from the War Office, informing him that he was placed in command of a brigade of infantry and artillery to protect the coast of Norfolk at Weybourne, Cromer, and other places. Engineer officers were also sent down to examine the beach, and every means was taken to ensure the safety of those shores.

When our army was still in occupation at Cambray, we heard of several duels taking place between the English and French officers, some of which proved fatal. One officer of my regiment was killed at Cambray by a Frenchman. From the account we received, it appears that he was walking on the ramparts with a brother officer, when he was insulted by a French gentleman in plain clothes (but evidently an officer also). The insult was so gross and premeditated that it could not be overlooked. Our unfortunate fellow-countryman was killed, but it subsequently came to our knowledge that the Frenchman was armed with a cuirass under his dress. Mr. Lever gives

an amusing account of how one or two of these French bullies were retaliated upon by British gentlemen, which I believe is quite true. Be that as it may, the Duke of Wellington put a stop to these duels.

CHAPTER V.

A Melancholy Story—Late Guests—Early Attachments
 —The Bull—A Sentry who knew his duty—Uniform of the Guards—Volunteers—A City Light-horse Volunteer in Paris—Good Training—Hunting—Communication from London—Aide-de-Camp to General B———Guernsey—A Levee—Making out a List for a Dinner-party.

DURING my stay at Stiffkey this Summer, I went out fishing along the banks of the river, which wound in the most beautiful manner through the village. There was a butcher's shop, with a house, and a garden sloping down to the stream, a place which attracted many fine trout by the bait often thrown to them there. In the evening, I used to stroll into his house—he having lived there many years a tenant of my father's—and hold some conversation, if possible, with his younger son, many years out of his mind, whose only occupation

seemed to consist in cutting wooden skewers for his father. His history was a melancholy one. As a lad he had gone early to sea in a merchant ship at Blakeney, and had learnt his profession as a sailor. He was a handsome, well-grown young man, and had formed a deep attachment in the village to a pretty young girl, to whom he seemed to devote all his thoughts and care when at home, always bringing her some remembrance at the end of his voyages, sometimes coming from Hamburg, at others from the Mediterranean. On his return from one of his voyages, she was nowhere to be seen—in fact, she had deceived him, and had married another. His misery so worked upon his brain that he became insane, and was not always harmless, for at times he was so violent that he had to be strapped down to his bed for a time, till the fit passed away. Poor James!—he used to like to hear my sea adventures.

Two days after I reached London I received an invitation to dine in Fitzroy Square, with the same lady with whom I had dined while quartered in the Tower. On my arrival I found the party assembled, and my hostess said to me,

"I expect —, one of your brother officers, to meet you. Have you seen him?"

"No, not for some days," I replied.

We waited for some time, and then my friend, on being announced, said,

"A thousand pardons, Mrs. Gordon, for being so late. I was detained by a most ludicrous accident: Coming down the Haymarket in a hackney coach, another whip ran foul of mine, carried off my hind wheel, and threw my coach over on its side. I had to scramble out at the window, and get into another coach, fearing I should be late for your dinner."

This, of course, was a sufficient apology.

"Oh! but," Mrs. Gordon said, "—— is later still."

Scarcely had she said this when a double rap announced his arrival, and he was ushered in, saying,

"I am so sorry to be so late, but my coach was run against in the Haymarket, and upset, and the tenant of the other vehicle got out of the window, ran away, and left me to fight out the squabble between the two coachies, each accus-

ing the other as being the first aggressor, and demanding of me the fare of both."

I saw that my friend was intensely amused, as were all the company, at this curious *rencontre*. A few words, amidst much laughter, served to explain matters, and my friend, who had altogether forgotten the man of the whip, pulled out his purse to pay the expenses, and, like the good and generous fellow he was, liberally reimbursed him.

The Winter months of the year 1817, which I passed in London, doing duty with my regiment, then quartered in barracks, did not roll on with me so tediously as they might have done, had I not been living near friends and relations. Besides which, I had an attraction that held deep sway over me, and which, in spite of dark and dismal fogs, made everything cheerful and agreeable to me. There was one whom I seldom missed seeing each day, whose smiling, sweet face, though not handsome, and soft bright eye, made everything wear the appearance of sunshine; and whose presence, to use the words of the poet, was "like the sunny isle in the midst of a stormy sea."

Fond of music and other things which she taught me; and of the fine arts, sculpture, painting, history, time never passed heavily with her; we were sincerely and deeply attached to each other, and I was a great favourite with her father and mother. We were considered too young to marry then. It very often happens when parents refuse their consent to an early marriage on that account, where true attachment on both sides exists, that the after-life of both parties is embittered by such refusal, either the one or the other becomes changeable, and thus they who might have been so happy are parted for ever.

I subsequently went to dine with my old friend the Governor of the Tower, at whose residence I often met a gallant officer, a relative of mine, who had gone through the Peninsular Campaign with great honour to himself, family, and his name. He could tell a story well, with the gruff voice in which he spoke, from which he was known by the name of "the Bull." He was a fine, tall, handsome man, exceedingly amiable and kind in disposition. A story was related to me regarding him which

may amuse my readers, especially any of his brother officers who may still be living, but so many gallant fellows who belonged to the Guards are now no more, that I fear there are few remaining who knew him.

A battalion of Grenadiers was in the Tower, under the command of the Bull, who, it appears, had dined with the Governor, and had sat late. As the apartments he lived in were close to the Government House, he did not pay much attention to the lapse of time, but sat talking with the ladies. At the proper time, keys were brought in, and the gates were closed for the night. The footstep of the sentry was heard pacing to and fro on his beat, and as he halted, and stood at ease opposite his box, the ring of his musket on the pavement was heard. Still sat unmoved the Bull, who was in the midst of a long yarn of former days. His stories were always good—his manner of telling them equally so. At length he took his departure, and was on his way to his lodging, not more than thirty yards off, occupied by one of the warders. Presently was heard the sentry's challenge,

“Who goes there?”

"A friend," was the reply.

"Advance, friend," called out the sentry,
"and give the counter-sign."

The advance was made, but no word was uttered. The Colonel had forgotten it.

"You know me?" said he to the sentry, but the sentry knew his duty, and replied,

"I want the word, sir!"

The main guard close by was hailed by the sentry.

"I have a prisoner here!"

A serjeant advanced with a file of men, and marched the prisoner to the guard-room. The officer of the guard being sent for, the prisoner was released. Next morning, in the orderly-room, the Colonel said,

"I wish to see the sentry on guard at eleven o'clock last night at Government House."

The man made his appearance, standing erect before his Colonel, who said,

"You were on duty at eleven o'clock last night?"

"Yes, your honour."

"You took a prisoner last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know who he was?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, then you did your duty, my man. You took *me* prisoner. There's a sovereign for you for doing your duty and obedience to orders."

"Thank you, your honour"—with a military salute, and disappeared.

I passed much of my time alone in the evening, reading and drawing. I had no desire to go to the Club, for I knew that there was little to be gained by it. Playing at billiards would only draw my money from my pocket—for, although fond of the game, I was not a good player.

The Spring advanced, and with it there was some further talk of the royal marriages previously spoken of. His Royal Highness, the Duke of Clarence, was married to the Princess Adelaide, of Saxe-Meiningen, in July, 1818, and the Princess Elizabeth to the Prince of Hesse Homburg. I well remember His Royal Highness's marriage, for I was on the Guard of Honour, consequently in full dress uniform, and it rained so hard that night that it took the shine out of my laced coat. The costume of

those days, besides the laced coat, consisted of kerseymere pantaloons, with white gaiters half-way up the thigh, studded closely with small flat black buttons from the ankle upwards, and gold shoe-buckles, and a very handsome dress it was. All the men wore the same sort of gaiter, and, being fine, tall fellows, looked very well in line. I do not pretend to say whether the change in the costume of the Army is for the better or not. I understand that the heavy cross-belt worn in my time has been done away with, which must be an immense relief to the soldier on the march. But the whole system of warfare is now so changed that it will be impossible for any man to foresee what will be the result should a great war break out.

There was much speculation in military circles regarding the reduction which was likely to take place. It was well known that the Whig party, with Mr. Joseph Hume at their head, would be sure to commence their usual clap-trap bother about the uselessness of retaining a standing army, never for one moment considering what was to become of the brave fellows who had for years been fighting on the scorching

plains of India, or maintaining the character of the British soldier in the Peninsula, or what would become of their country if we were drawn into a sudden war.

At the present time volunteers are much spoken of, and 150,000 men is considered a large force; but when I tell my readers that, with less than half the population, we possessed 350,000 volunteers at the time of the last war, they will not be surprised at what Napoleon I. said, "that he should make no head against England, as long as she had such a body of men to defend their own homesteads behind their own hedges!" Although that is quite true, the volunteers can act only as auxiliary forces to the regular troops, and then they will be found an invaluable support. Napoleon well knew that, as long as England was mistress of the sea, he would find it a vastly difficult matter to cross over an army of sufficient strength to make a stand. Supposing, however, the French advancing within sight of London, I would recall the words of my clever brother-in-law, who, when some young Frenchmen many years ago were bragging about coming to Lon-

don, told them "that they must remember that *we* had been more than once in Paris, but that they had never been in London. Come if you can. But you will receive a breakfast of bullets that will give you, my friends, an indigestion from which you will never recover. So pray come."

While speaking of the volunteers of England, I am reminded of a story which a gentleman told me of a scene he had witnessed in Paris after the return of Louis XVIII. There may still be some who remember that fine body of men, called the City Light-horse Volunteers. They were composed of the sons of the first merchants, bankers, &c., of London. Their dress was handsome—scarlet jackets, with three rows of silver buttons in front; light-coloured pantaloons, and silver lace; the same round the cuff and collar of the jacket. The helmet, light but handsome, was mounted with silver. They looked well in line, when they appeared mounted on their splendid horses. Their Court-dress consisted of short kerseymere knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckle in the shoe. My friend related that, as he was going with the

crowd to see the nobility of Paris proceeding to the king's reception at the Tuileries, he saw people collected in one spot, and heard, amid roars of laughter, loud cries of "Bravo, Monsieur Anglais!" He looked round, and, to his amazement and amusement, saw an immensely tall, splendidly-mounted gendarme forcing his way through the crowd to the Palace gates, and, on his horse behind him, a short, fat, little man, clothed in the Court costume of the City of London Light-horse Volunteers. It appeared that this gentleman of the Light-horse had in vain tried to reach the Palace gates, and, seeing a gendarme, he petitioned him to make way for him, for he was hemmed in; to which request the good-natured guardian replied by saying, "Montez, monsieur," at the same time giving him his hand, and in an instant seating him behind him, in which position he cut the most ludicrous figure in his peculiar dress. What became of him afterwards, I never heard.

In the year 1818, as I have said, I lost the entire sight of my left eye, the same which was first attacked in the Mediterranean before I

quitted the Navy. This severe illness had reduced me much, and I went down into the country to recover my strength. Having naturally a good constitution, my health was soon re-established, though I suffered greatly from rheumatic pains, as I had also during my first attack of inflammation in the eye. Indeed, the same symptoms seemed to recur in this last attack, and for a time greatly crippled me. However, I had a small pony, sometimes a donkey, upon which I used to ride out, shooting partridges, and was very successful sometimes off his back. When I began to walk a little, I used to leave my donkey, and go up to the dogs, where they were pointing.

A gentleman coming one day to join in our sport, he accidentally shot my poor donkey through one of his ears, and though the wound was but a slight one, he was never so steady afterwards. The poor donkey and I had become great friends. If I left him at a little distance and called him, he would come to me like a dog, especially when he knew that I had some apples in my pocket, which were generally taken out for luncheon. In those days grand

shooting luncheons were unknown, and I have walked for hours without ever tasting a single thing. These days of hard walking in the field, of hard riding after the hounds, and long fastings, I consider to be some of the best means of training our English gentlemen in endurance and bravery as officers in our Army and Navy. How many whom I have known can testify to the truth of this opinion. The memory of the daring deeds of gallant fellows, now no more, in Spain, in Portugal, on the heights of Inkerman, and at the Balaklava Charge, all show how much England owes to the field sports to which her sons are so devoted. The renowned six hundred were led by a first-rate Leicestershire rider.

I occasionally went out hunting with Mr. Dewing's hounds. That gentleman kept an excellent pack of harriers, or rather hounds a little above that breed, which ran deer, fox, hare—anything, in fact. They were very well bred, and they *did* "go the pace." My uncle, Lord J. Townshend, bought two beautiful horses about this time, which he named "Monarch" and "Regent," showing his loyalty to the

Crown. My brother Ferrers, also a fine rider, had a little chestnut mare, called "Lady Rivers," upon which he would take the shine out of the field, with Mr. Dewing's pack, in a hard run after the deer. At Mr. Dewing's death, the hounds were purchased by Mr. Villebois, of Marham.

Towards the end of the Winter of 1818, I received a communication from London, asking me if I should like to be employed on the staff. I really hardly felt well enough to undertake the duties of an aide-de-camp, still I did not like to refuse the offer. Of course I wrote to say I should be glad to accept it, but I heard no more about it till April, 1819, just as we were preparing to go to London for the season. Then I had a letter from the officer commanding my regiment, saying that he wished to see me. When I came to town, I likewise received a letter from Sir Frederick Watson, the Prince Regent's private secretary, asking me to call at Carlton House. It is needless to say that I attended to both these requests. First of all I went to the Horse Guards, and had an interview with the commanding officer of my regi-

ment, who told me that he wanted me to go on the staff as aide-de-camp to General B——, as he thought that, as I had been in the Navy, I was more likely to put up with people who sometimes showed an odd *témper*. In reply to which I said, "I had seen plenty of that."

"So I thought," said he; "and that was what made me ask you to take the appointment, for I find some difficulty to get anyone to take it. General B—— particularly wishes to have a man from the Coldstreams, in which regiment he formerly served."

I said in reply to all this that if the General was inclined to take me, I was quite ready to be his aide-de-camp, but that I knew little of the duties of that position. My colonel expressing much sympathy with me for the sufferings I had endured in the loss of one of my eyes, I told him that in consequence of the repetition of similar sufferings, I had much fear that some day I should lose the other also, and be forced to quit the service, a result which unfortunately has turned out only too true.

The following day I called upon Sir Frederick Watson at his private rooms in Carlton

House, and there I met General B——. I had never seen him before, and had only heard of him by chance. He was a tall, well-made man, not handsome in features, but with a keen, sharp eye and intelligent countenance. I knew nothing of his antecedents, and he did not seem inclined to give me any information respecting them. As soon as I was introduced into his presence, he surveyed me from head to foot, asked me a few questions as to my service in the Army, which I told him had been but of short duration.

“But you have been in the Navy?” he said.

I replied in the affirmative.

“Then,” said he, “you will know something. Well, you are ready to go with me as my aide-de-camp?”

“Quite so, sir,” said I.

“Have you got any horses?”

“One, sir,” I said.

“Then you must have two. There is one in Guernsey, which belonged to my late aide-de-camp, which I think would suit you, as he is quiet with troops. I shall be going in about a fortnight, but will see you again to-morrow.”

I met General B—— the following day in the same room at Sir Frederick's. Sir Frederick at this interview remarked to the General that he thought it would be better to make me acquainted with all that was then going on in the island, of which I knew nothing. The General was at that time in high dispute with the High Bailiff and the Royal Court. These Normans ("who conquered England") have always their High Bailiff and Royal Court, and have been notorious for their disagreement with almost every lieutenant-governor sent to reside among them. In reply to Sir Frederick's recommendation, the General merely said, "Oh, no, he'll soon find it all out." However, I formed my opinion of my superior officer from this interview.

It was soon known in the Guards' Club that I was going as aide-de-camp to General B——, and all my friends advised me to do no such thing, saying to me that I should never stay with him, as he was a most disagreeable fellow. "And whatever you do," they added, "don't have anything to do with his wine-cellar."

"Why?"

"Oh, because you will get into scrapes if you do."

However, I got my regimentals ready, and a fortnight afterwards found myself on the road to Southampton. I had hired a groom and servant, a smart young lad, whom I sent forward with a beautiful bay mare, with a swish tail, long mane, about fifteen hands high, quiet as a lamb, and well bred. I was most fortunate in picking her up for a small sum of money. The General had sent off three horses and a cabriolet. On my arrival at Southampton, I waited for his arrival, embarking, meanwhile, both my own and the General's horses on board the packet, which sailed the very day I arrived for Guernsey. The following morning the General arrived from London, and we embarked on board the *Starling* cutter, a very fine vessel of her class, which belonged to the station at Guernsey, not only to attend upon the governor, but also to look after the smuggling. We set sail for the island, and having had fine weather all night, landed the next day at twelve o'clock at St. Pierre Port. I had never been on shore at these islands before, though I had

seen them at a distance when in the Navy; but they were places that men-of-war generally avoided, for their coasts were so rocky and dangerous, that ships generally gave them a wide berth in passing up and down Channel. On landing, we were saluted with eighteen guns from the battery of Fort St. George, and drove to the Government House. The General informed me that I had better secure lodgings for myself as near him as possible, and that there was a two-stall stable at my service—an offer which I did not refuse.

That night I slept at the hotel, and the following morning, having put on my aide-de-camp's uniform, cocked hat and all, I repaired to the governor's house, where I met the brigade-major and the General's private secretary. I was shown into what was called the "aide-de-camp's room," and I had not been long there before the General made his appearance, dressed in his regimentals, and looking very smart. He looked at me, and seeing that I had got everything right, made no remark. He said there would be a levée at eleven o'clock—the High Bailiff, some of the officers of the

Royal Court, the officers in command of the regiments, Engineers and Royal Artillery—and I was to let him know when they arrived.

I had received pretty good instructions from my father as to what I should have to do on these occasions, and having been about the Court at different times, I had observed the manner in which things were done, so that I was not altogether ignorant in these matters.

Soon after eleven the High Bailiff appeared, and I went to inform the General, and then showed him into the drawing-room, as I did all the others in succession. The levée over, the General informed me that he would ride at three o'clock, and desired me to have my horse ready. It being then one o'clock, I took my leave until the hour appointed for the ride, the General giving me encouragement by saying that I had done capitally that morning, and that I seemed quite *au fait* at my work. I then went to look at my stables, and to seek out a lodging which had been recommended to me by the secretary, about a hundred yards from the General's house. I soon settled about the lodgings, and having secured them at a guinea

a week—bed-room, sitting-room, and a room for my servant—I went to the hotel, and had my things sent up, ordering my horse, at the same time, to be ready at three o'clock. At that hour I was at the Government House, at the door of which I found the General's horse ready saddled, with the servant and a mounted dragoon, belonging to the cavalry militia, one of whom was always in attendance at Government House. The brigade-major was likewise there, mounted ready to accompany us.

The General came down, and we started off for a ride, first to Fort St. George, and afterwards to La Réy, where the General had a farm. I found the streets very narrow and slippery for horses, being paved in the rough, old-fashioned style. We galloped up towards the fort, the guard at the entrance gate of which turned out and presented arms as we rode in. The General having made some inquiries of the officer of Engineers, about some military matter which I did not quite make out, we continued our ride to La Réy. The General here dismounted, and looked over his farm, inspecting his poultry, sheep, cows, &c., and then we re-

turned home. It was then the latter end of July, and everything, as far as verdure went, was in perfection. Corn crops were gathered in, and the island appeared to me to be a perfect little garden. I sat down to dinner with the General at half-past six, and found him most pleasant and agreeable. I left him at nine o'clock. So much for my first day as an aide-de-camp.

I wish I could say that all other days passed as pleasantly. The General was generally courteous in his manner to me, as, indeed, he was to everyone, but there were times when he would show an arbitrary disposition, and did things that were hard to put up with; but I was determined to bear with everything, as far as I possibly could, so as not to disappoint those friends who had sent me with him.

The following morning, on my appearance in the aide-de-camp's room, the General came in dressed in his dressing-gown, which fitted close, and was evidently made for effect, and with slippers, but without stockings, and there he stood talking to me for some time, asking me how I liked my lodgings, &c. Then he said,

"You had better go down to the brigade-major's office, across the garden, and get a list of the officers of the garrison, also the names of the officers commanding the militia regiments, and my private secretary will give you a list of the civilians. As soon as you have got this, make me out a list of eighteen for a dinner-party—ourselves will make twenty. And when you have made out the list, bring it to me. You must have the officer commanding the 33rd, a captain, and one lieutenant, the officer commanding the Royal Artillery, and one subaltern, likewise the commanding officer of the Royal Engineers, and one subaltern, also the brigade-major, the rest you must fill up with civilians."

The first part of the business was comparatively light, but the difficulty was to concoct the list of civilians. I began, however, with the High Bailiff, and some of the gentry of the Royal Court, as they stood on the list, and filled up the number. I then took it to the General, and when he had looked over it, he said,

"Ah! the military part will do very well, but don't you know, sir, that that man, pointing to

a name on the list, is my bitter enemy?" and he scratched his pen across the name, an operation which he repeated with a second. Coming to the third name, he exclaimed, "Why, sir, that fellow would cut my throat to-morrow, shall I ask *him* to dinner?"

"I really, sir, do not know them, you must excuse me."

"But you must find out," and he scratched out the third name.

"However," thought I to myself, "the next list I make out, I will take care to find out who are your friends, and who are your foes." I filled in the remaining names with the assistance of the brigade-major, who knew all about the General's likes and dislikes. He was a pleasant, gentlemanly man, had served in the Peninsular Campaign under the Duke of Wellington, in the 38th, with my brother William, and had lost an arm in the battle of Salamanca.

This grand dinner came off the following day at seven o'clock. I sat at the bottom of the table, and the dinner was well served. People carved on the table in those days, and, to my horror, I saw a couple of ducks placed before

me, a rather trying test, for I knew that my General was a first-rate carver, and prided himself upon the art. Although he had been shot through the right hand in carrying the colours of his regiment, when an ensign, fighting in Holland, he nevertheless held the carving-knife in the most scientific manner. When I saw these ducks placed before me, I felt a sort of cold perspiration come upon my forehead, for I saw the General's eye was fixed upon me. However, I set to work to carve the ducks, wishing them anywhere but before me! But my courage fortunately came to my aid. I seized the knife and fork, but in my attempt to take off the wing, I found that I had not hit the joint. I was not to be done, however, and being strong in the arm in those days, I fairly cut through the bone, to my great relief. The General, who I knew was looking at me, seemed to be perfectly satisfied with my performance. There was wine of every kind on the table, not only champagne, but port, claret, madeira, sherry, and indeed you might say "the glasses sparkled on the board, for the wine was ruby bright." Glad was I when the whole affair was over, and

I found myself in my own quiet room, where I sat down and wrote home to my father, giving him an account of all that had passed since I left London.

About a week after this, I received an invitation for the General, inviting him and myself to a ball in the Assembly Rooms, to be given by the officers of the 33rd regiment. It appeared they had received orders for a change of quarters, and were to be relieved by the 79th Highlanders. I was sorry to think we should lose these nice young fellows, so gentlemanlike, and who seemed to keep on good terms with everybody.

I attended the ball with the General, who was received with every honour and etiquette appertaining to his rank. I made acquaintance with several ladies, to whom, of course, I paid great attentions. I saw the General fix his eye upon me as I waltzed round the room with a very pretty young lady, and, after the dance was over, he whispered in my ear—

“You must take care what you are about with these Guernsey girls. They will whip you up like a shot if you say anything to them. I

mean, you'll be asked what are your intentions."

"All right, sir," I said. "I think I know how to manage them."

"Ay, you think so; but I tell you you must mind what you are about, or you'll be asked what are your intentions."

However, we passed a very pleasant evening, and had a grand supper, though I thought the General looked *ennuyé* the whole time. I escorted him home, and the officers pressed me to come back for the rest of the ball, which I did, and we kept it up till late in the morning. Free of the old General, I had my fling. Next morning, when he came into the aide-de-camp's room, he said—

"Well, Loftus, I suppose you were tired enough when we got home, and went to bed?"—but, at the same time, I observed a look out of the corner of his eye, as much as to say—"I wonder what he'll reply?"

"Oh, no, sir," I said. "I went back to the ball."

"How could you do so?"

"The officers pressed me very much to come back, and I did not like to refuse."

"Ah, those girls! They'll catch you yet."

CHAPTER VI.

A Review—The General and his Staff—Inspection of Coast Batteries—The General's Horsemanship—Story of a White Feather—Castle Cornet—An old Officer—Island of Herm—Conquest of an Unruly Horse—Alderney—The Fortifications—Hereditary Governors—An Unpleasant Voyage—The French Cook—Opening of the Royal Court—Castle Carey—Picturesque Costume—Diana and her Nymphs caught bathing.

THE General told me that I must be ready the next morning at ten o'clock to go with him in full dress to the New Ground, where there was to be a review of the garrison, and that I was to have my horse properly accoutred, which I knew from having seen so much of the same thing whilst in the Guards. I had brought over with me a proper saddle, bridle, and everything which belonged to an aide-de-camp—gold lace cloth, bear-skin holster, &c., so that my little bay mare, when rigged out in military array looked very handsome. The General, who was

a first-rate horseman, was well mounted, and certainly looked well on horseback: There was a large number of people on the ground when we rode upon it, and as there were four dragoons in attendance, the General and his Staff cut a pretty good figure. I was not a little proud of my charger, who behaved so quietly that she was the admiration of all the ladies, whom I heard exclaiming, "What a beautiful creature!" There were also some remarks about the aide-de-camp, but these I shall leave for kind people to imagine, though I may say they were all pleasant to my ears.

I observed the General casting his eye on me every now and then, and he sent me off several times with orders to the officers commanding the regiments, on which occasions I did not fail to show off my horsemanship. My little mare behaved beautifully, particularly when the firing began, which astonished the General.

"Why, your mare stands it better than my horse!" he said.

The review over, we returned home, and the General telling me he did not want me any more till dinner-time, I started to return some

calls made on me by the High Bailiff, and other personages.

Two days afterwards, the General sent out an order for the major commanding the Royal Artillery, also the officers commanding the Royal Engineers, with their subalterns, to appear at headquarters at ten o'clock next morning, all mounted, for the purpose of inspecting the batteries along the coast. In Guernsey there were numerous small batteries, erected here and there, in places where one never expected to find such things as cannon, the rock having been cut away to admit of room to work them. I knew what the intention of the General was, and I therefore ordered my little mare to be saddled for the occasion ; but I had no idea, neither had any of the officers, of the dance he was going to lead us. The brigade-major had a beautiful Irish mare, which could jump stone walls beautifully. He had bought her in Ireland, and knew well what she could do. The fields in Guernsey were divided into small inclosures, portioned off by stone walls, the stones of which were laid loosely one on the top of the other.

At the hour appointed we all met in front of the Government House, when the General made his appearance, mounted on a first-rate hunter, and followed by his servant and a dragoon. We started on our inspection of the forts, and after going through Fort St. George, we turned inland to cross over to another point of the island, where there were two or three small batteries. I followed the General down the road at a sharp trot, when he turned suddenly to the right, and rode at a stone wall. I followed him, and we both took it, and landed safe on the other side. Then we proceeded across the next field at a gallop, and went over another wall. I followed, and in doing so my mare struck her knees at the top of the wall, and we both came to grief on the other side. I jumped up, and finding that I had struck my left knee very hard on the ground, I was rubbing it with my hands, when the General exclaimed,

“What the d—— do you stand rubbing your knee there for? Why don’t you go and tell those officers I am waiting for them?”

“Yes, sir,” I said, and striking the spurs into my mare, I rode her at the wall, which she cleared beautifully.

When I came up to the road where I had left the officers, I found one of them standing on the wall, pulling his horse by the reins, and another flogging him behind, to make him jump. The General's servant had got over, and the dragoon was helping one of the officers to accomplish the feat. Upon my delivering my orders to the major of artillery, the general exclamation was—

“I'm afraid the General will have to wait.”

I spoke to the dragoon, who knew the country well, and asked him to show the gentlemen the easiest way to get up to the General, and then turned my horse and rode back as fast as I could go to rejoin him; but the bird had flown. He and the brigade-major had gone off to a small fort, for the purpose of examining it. Riding into a lane I saw a countryman, whom I asked if he had seen the General, and he pointed to the road he had taken, and I was not long in coming up with him. I found the positions in which guns were placed most difficult to reach, on horseback, some being placed in such a position as to be able to fire upon any vessels nearing the coast, or upon any party

attempting to land, and they appeared to be numerous. The General, while engaged in this inspection, fearlessly rode down paths so narrow and dangerous that the least slip of the horse's foot would have sent him over on to the rocks some hundred feet below. I followed him down two or three of these places, not liking to show the white feather.

Speaking of a white feather reminds me of a story of a circumstance which happened during the time of the Crimean War, when the troops were assembling in Dublin preparatory to embarkation. An officer belonging to the Lord Lieutenant's court had, previous to the breaking out of the War, sent in his papers for retirement, and was waiting for their acceptance. He was a member of a well-known club in the city of Dublin, and no man doubted his bravery, for it was known that he had established his courage as a brave officer, but he was very fond of talking of how much he was esteemed by the fair sex; and on going one day into the club he found a pretty little rose-coloured billet addressed to himself. One of the many gentlemen and officers in the room said,

"Oh! captain, there's a pretty little note for you."

"Ah! I see," he said. "From one of my little darlings." And, on opening the note, out dropped a beautiful white feather, upon which there was a general roar of laughter.

But to return to the exploring of the batteries. The major of Artillery, Engineers, and other officers, soon joined us.

"Gentlemen," said the General, "I shall feel much obliged if you will keep up with me." And he set off at full gallop across a heath, desiring me to keep close to him.

I knew my place, and kept just on his quarter. The brigade-major's old Irish mare soon took the lead and went away ahead of the General and myself. I said,

"Sir, she's running away with him, and he can't pull her up—he's only got one arm."

Upon which the General wisely pulled up, but said to me quietly,

"Go and see after him."

Observing that the major had turned off to the right to avoid the cliff, I cut across, and was fortunate enough to come up with him, catch

hold of his rein, and stop the mare. I then dismounted and took up his curb-chain. We pursued our course, visited a few more forts, and returned home. The whole party afterwards dined at the Government House, where we had a very pleasant evening, talking over the events of the day.

In this manner passed the first six months of my duties as an aide-de-camp. The General was a great walker, as well as a good rider, and after one o'clock in the day, he used generally to inform me what he was going to do. Castle Cornet, well known to the people of Guernsey, was at that time surrounded by the sea; but there has been a causeway made across since then, and a very handsome pier built, which has formed a harbour, where small vessels can anchor in safety in bad weather. There was a boat belonging to the governor, with a crew of six oars and a coxswain. She was a fine large boat, such as we should have called in the Navy a cutter, and was well found in everything, carried a lug-sail and a jib. Her crew were all seamen and pilots belonging to the port.

In the island of Herm there was a gentleman living who had been an officer in His Majesty's service, and had served in India. This gentleman belonged to a noble family, and had seen better days. He was a most pleasant and agreeable man, with a tall and fine-looking person, and an athletic form. I was told that he had served so far back as the time of the storming of Seringapatam, where Tippoo Sahib so gallantly held out against our forces. He had been taken prisoner by the enemy, whose horse broke into his regiment on the march, and severely handled them. He was cut down by a horseman, his sword was broken, and in putting up his arm to save his head from a sabre cut, he was most severely wounded, receiving also a cut down the back of his neck, and was left for dead on the ground. When the English came to search for their wounded, he was found, and thrown into a cart with a number of dead, or apparently dead, bodies. They had stripped off his uniform, and they were about to throw him into a grave, when he showed signs of life, and most miraculously recovered. He had gone

through a variety of ups and downs in life, and during his career had saved about four or five thousand pounds, which he had invested in the purchase of the island of Herm. When I first knew him, he was engaged in transporting granite to Plymouth, where that noble structure, the breakwater, was then in progress. He was living like a hermit on this island, and my General, who, though an eccentric, was a kind-hearted man, often went over to Herm to pay him a visit. By some law, the nature of which I am not perfectly acquainted with, no man could be arrested on that island for debt, nor in the Government House at Guernsey, and it would take some time to carry into execution a judgment against any man for a debt contracted in England. However, as our friend the owner of the island had some debts in Guernsey which he could not exactly discharge, he could only come over to see the General by stealth, when he used to stay a week or ten days with us. On these occasions I used to go over for him early in the morning, and stay till near dark, when I returned with him, and had horses ready to meet us at a certain spot, from

whence we galloped through the lanes by the most unfrequented way to the Government House. I merely mention this circumstance to show the state of things existing in and around the island whilst I was there.

Every Thursday morning the General and I found ourselves mounted at ten o'clock for the parade at Fort St. George. On these occasions I used to ride my little bay mare. One day the General asked me if I could let him have my spare horse, as one of his carriage-horses was ill, and he would let me have in exchange one of his horses. I was always fond of riding a new horse (my reader will say, how like a boy!). I was told by the brigade-major that the horse the General had lent me was a bad-tempered animal, and would not go near the troops, the sight of which drove him mad, especially when the band played. This only excited me the more, and I determined to have my accoutrements placed upon him the next Thursday, when we went as usual to parade. This was accordingly done; the General came down in a hurry, and took no notice of which horse I was on, and we trotted off along the

Grange Road, and round to Fort St. George, with my groom, the General's groom, and the brigade-major. Arriving in front of the troops, the General halted, the soldiers presented arms, the band began playing "God save the Queen." I was a little in the rear of the General, on his left quarter, and no sooner had the men come down to the salute, "Present arms," and the band had struck up, than my horse stood straight up in the air, and wheeled round with a tremendous kick out behind.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the General, "you've got that horse! How could you be so foolish? Get off, or he'll kill you."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I think I'm safer here."

All this time the horse was snorting and pawing the ground in the most awful manner; the froth was pouring out of his mouth. The General then rode to the right of the line, and went down the front rank, followed by myself and the rest of the staff. I saw his groom, who had been pitched over this horse's head more than once, look at me with perfect astonishment, but I humoured the horse's mouth, and kept him

in his right place, to the complete amazement of the General. We then went up the rear-rank, and took up our places at the flag-staff for the march past, I being on the General's left quarter, and my horse still performing some of his antics, though I managed to keep him clear of the General, and in his place. The General kept ever and anon casting his eye round at me, muttering something to himself.

The parade over, as we rode home the General said to me,

"Well, you have surprised me, you are the only man I ever saw who could ride that brute with troops. He is a capital hunter, though, I can tell you."

It was a fine bay horse, with good legs, and very handsome. I rode him two or three times afterwards, and found I could manage him exactly as I liked. From this circumstance I got the name of being a first-rate rider.

The Spring of the year came on, and the General informed me that we must go over and visit the forts, and the troops quartered in the Island of Alderney. The man-of-war cutter was sent over to inform the Governor of our inten-

tion of coming. The following week we embarked in the cutter, with the brigade-major, to visit that rocky isle, on which are the famous Gasgets revolving lights, visible to vessels coming up the Channel. We arrived in the small port, and the vessel took her departure, not liking to lie there, but promising to call for us in two days' time. We went to the Governor's house, where we were entertained hospitably. They were then very busy in putting the fortifications in order, and since that time much money has been spent in strengthening them.

We had the artillery, militia, and one company of the 79th Highlanders out for inspection the next day. The officers all complained of the dulness of the place. The militia were a very queer-looking lot of fellows. After the parade we strolled about the island, looking at the forts and improvements going on. The next morning, the *Starling* arriving, we re-embarked for Guernsey, and I was very glad to get away from so uninteresting a spot.

We went there once afterwards, before I left the island, and on this occasion there was some

misunderstanding between the two Governors as to the state of the militia. I must inform my readers that the Governorship of Alderney was hereditary, as also was that of Sark, the Seigneur of which was, when I was there, a clergyman of the Church of England, and a Colonel of the militia of that island.

Shortly after our return to Guernsey, we took our departure for England on two months' leave, and my General went to do duty at Carlton House, as Equerry to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent. I left my horses behind, but the General took his cabriolet and two horses with him. On arriving at Southampton the General took post-chaise and went off to Winchester. It being late in the evening when we arrived at Southampton, the General asked me if I would drive his cabriolet to town, which of course I consented to do, and the next evening found me in London. I remained there with my family till we returned to Guernsey. Now and then I went to attend upon the General, from whom I used to receive a note occasionally, saying that he wanted me, and of course it was my business to attend upon him as much as if

we had been upon the island. Having received one morning a note from him telling me to come to him at Carlton House, I had just got across the front entrance towards the Equerry's room, when I stumbled upon the Prince Regent, who stopped me, and looking at me, said,

"Ha! you are going to your General?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness."

"Ah! how do you get on, eh? eh?" he said, and looked at me very slyly, after which he walked off with a smile upon his face, as much as to say, "I know you've got a queer one to deal with," which, to be honest, I had.

The object of the General in thus summoning me was to tell me that I was to be ready in a few days to return to Guernsey, and he asked if I had any objection to driving his cabriolet back to Southampton, which of course I consented to do. As soon as I arrived there, I was to send his horses off in the packet to Guernsey, where he would join me in a few days, which he did. The *Starling*, man-of-war cutter, came in about the same time from Guernsey, and the following morning we embarked for that island.

After passing through the Needles, we found

outside, waiting for us, a beautiful lugger yacht, belonging to the Marquis of Anglesea, who had come out to try her rate of sailing with the man-of-war cutter, which was considered a very fast one of her class. The breeze freshened, and it came on to blow towards three in the afternoon, when the lugger bore down towards us, having, if anything, showed her superiority in sailing.

The General brought with him from London a tall, thin-looking man, a Frenchman, who cut a most miserable figure. The cutter's long boat had been hoisted in, and placed along the deck, when the unfortunate Frenchman became very ill, as did the General, who dived below, and I saw no more of him; but the Frenchman got into the boat, and lay there, looking very deplorable. The breeze freshened every hour, and we had to stand along the coast, the wind being directly in our teeth, for the island. The cutter lay over to the gale, and shipped a great deal of water. The Lieutenant remarked to me that he thought we should have to run in to Portland that night. It being very cold and uncomfortable on deck, I went down below, where I

staid till dark, when I went again on deck. I had not been long there when the vessel shipped a heavy sea over the lee-gunwale, and, hearing a noise in the boat, I went over to look into it, and found the unfortunate Frenchman struggling in the water, and shouting out that he should be drowned. I pulled him out, in the most miserable plight, and made him go below. Shortly afterwards we bore up and anchored in Portland Roads. I then went and informed the General of where we were, and of all that had happened. He said he should like to go on shore to the hotel for the night, which I communicated to the officer commanding. A boat was manned for my superior, who, on taking his departure, said, "Come and join me as soon as you can ; but on no account let the French cook come on shore, or he will never come back again." About an hour afterwards I also took my departure, first giving notice to the Lieutenant that the General did not wish the Frenchman, whom he had hired, to go on shore.

I had sat down comfortably to tea with the General, and was enjoying myself after the miseries of the day, when the waiter came in to

say that a French gentleman wished to speak to me outside.

“Good gracious!” said the General, “that’s my cook! How could you let him come, Loftus?”

I briefly told him the orders I had given, and wondered how the Frenchman got on shore. I went outside and found that it was the cook, who said he must go back to London—he would never go across the sea any more. However, I persuaded him, after some little time, to get some hot brandy and water, and go to bed, and said that I would see him in the morning—all of which I communicated to my chief, whom I pacified as well as I could, saying that I would manage the Frenchman.

I went myself to bed, and, rising at six in the morning, found it a bright, sunshiny day. The wind had changed, and it blew fair for the island. I therefore went into the Frenchman’s room, and, after some little time, got him to go on board with me. The General came on board about eight o’clock, we got under way, and started for the island, arriving at St. Pierre Port

about five in the afternoon, and glad enough was I to find myself on shore with my troublesome charge. I can only add that the General gave me much credit for the manner in which I had got over the Frenchman.

We were received with all the honours due to the Governor—a salute, &c. I went to my lodgings, and did not appear again in the Government House till the following morning at the usual hour of nine. There I found the brigade-major, his private secretary, and the usual Staff in the aide-de-camp's room. The General shortly came in, and matters that had been neglected during our absence were gone through. I found the Royal Court was to meet the following day at eleven o'clock, when the brigade-major, &c., and myself, were to accompany the General to open that august assembly, the members of which, when we met them, dressed in their robes of office—to me cut a most ludicrous appearance. The General sat in his high position, the brigade-major and I below facing him, and thus opened this mimic Parliament—upon which the Guernseyites pride themselves so much—with due dignity, though we laughed most heartily on our return.

The following day we went to Fort St. George to inspect the troops, after which the General and I rode off to his farm, where we spent the remainder of the day. A grand dinner took place at the Government House, consisting of all the dignitaries of the island.

In this manner we passed some weeks, when a vessel arrived from England, bringing a party of ladies, friends of the General's, who were going to stay with him for a week, during which I had much to do, for I had to beau about the ladies, show them the island, and make myself as useful as I could, which I did to the great gratification of the Governor. We had a grand day of sight-seeing—first the Vale, then Ivery Castle and the Government House gardens. Castle Carey, standing high and well, and containing some lovely pictures, made a great impression on me; and, in after-years, when visiting General Slade, who hired Castle Carey instead of living in the Government House (which he let), he asked me if I recollected them, particularly our Saviour breaking bread with his disciples after the walk to Emmaus, by Spagnoletto; the Saviour's countenance most benignant, and the light descending so well on the

heads and hands of all three, and on the bread, was a picture not easily forgotten. Among others which I admired were one of Jesus, with the crown of thorns, every feature tortured, yet expressive of patience, sorrow, and pity—by Quartz, a Spaniard; four beautiful Murillos, one a gem in one of the turrets; Joseph, looking younger than he is usually depicted; the child Saviour, deep thought in the face, yet perfectly joyous—a lovely, loving face, with large, soft, lustrous brown eyes, holding in his hand a long branch of white lilies; the wrestling of the angel with Jacob; and a beautiful Magdalen, with a tear in her right eye—a Guido. In the commercial intercourse between Spain and these islands, which is carried on still, no doubt many valuable paintings found their way to them.

We then went to Beau Séjour, a very beautiful spot, deserving its name. The camelias, white and red, were beautiful—preference is given to the white; but I must confess I had a fancy for the red, which was very becoming to a brunette's dark glossy hair.

In this island is found the *bella donna* plant,

or shrub. St. Sampson's Church, seven hundred years old, was worth seeing—the only one, it is believed, in existence with the Crametha parapets—*i.e.*, lapping one over the other. We then visited some enormous Druidical stones on Lancrese Common—four large stones. How they got there is a marvel, such huge slabs of granite, grown over with pink, grey, and silvery mosses. The ground on which we stood was more wild and romantic than I can describe, and the view was bounded by rocks of enormous size, over which the sea, in a gale, broke with tremendous force.

My fair companions were much struck by the picturesque costume of an old woman riding with her husband on the same horse, she holding on by his waist (in the old English fashion of pillion), sitting sideways, her grey hair peeping below her high-crowned white muslin Norman cap, with broad lace strips let in, a deep curtain behind over her shoulders, and long lappets from the ears, a brown glazed cotton jacket, and full basque behind, dark lavender woollen gown, and a bright-coloured cherry-striped apron with pockets. If walking, she

would have been knitting with the pins now seen sticking out of her pockets, but with one of her hands she had to hold on by her husband's belt. We stopped the carriage, and called to them to come and speak to us, which they did, thus affording my friends the opportunity of examining them fully, and making in the evening a sketch, which they showed me the next day, thus impressing the strange costume upon my memory. From a height we viewed a lovely bay, the name of which I forgot, but which was held as a sacred spot in the bathing season for the ladies who resorted there.

Soon after my first arrival in Guernsey, not aware of this rule, I rode through a narrow pass in the rocks, leading to the sands, when, passing quickly on to them for a gallop, lo! Diana and all her nymphs were before me, some in bathing-dresses and some discarding their robes. My appearance in full uniform, was greeted with a shriek of consternation, when lo! some of the alarmed nymphs plunged into Neptune's arms for protection, others ran into a Ulysses' cave close by, whilst I wheeled round

my charger, after one look, horrified at the predicament into which I had fallen.

I went to drink tea that evening at the brigade-major's, where was a small party, at which a pretty married lady shyly asked me, "Where have you been riding to-day, Captain Loftus?" whereat, perceiving that they were smiling at each other, making me think that some of the fair dames had been among the frightened water-nymphs, I guardedly answered that I had had a *beautiful* ride, a reply so pointed that no more was said; but I was next day told that it was well known all over the island what forbidden spot I had selected so innocently for my gallop!

CHAPTER VII.

Costume of the Peasantry—Unfortunate Contretemps—
 Exclusiveness of the Guernsey People—Anecdote of
 the Duke of Wellington—Wine *versus* Toast and
 Water—The General's Cellar—Visit to Jersey—
 Ludicrous Accident—The Governor of Jersey—Eliza-
 beth Castle—La Chapelle des Pêcheurs—Capture of
 a John Dory—Island of Sark.

WE came home by Fort St. George, and I
 went down by Hauteville to old St.
 Peter's Church, the ancient and curious oak
 carving of which we examined. A French ser-
 vice is held here, followed by an English one.
 The Sunday costume of the peasantry, with
 their white high-laced caps and pink aprons, is
 both fresh and pretty; but the higher orders
 are quite English in their manners and costume.
 We next morning visited the market, which is
 the rendezvous of the *élite* of the island, and
 saw the magnificent grapes, peaches, and pears,
 all to be had so cheap and so perfect of their

kind. The fine black and white marble slabs in the fishmongers' and butchers' stalls are very handsome, and look remarkably cool. Some are of fine grey granite, sparkling with silvery dots in the sun's rays; and all their gate posts are made of the same material. Even some of the foundations of the hedges are composed of granite, placed against the sides of the lanes as a support to the earth above.

Having sent the carriage home, we walked through the town, looking at the shops, &c. The ascent from the church to the Government House is very steep, and the granite slippery. In hot weather it is also disagreeable for walking. In the evening we had a large ladies' party, and a dance was got up, to which the officers of the garrison and many ladies of the island were invited. There was an old Lady S——, who had a tall, thin, gawky daughter, and the General whispered to me during the evening,

"Now, pay that young lady a deal of attention—she has some money."

But when I looked at her, I thought I should be very sorry to take her for "a partner for

life." "Yes," thought I, "she may suit *you*, but she will not please me." However, I said nothing, and paid her much attention, according to the advice of my *chef*, whom I saw ever and anon glancing approvingly at me. However, there were some very handsome girls in the room, and amongst them a brunette, who was generally considered very beautiful, and indeed she was so, although I had no more thought about her at that time than of others, though subsequently she became to me a source of some anxiety—but more of this anon. Thus passed the time till the fair ladies took their departure for England.

The Winter set in, and on Christmas Day the General and I went to dine at the farm of La Rey, giving the servants an opportunity of enjoying themselves. Two French ladies, mother and daughter, had arrived from St. Malo, and had taken up their quarters at the farm, where they had been for a fortnight or more. The General and I used to ride over, when he had not much to do, and I fancied that he paid particular attention to the daughter; but I thought little of it. She was a most

lady-like person, and very good-looking; her mother I thought particularly charming. I believe she was a French countess. However, as I am relating the history of my adventures, I am bound to say that I got myself, most unintentionally, into a scrape with the General here; but he certainly was difficult to understand.

Before we started for La Rey, he sent for me, and begged me to ride forward to the farm and say he was coming, and to send back my horse, for I was to drive him home in the cabriolet. Although just as I started it came on to snow, I rode on in uniform and cocked hat; but, unfortunately, I had no cloak with me. Arriving at La Rey, I found myself rather the worse for the snow; but the ladies were very kind, and took me to the fire in the drawing-room to dry my clothes. I was getting very comfortable and warm, when the young lady came and sat down by my side, inquiring kindly, "Are you getting warm, Monsieur?"

"Oui, Mademoiselle, je suis bien comfortable;" and she felt my sleeve to see if my coat was dry, when I took hold of her hand, as an act of politeness, to thank her.

"Ah!" she said, in broken English, "you are younger dan de General."

"Ah! oui," I said, laughingly, and at that moment who should poke his head in at the door but "de General" himself. He stood looking at us for a moment, and then bounced back again. She looked at me and I looked at her, and we both laughed. It was an unfortunate *contretemps*. The General was shortly afterwards announced, and we all went into the dining-room. He seemed very glum all dinner-time, and looked daggers at me, I thought. He carved the turkey, and, as I imagined, shoved the plate over to me in a manner very significant of his displeasure. I drank wine with the ladies, as did the General, but he never spoke to me. I saw my young friend occasionally look first at me and then at my chief, as much as to say, "I see what o'clock it is," and she seemed very much to enjoy what, no doubt, was a joke to her. The dinner was anything but a happy Christmas one for me, and I specially dreaded the drive home. Tea and coffee over, the cabriolet was ordered round,

and we took our departure. I had the reins, and not seeing very well, and the lanes being narrow, I felt most uncomfortable at the thought of what I had to go through. The General ever and anon was calling out to me, "Mind where you are driving, sir, you will be in the ditch."

This and many similar remarks were said in a very disagreeable voice, showing that he was out of temper, which he could be at times. The truth is, I saw very badly at night; but I fortunately got the General home safe, and was never more glad in my life to have done so! I went to bed, and next morning was in my room, as usual, at nine o'clock. The General soon afterwards made his appearance, in his usual costume of dressing-gown and slippers. Standing before the fire, he looked at me with a most scrutinising eye, but said not a word. Soon after twelve o'clock he came in to say he should not want me any more that day till dinner-time. In the meantime I went up to the brigade-major and told him of all that had happened the night before, which highly amused him. "By George," he said, "he won't like you the better

for that." When we met again at dinner the General was dumb, as before, and did not say a word to me. I was very glad to get away from him, and felt much happier when I got home. He continued very glum for a fortnight, and never asked me again to go to La Rey with him whilst the ladies were there, none of whom I ever saw again. After a time he got all right, and seemed to think no more of it. I found he used occasionally to ride out there by himself; but as my adventure went off so well, I never asked any questions, and he never alluded to the affair in any way.

I have mentioned in the former part of my narrative my love of field sports. Of course I lost a good share of my enjoyment with the gun and in hunting, when deprived of the sight of one eye, which entailed on me many disadvantages. However, I managed to get along pretty well by means of a glass fixed in my hat. During my stay in Guernsey I often went out with an officer in the Artillery, quartered at Fort St. George, in search of woodcock. He was a handsome, well-made man, a most agreeable companion, and, like myself, a capital pedestrian,

but, above all, in every respect a perfect gentleman, as indeed were all the officers at Fort St. George. Boghurst and myself were great friends, and whenever I could get away from the General for an hour or two, I spent much of my time with him and his amiable wife. I likewise possessed the friendship of the brigade-major, his family, and others, all of whom, whenever they had an opportunity, showed me the greatest civility. I did not mix much with the aborigines of the island, who were very exclusive, thinking themselves far superior to any English family who might reside amongst them. They had their "sixties" and their "forties." Individually this exclusiveness was of no consequence to me, but it has been a source of great discomfort to many who have permanently resided there. These high-born Normans, who, I believe, to this day boast of their having conquered England, were some of them queer-looking people, but there were also many really well born and highly connected families, among them the De Saumarez, Le Marchants, &c., &c., many of whom have done good service to their country. Admiral De Saumarez fought several

battles with the French and maintained the honour of the British flag. General Le Marchant was killed at the battle of Salamanca—in which contest two of my brothers were engaged—gallantly leading on the British cavalry, which broke through the French lines, and completed the victory of that glorious day. Our brigademajor, as I have said, lost his right arm in that memorable action.

I was told a characteristic anecdote of the Duke of Wellington, relating to a circumstance which occurred that day. He was seated on a small rising ground, watching the movements of the enemy, with a little tin case by his side, out of which he now and then drew a sandwich, at the same time running his eye through his glass along the whole French line opposed to ours. The Duke had not long before sent down an aide-de-camp with orders to move two regiments from the position they occupied to another on the field. This movement induced the French general to make a change in his line, which was, in fact, the very thing the Duke wanted. Shutting up his glass, he exclaimed, "Now I have him!" Mounting his horse, fol-

lowed by his whole staff and escort, he galloped down to the field below, gave his orders, and in half an hour the French line was irretrievably broken.

My friend and I were not often successful in winging the woodcocks, but one day we did bring home three brace, which much pleased my General, for they were a great help to his table, and he kept a good one, having generally two large parties a week, and he told me I might go out again whenever I heard of a flight. These birds used to be attracted by the Gasgets lights, against the glass of which they would fly, and being killed by the shock, were picked up dead.

I have said that I drank very little wine, instead of which I had a decanter of toast and water by my side. An officer of the 79th, observing that I always filled my glass out of this decanter, thought that it must be something of a superior class of wine. When I asked him one day which wine he would take, he said he preferred some from my bottle. I advised him not to have it, but to take Madeira; but he would not be put off his scent. The canny Scot had his glass filled, but had no sooner tasted its contents

than he burst out with an ejaculation in broad Scotch, "Watter, by Haven!" This brought forth a roar of laughter from all who heard it. And this reminds me of the story of Mr. Clerk, a great Scotch pleader, afterwards Lord Eldin, who, when arguing before the House of Lords on a case of the right of the proprietor of a water mill to the use of a certain stream, frequently pronounced the word water "watter."

"Mr. Clerk," said the Lord Chancellor, "do you spell water in your country with two Ts?"

"Na, my Lord," quickly replied Mr. Clerk, "we do not spell watter with twa tees, but we *do* spell *mainners* with twa ennes!"

I have stated that the General was not on very friendly terms with some of the high-born "sixties;" but the cause of the misunderstanding never transpired, and I never inquired about it. I thought it best not to do so, for I knew he had one near him who would be sure to convey to him all I said, a man who always appeared to me extremely polite and attentive, but who, I was perfectly aware, was a tale-bearer, for I found that he watched my proceedings like a hawk. Whenever I went to an

evening-party without the General, he was sure to be informed of it. Not that I cared one jot whether he knew or not; neither did I ever disguise from him when and where I went; but he himself was so jealous of the Guernsey people, and disliked them so much, that he could not bear my visiting any of them, friends or foes; I certainly never mixed with the latter, and I am sure he had no cause to be offended. I never left him before nine o'clock in the evening when by ourselves, knowing well that he wished to be left alone at that hour, previously, of course, asking him if he had any further commands. When alone, we sometimes dined in the aide-de-camp's room.

I was warned before I accepted the appointment to have nothing to do with the General's wine-cellar; but shortly after my arrival in the island, he asked me if I would take charge of it, and I did not like to refuse. He accordingly gave me the keys, and we visited the cellar together. When he showed me the bins, and the different descriptions of wines in them, I found them all in the most disorganized state, though something had evidently been done towards

putting them in order, a book in which there were entries having been made. The General kept muttering to himself about the cellar being in a bad state, and asked me if I thought I could manage to arrange it better for him. "Yes, sir; if you will allow me to have a man from Mr. Dobré's wine-stores, I can easily put the whole thing in order." This was done on the following day, and I had every bin marked with the number of bottles in it, with the names of each sort of wine—claret, port, sherry, burgundy, champagne of various kinds, Madeira, &c. He had a great quantity of claret of the finest quality, Château Margaux, Lafitte, and others. All these were labelled in their respective bins, and I thought that everything was put in apple-pie order. I used to go down and superintend the taking out of the wines for the General's parties (a list of which he gave me), and his butler, an Italian, as honest a fellow as any gentleman could desire to have, always took up the wine. Things went on very well for more than a year, when one day the General asked me for the key of his cellar, which I gave him, and he kept it for

a fortnight, when he brought it back to me. As I was going home one evening, Boscia (the butler) followed me to the gate leading out of the garden, with an excuse for so doing, but in truth anxious to speak to me alone. Just as I was about to descend the steps, he said, "Pardon, Monsieur; puis-je parler un instant avec Monsieur?" He then told me in a low voice, that the General had taken several bottles of wine out, and had not entered them in the book, a thing which he had done with another officer who was not now with him. The following day my chief came again to ask me for the key, and requested me to go with him to the cellar, where he began looking at the bins, and counting the bottles in one which contained claret. Then, looking into the book, he turned sharply round upon me, saying,

"You have not entered all the wine here," putting his hand upon the page.

I quickly replied, "I have entered all that I took out of your cellar," and I looked him full in the face, when he walked out of the door, locked it, and again gave me the key to keep.

"I wish, sir," I said, "you would keep it for yourself."

"No, no," said he.

What he meant by this was a puzzle to me; but I soon came to the conclusion that it was an attempt, on his part, to induce me to say something which would lead to a misunderstanding, and cause us to part; and I subsequently found that I was not far wrong in my conjecture. However, all passed off for a time, and I heard no more about the wine. But I wrote to an old friend and brother officer, telling him what had occurred, and asking his advice as to whether it would not be better for me to resign my appointment. The answer was that of a sincere friend, advising me to do no such thing, to remain where I was till the Governor should be relieved, which would not be long. Of course, I said not a word of this affair to anyone; but I was on my guard with a man with whom I found it so difficult to act. I had been warned, however, of all this previous to accepting my post, and I knew, therefore, that I should receive very little sympathy from anyone, seeing that I had

been strongly advised not to go on his staff. But I was like most young men of the day (and, indeed, of the present time especially), more inclined to act upon the suggestions of my own judgment than on those of older and wiser men than myself. My only excuse was that I had been told by some friends who knew both him and myself that I might possibly get on with him.

A few days after this occurrence, the General received an invitation from the Governor of Jersey to go over to that island, and spend a few days with him there—an invitation which he accepted, and made the necessary little arrangements for our visit. The man-of-war cutter which belonged to the station was ordered to be in readiness, and one forenoon we embarked with a fair breeze for Jersey, where we anchored about four o'clock, and were received with all due honours, the castle saluting, and the Governor's staff meeting us on landing with the carriage to convey us to the house.

It being late, we at once dressed for dinner, and at six o'clock the General and I descended to the drawing-room, where we found a number

of people invited to meet us, such as the High Bailiff and other officials of the island. The aide-de-camp came to inform us that the Governor himself, having been attacked by the gout, would not be able to meet ~~us~~ in the drawing-room. Dinner being announced, we entered the dining-room, and found him seated at the head of his table, where he gave us a hearty welcome, and apologised for being unable to meet us before. My General sat on his right, and I was placed next to him. As my commanding officer took his seat, I heard a splash under the table, and he instantly jumped up, exclaiming, "Good gracious! what is this?" The Governor, with much regret, explained that he had had a tub of cold water, into which he put his gouty foot to ease the pain, and that he was very sorry it should have been so placed as to prove a trap to the General. The whole thing was so perfectly ludicrous that it was with the greatest difficulty we could all avoid a burst of laughter. It was no laughing matter, however, to the General, who had to leave the table for his room in order to change his boots and stockings.

The Governor of Jersey was one of the fattest men I had ever seen, his cheeks hanging over his collar, as red as a cherry. I should think he weighed nearly twenty stone. Neither was his aide-de-camp one of the smallest of men, for he weighed fully fourteen stone, whilst the united weight of my General and myself did not make twenty stone.

The next morning I was informed that we were to visit the principal parts of the island on horseback. The General was to ride a horse of the Governor's, while one was provided for me which, I was told, had run away with everyone who mounted him, for no one could pull him in when he got his head up. Being forewarned was being forearmed, so I went down to the saddler's shop, and bought a running martingale, through which I passed the snaffle rein of my bridle, on which I had a twisted snaffle bit sewed. Thus armed, I cared little about the attempts of any horse to run away.

We started about noon, with a crowd of people outside the gates to see us off. We took our way towards Sir Hildegrove Turner's residence, and broke from a walk into a canter,

from that to a gallop when on the sward. I soon found that all I had been told regarding the animal on which I was mounted was true. I had enough to do to keep him in, but although he made several attempts to bolt, I held him fast. The General, being informed that the horse he rode was an old hunter, soon let the Governor's staff know that they had with them now a faster equestrian than their own fat master; for perceiving Sir Hildegrove's house on the right, about half a mile off, he turned his steed's head towards the fence, and rode at it, clearing it beautifully. I followed, and found my horse to be as good a jumper as his. Looking round to see what had become of the stout aide-de-camp, I saw that he and the rest were "planted," with their eyes and mouths wide open. In a few minutes we reached the house, to find that Sir Hildegrove had gone to pay us a visit, so we proceeded on our tour of inspection.

Having been joined by those whom we had "planted" at the fences, we continued our ride, and returned home between four and five o'clock, and there found a party, which had

been invited to meet us at dinner, consisting of some officers from the garrison, and clergy of the island, with the dean, &c., &c. We likewise found a letter from Sir H. Turner, inviting us to stay a day or two with him.

The next morning I was sent off with a note to Sir H. T. to say that we should be with him that evening at five o'clock. On returning to breakfast, I heard we were to pay a visit to Elizabeth Castle. I do not attempt to describe that venerable fortress, on its stony foundation in the sea, which defends the harbour of St. Heliers, and which, with the island, has been held by the crown of England since the time of the Conquest. Jersey has been permitted, like Guernsey, to be governed by its old ancient laws, of which the islanders are very tenacious, proudly resisting any attempt to change them.

I thought the butter and vegetables here as good as in Guernsey, and there was as good a market. The cider which we drank at the Governor's house from champagne bottles, was far superior to that of Guernsey. The Jersey pears are too well known by every lover of that juicy fruit, so delicious on a hot day, to

require any description of mine. I had known them from my childhood ; my grandfather, Lord T., receiving every year large presents of these fine pears when he was Governor of Jersey. I have used the term "Governor," where, in fact, I ought to have said Lieutenant-Governor, for the Earl of Pembroke was Governor of Guernsey ; but he did not reside on the island. The office of Lieutenant-Governor is always held by military men, who are in command of the troops garrisoned in these islands. In Elizabeth Castle, Clarendon was imprisoned, and there he wrote part of his history. Prynne was confined, too, in Orgueil Castle (and *proudly* it does look out to sea) for four years, in a dungeon with very little light—a pen and paper, and his Bible, and a space of only five feet to move about in. Here, also, Charles II. secreted himself, and escaped detection by Cromwell's troops.

After visiting the castle and the town we took our departure for the residence of Sir Hildegrove Turner, who sent his carriage for us, and with him we remained for two days, spending the most agreeable time, gaining information, and seeing everything worthy of

inspection, and much there was to see in this beautiful island. The old church, "La Chapelle des Pêcheurs," has a most curiously painted ceiling. Figures representing Herod, the Virgin, and the angel Gabriel, were most astonishing. How many beautiful painted ceilings have I since seen in other lands! The position of St. Aubin's Fort and Castle, looking on the magnificent Bay of St. Brelades, we greatly admired. Our rides with Sir Hildegrove were delightful. On one occasion, dismounting to open a gate for him and the General, a task which was difficult of accomplishment, requiring both hands, I foolishly omitted to throw my bridle over my arm; but left it loose, and away bolted my horse. The General looked angrily at me, and muttered, "How stupid of him!" Fortunately for me, a peasant, coming down the lane, caught my horse and restored him, or I do not know where he might have finished his gallop.

Sir Hildegrove's house was one of peculiar construction, the bed-rooms and sitting-rooms being all upon one floor, and no inhabitable rooms above. The upper floor, as far as I could perceive, was merely used for the purpose

of stores. It appeared to me to be a most comfortable residence, with good rooms and capital offices; kitchen-garden, scullery, coach-house, dairy, all lying handy to each other, though the dairy, coach-house, and stables were detached. It was situated near a most charming bay, where sailing vessels were constantly seen coming in, and going out from St. Malo, and other places on the French coast. There were no visitors to meet us, of which I was very glad. Sir H. Turner was attached to the Court, and only resided in the island at certain periods of the year.

We had beautiful fish, caught close to the rocks. I seldom ate any of John Dory, as it is called in England; but this I know, that I thought it was one of the best sea fish. At the island of Sark, opposite to Guernsey, they are found in great numbers; but, I understand, are difficult to catch, and, I believe, they are speared. I was also told that when they lie near the surface of the water, close to the rocks, they are shot; but I never saw any taken in this way, and, therefore, cannot vouch for the truth of the statement, which I am rather

inclined to think a fabulous tale, and for this reason : that the water would break the force of shot from a fowling-piece.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fall from a Pony—Perversity of Women—A Veteran Battalion—Alarm of Fire—Pleasure Excursion—The Seigneur of Sark—Houpé Pass—The Artilleryman's Bull-Dogs—Cromlechs—The "Creux Terrible"—Valley of Singing Birds—Perilous Position of a Vessel—A Female Smuggler saved from Death by Drowning.

WE left the island in the man-of-war cutter, and returned to Guernsey with a fresh and fair breeze, and were soon in our old quarters. The General having nothing for us to do after twelve o'clock the following day, I took a ride to Fort St. George, to visit my friends quartered there. After passing the main guard, there is a movable bridge over a fosse, wide enough for two horses drawing a cannon. A horse unaccustomed to the hollow sound caused by his hoofs passing over it, generally becomes frightened, and the moment he places his forefeet upon it, turns round, and sometimes entirely refuses to go over, but if one is gentle

with a timorous animal, the difficulty is soon overcome. Flogging only alarms him more, and makes him so uneasy that he starts at everything he sees. Hundreds of gentlemen's horses have been thus spoiled by the ignorance and stupidity of their grooms. I had broken in both my horses to pass over this fosse, but I had done so by gentle means.

On my arrival at the fort, I found four or five officers assembled, watching the movements of a young lieutenant of Artillery, who was endeavouring to force a small Welsh pony over this bridge. Seeing me pass over so quietly, they exclaimed,

"Here is Captain Loftus—he will ride it over for you."

Having inquired what was the matter, they simply told the story that they could not get the pony over. I dismounted, and taking the pony, found the saddle very loose on his back. I foolishly took no heed of the circumstance, and endeavoured to get him to face the bridge, but he would not even look at it, and turning sharply round, went down the hill towards the officers' barracks as hard as he could

gallop. The saddle slipped forward, of course, on his back, and I had not the slightest power over him. Just within twenty yards of the iron railing in front of the mess-room, the saddle turned, and down I went upon my head, striking it against a stone. Fortunately the cocked hat took off the force of the fall, but I was nevertheless rendered nearly insensible and speechless, and being picked up, I was carried by my kind friends into the mess-room, and laid upon the sofa. Two of the officers' wives, who had witnessed the accident, came to offer their assistance, and in a few minutes I was restored to full consciousness; but I felt that my back pained me most dreadfully. The curious part of the affair was that I heard everything that was said around me, but could neither speak nor move. In half an hour or so I was able to remount my horse and return home. I suffered pain in my back for some days, but I said nothing to the General on the subject, for I was sure that if I did so he would begin to banter me about my equestrian performance. However, it taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten, and angry I felt with myself that through my folly in riding

with a loose girth I had been beaten by an animal not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog. It was, however, some satisfaction that no other ever could take this little black Welsh pony over that drawbridge.

The comparison of the pony to a Newfoundland dog reminds me of a story told by a gentleman well known in a sporting county in the time of the Prince Regent, who had a somewhat vivid imagination. His wife always vowed that the following event, which he told at his own table, was not true, but he prefaced it by saying,

"If you wish that a lady should not do a certain thing, tell her so, and she will be sure to do it."

I have no doubt that I shall have a whole phalanx of my fair friends in battle array against me for repeating so wicked an opinion. The gentleman was leaving home for a few days, and in joke he said to his wife at the last minute,

"Good-bye, dear, now mind and do not ride Carlo," the big Newfoundland, her constant companion.

She, after his departure, sauntering about

alone, said to herself "How very odd it was of him to say, 'Don't ride Carlo.' How absurd! I declare I have a mind to try if I could. Here, Carlo."

Carlo, a gentle creature, allowed her to mount him, and presently off she fell, and put her shoulder out. Servants came at her call, carried her to her room, and sent for a surgeon. In three days her husband, returning, entered the hall, and, surprised that his wife did not appear, he asked the butler,

"How is your mistress?"

"Going on as well as can be expected, sir."

"What's the matter?" He rushed upstairs and into his wife's room, saying, "What is this, my love?"

"It was very foolish of me, you know; but I thought it so odd of you to tell me not to ride upon Carlo's back, that I thought, for the fun of it, I must try. And I fell off, and here I am!"

She declared there was no truth in this tale, but that he had told it so often that he had come to believe it true.

A few days after our return from Jersey, we dined with Mr. and Mrs. C——, who had arrived

from England, and had hired a house belonging to Mr. Dobrée, called Beau Séjour, a well-known spot in the island, situated near the new ground. This gentleman, like many others of his profession, had made a fortune as a Commissary General during the war in Spain and Portugal, under Lord Wellington. He was a jolly, good-natured man, well-known to the General, kept a good table, and had a good cellar of wine. Strange to say that my commanding officer, who was a person who had lived in the best society, where *politesse* prevailed, should seem to court the intimacy of this gentleman ; but so it was—a riddle, like many other enigmas in human life, very difficult to solve. This man had a daughter, a very tall and enormously stout woman, whose husband, a short, very thin man, was a marvellous contrast to her.

I bought a capital grey cob, with fine action, but so skittish and uncertain that his master was afraid to mount him, and so I got him for twenty-five pounds. On going to London in the following Spring, I sold him for fifty guineas, having cured him of all his tricks. I

meant him as a gift to my father, who was still a good horseman, though the grey was too high-spirited for him. Lord Anglesey greatly admired him, but for him he was not tall enough.

Soon after our visit to Jersey, orders were received from the Horse Guards to send back the 79th Highlanders to England, their place to be supplied by a veteran battalion, several of whom had been raised from pensioners and men retired from the service, and a miserable substitute they were for the fine body of men they came to replace; for I never saw a more scrubby-looking lot than those who were sent to us, and a long time elapsed before they were fit for inspection. What could be the object of bringing these poor fellows forward again, I know not. They had a worthy and excellent commanding-officer, who did his best to bring them into order and discipline, and in the course of a month there was a great difference in their appearance on parade.

At this time, when there was little or nothing doing in the island, I was alarmed one night by a loud knocking at my door, to inform me that part of the town was on fire. I instantly

jumped up and dressed, ran to the stables, saddled one of my horses, and rode off to the barracks to bring down the troops and a fire-engine. I then returned to the Government House, and told the General what had occurred. He desired me to go to the scene of the fire, and bring him every information I could obtain. I had been there already on the way to the Government House, and found that it was the dean's residence, and another house joining his, which were on fire. How it occurred, we knew not, but I got some soldiers in, who saved the furniture and family from harm. The dean's daughters were greatly frightened. I got them into a place of safety, and, on returning to report, got a scolding from the General for being so long absent. I explained to him that it was impossible for me to leave the ladies in distress, calling upon me to help them. I could not but stay to assist them.

As I have mentioned, during my service in Guernsey, visitors occasionally arrived in their yachts from Southampton or Weymouth at Government House. I was never sorry when this occurred, for they not only relieved the

monotony of my life there, but, by putting the General in better spirits, made him more inclined to be amiable to everyone. On one occasion he gave a dance, and among the young ladies who were invited there was one who entered far more deeply into my thoughts than I had at that time anticipated. She was a handsome, dark-haired young lady, and was what is generally called a brunette. She had most beautiful black hair, which she evidently knew how to dispose to the best advantage; dark, soft eyes, with long silken lashes; very small hands and feet, and a slight, but exquisitely-formed figure. Always an admirer of the fair, it will be no matter of surprise that this fairy should attract my attention, and that I had not forgotten my first introduction to her. She had two sisters, both very handsome, but neither of them equalled their sister in loveliness, though they were all three very agreeable girls.

One morning, at six o'clock, I received an intimation from the General that he wished me to get the Government six-oared boat in readiness to take some ladies over to Sark that morning at nine o'clock, to show them the island,

and that his secretary's small cutter yacht was to accompany us as a precaution, in case of bad weather. Everything was arranged accordingly, and on going to the General, I found some ladies assembled in the drawing-room, and among them the three young sisters whom I have mentioned, with Lady S—— and her daughter, the invitations of all of whom to this excursion had been kept a dead secret by the General, for reasons best known to himself. A hamper of good things for our luncheon being sent forward to the boat, and all being ready, we started for the place of embarkation, whence we shoved off, and steered away for the yacht, which lay to, awaiting us. I deposited in it my fair charge, and returned to bring off the Lieutenant-Governor, which accomplished, we set sail for our destination. It was a fine morning for the excursion, with a leading breeze, and little swell on the water, which made the General nevertheless very uncomfortable. To avoid the dire consequences, he requested that the boat should be hauled up, that he might get into her, and be towed astern, as he thought he should not feel the boat's motion so much as that of the small

yacht, an idea in which he was quite right. I placed a couple of hands with him, one to steer, and the other in case of emergencies, while I remained with the ladies. The passage across was most enjoyable; the curious shapes of the islands, some of their rocks covered with shells, called forth much admiration, as well as the perfect blue of the sea, and the lovely light-green of the sky.

In little more than an hour we rounded to, for the purpose of landing at Bicar, a very rough and dangerous place of disembarkation, conducting, by a steep ascent, into Sark. Each lady was placed in the care of a sailor, who was to precede her and take her hand, pulling her after him up the pass. I had been a sailor myself, and, being very active in those days, undertook the charge of conducting in safety the fair brunette, who did not refuse my assistance. No one of the party expressed any wish to be drawn up by ropes over the rocks near the Bicar Pass, as some preferred. I left Lady S—— and her daughter to the polite attentions of the Governor and his secretary. After some severe stumbling and scrambling, we all reached the

dwelling at Voroke, at the top of the most dangerous pass.

The General's first intention was to pay his respects to the Seigneur, or hereditary Lord of Sark, who was a clergyman, and at the same time colonel of militia of the island, as I have already mentioned; but he, hearing that the Governor of Guernsey had arrived, came to meet him, and invited us all to his comfortable dwelling—for most comfortable it appeared to me, with its garden, his Alderney cows, sheep, poultry, &c., all around him. It seemed the abode of peace, and I exclaimed to my companion, "How happy could I be here!" and she, smiling, replied, "So could I!" and the sisters assented.

I had seen but little of these ladies until this day, and I found them most agreeable, well-informed, and ladylike, which was not surprising, as they were both well-born and highly connected. As we had a plentifully prepared repast with us, for ourselves, the General proposed to the hospitable Seigneur that he should join our picnic party, after we had seen some of the extraordinary beauties of this island; for

I have known men who have travelled far and wide, men of intellect and research, who have said that some parts of Sark astonished them more by its marvellous contrasts, its bold and romantic aspects, in so limited a space, than any spot they had seen before.

Having fixed upon the ground where we should meet at three o'clock, the General, who knew the island, joined the Seigneur and Lady S——, and they strolled off together, leaving Miss S—— and the young ladies to my care, accompanied, as a guide, by the artilleryman; a fine tall Yorkshireman, who knew every nook of the island. Very soon we came upon some cannon placed at a point opposite St. Malo, on the French coast. One of the ladies asked, "What is the use of those cannon on that bare rock?"

"Ah! Madame," said the artilleryman, "those are my bull-dogs. I point them against those French rascals over there," pointing to St. Malo.

Our first visit was to the "Houpée Pass," which is wonderfully narrow, three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea, between

huge and grotesque rocks, in and out of which you wind your way, looking down on one side over the perpendicular height, consisting entirely of huge rocks, to the sea; on the other—a strange contrast—is a beautiful slope covered with numberless wild flowers of various hues, with varieties of furze and fern of every tint—white, grey, rose, lavender, pink, and black. The air, too, was exceedingly pure. It was a most lovely, and at the same time an almost terrific, scene. Our feeling of interest was heightened by our guide's story of a man who was given to hard drinking boasting that he knew the pass so well he could walk it in safety whether tipsy or sober. He made the rash attempt when drunk, and fell down the perpendicular side into the sea. This pass is thought to have been caused by some great convulsion of Nature, which almost cut the island in twain, leaving the path so narrow that one person cannot pass another on it. The peasants here cut the furze for their fires, and bear the bundles through the devious pass on their backs. The horses also tread it, and then eat it—a circumstance which reminded me of what I saw, when

in Portugal, during the war, the German dragoons in our service smashing the sharp points of the furze between stones, providing their horses with a kind of food of which they seemed very fond, and an officer assured me that their coats always looked well when they could get enough of it. This is the most barren part of the island, which is only three miles round, and shaped like a whale's back. Nothing else but the closest, barest herbage for some sheep, grows on this part of it. In a storm they take shelter under a Druid's altar, or under cromlechs, very curious flat rocks, raised on rough stones, covered with a light green weed, from which is produced a beautiful scarlet dye, worth three shillings a pound and more.

As we stood wondering how these huge cromlechs were raised on that height, I could not help exclaiming, "And here, among all these wondrous works of the great Creator, the poor Druids raised their temples to *their* gods!"—a remark which appeared to touch my friends very much, and I caught a glance of the eyes of the brunette which told me that my thoughts were also hers. As we returned

through the Houpée, the long shadows began to deepen. The rocks were so high in some places, that they changed the aspect of the scene, producing new phases of beauty. My friends were all greatly struck with the grandeur of the scenery—so much so that my fair brunette was evidently overcome with emotion, and could not repress her feelings. I could not help taking her hand to show her that I fully sympathised with her in her deep admiration of this glorious scene. As she looked up in my face, her beautiful eyes suffused with soft tears, I thought to myself, "This girl has some heart," and I felt Cupid's dart in my own.

We returned to our guide's cottage, where we drank some water and ate a crust of bread, which he offered to the ladies while they rested, after which we started afresh for the other end of the island, a great contrast to the first. Here was the lovely valley Descarte, wooded to the summits, on all sides clothed with sweet-scented thyme, and the delicate sea pink beneath your feet. Rocks of every size and dimension were scattered on all sides. Peasant women,

in bright-coloured aprons, diversified the scene as they sat at their cabin-doors, or drew water from the picturesque wells constructed of stones artistically joined together. We soon came to a wild scene, the "Creux Terrible," standing on a prominent point of rocks, covered with low herbage. You look down through a cavern, open at the base, to the sea—a perpendicular height of three hundred feet, the distant opening appearing like a speck of light as seen from your height. The roar of the waves as they rush into this cavern is astounding, if you turn your ear to the edge of the "Creux Terrible."

We retraced our steps, and came through the sweet valley d'Abbord, where there are so many songsters that Inglis, in his work on the Channel Islands, calls it the "Valley of the Singing Birds," and we saw Descarte's pretty, quiet church. As we neared the spot where we had agreed to meet for our picnic, my brunette and I somehow, picking this tempting flower or that pretty fern, loitered rather behind the rest of the party. I observed her sisters looking round to see if we were coming. I thought that we both seemed inclined to be alone as

long as we could, to give expression to those congenial feelings which we both experienced.

I said to her, "I hope that you have passed a happy day, for I have?"

"Oh, indeed, indeed," she said, "I have!"

"And I hope," I added, "that you will not forget it—or—" and I stopped—looked at her, "or your companion——"

"No, no, never!" said she.

We now joined our friends. We had brought no servants with us, but the coxswain of the boat and one of the men soon laid out our repast on the sweet-scented carpet provided by Dame Nature. The Governor deputed me to arrange the wine for the repast *al fresco*, for which, indeed, our long rambles, and the sea air, of whose high purity we were fully sensible, had thoroughly prepared us; for it seems that, in love or war, *eat* we must.

The General was very attentive to Lady and Miss S——, making up for my deficiencies in that quarter. Having talked over and exhausted the subject of all we had seen, as well as the good cheer which the General had provided for all the party, after drinking to the health of the

Seigneur, to whose house the ladies repaired for coffee, we started for the Bicar Pass and regained our boats. The evening was delightful, the sail back was charming as we watched the long, grey, deepening shadows among the rocks (many covered with minute but most perfect shells) of the islands of Herm, Bree-now, Curveshon. A light, steady breeze and smooth water took us back under two hours' time. We landed at St. Pierre Port, having thoroughly enjoyed our day's excursion. We separated on the steps of Government House, and I, at least, felt sorry to part with my engaging companions.

The beginning of November in that year brought the General and myself into better odour with the inhabitants in this part of His Majesty's dominions, but, more especially, with the boatmen and fishermen of the island.

It had been blowing a heavy gale from the north-west for two days, the sea breaking on the rocks and shore with terrific violence. A vessel had been observed to windward, apparently trying to round a reef of rocks stretching out some distance into the sea. It was late in

the evening when the perilous position of this vessel was observed by one of the small farmers, living in the vicinity of these rocks—a man who belonged to the General's guard of Militia Dragoons, a body of men who resided near the coast, and had orders that, whenever they observed any vessel in difficulty or danger, they were forthwith to come to the Government House and give information. They were a very steady body of men, generally farming their own land; but, I believe, they have long since been disbanded. Although when I was on the staff, they formed part of the militia force of the island.

About eight o'clock in the evening, I received an order from the General to repair to the Government House immediately, to have my horses saddled, to take my servant with me, but *not* to go in uniform. On inquiring the meaning of this order, I was informed that a vessel was in distress, and that the General was going off instantly to the coast. Of course, I quickly obeyed the summons, giving orders to my servant to follow me. At the gate of Government House were the

General's horses and his groom ready mounted, with the dragoon waiting, and a man whom I did not know. In a few minutes we were on our way, the dragoon leading, and half an hour's ride brought us to the spot from which the vessel had been last observed. Although it was not yet dark, we could not distinguish anything far from the shore, and were unable to catch sight of the ship. However, we directed our course down to the bay, which, it was supposed, she was trying to enter—and lo! there she was, drifting into the breakers to her certain destruction, about half a mile to windward. She had lost one half of her mast, and with a small sail set to the stump was trying to weather the rock under her lee. I saw in a moment that she was doomed, unless she could clear the rock upon which she was drifting. Half a mile further on, there was a little cove, into which, if she could happily be got, there might be some chance of saving the lives of those on board of her.

Arriving at the bottom of this bay, we discovered a fisherman's hut, which seemed to be protected from every wind. Its owner was gaz-

ing at the unfortunate vessel in the distant gloom, and agreed with us that there was little chance of her weathering the rock. I proposed that we should launch his boat, a strong, heavy, four-oared craft, a very useful boat for the purpose of fishing, which was lying on the beach, with the hope of being able to render some aid to the unfortunate seamen on board. He shook his head, saying—"That is impossible, sir." I remarked that we could at least launch the boat, and try to do something, to which he agreed. When I told the General what had passed between me and the fisherman, he instantly dismounted, leaving our horses to the care of the grooms, and with the dragoon, went to the boat, which was hauled up, clear of the surf. The fisherman having examined her to see if the plug was safe, we proceeded to launch her. All lending a willing hand, we endeavoured to force her through the sand into the water nearest to the spot where we thought the doomed vessel was likely to strike the rock. The sea was rolling in upon the shore with great force, and it looked a perilous undertaking.

The General whispered to me, "Will the boat live through this surf, Loftus?"

"I doubt it, sir," I said; "but we will try. If you, sir, and the dragoon, who is a boatman as well as a soldier, will get into her as soon as she strikes the water, and give way with the oars, we will do our best." I shipped the rudder and put in the tiller. The vessel was now within a hundred yards of the rock.

"Now or never," cried I—"one, two, three," and we shoved the boat into the water with such vigour that, when the boatman and I sprang in, the water was up to our waists. Seizing an oar, I gave way, calling out to my companions to do the same. The boatman had charge of the tiller, as he knew best how to steer her. I hoped, by a vigorous and united effort, to get clear of the breakers; but, alas! no such good fortune attended us. A heavy, rolling wave struck the boat on the larboard bow, and half filled her with water; then she capsized, and sent us flying among the breakers like so many half-drowned rats. We hauled up the boat, and endeavoured to

right her ; but it was of no use—she was stove.

Our attention was now attracted by the sound of voices from the rock. The vessel had struck, and turned completely over. On the rock we could distinguish some figures, whom we endeavoured to reach by walking along the ledge. Meanwhile, a body, struggling in the water, came floating past us. The boatman, a good swimmer, rushed in and got hold of it, and the General and I assisting him, we were successful in bringing the nearly drowned person ashore, and found that we had rescued a woman. We carried her into the fisherman's hut, where, fortunately, his wife had a fire burning in her little grate. The poor half-drowned woman was now quite insensible ; but, having seen many people in that state, when nearly drowned, I proposed to the good woman of the hut to roll her on the floor, which we did, and the water came rushing out of her mouth in large quantities. I then asked for hot water, and filled four or five bottles, which I placed, with the rescued woman, at her feet and sides, in the old fisherwoman's bed, in a small room next to that in which we were,

her wet garments having been previously removed by the kind creature who was assisting, although she had a great dread of being left alone even for a moment with the sufferer. The husband, producing a bottle of rum, made a stiff glass of grog, which we endeavoured to get down the throat of the poor creature, and then we once more started off to the beach to see what was going on there, promising to return in a short time.

The vessel had now gone to pieces, but nothing could be seen of any human being. The gale was still blowing, but the tide was falling, and the sea broke with less violence on the shore. On our return to the hut we found that animation had been restored by the exertions of the fisherman and his wife, and we despatched the dragoon to bring out a medical man, which he did in about an hour and a half. We now learned that the fisherman's wife, in taking off the clothes from the poor woman, had discovered, bound around her body, folds upon folds of silk of a rich brown colour, and, curiously enough, the inner folds were quite dry. As soon as she was able to speak, we gleaned from her that the

vessel was on her way to Southampton, with a crew of four men and eleven female passengers, not to speak of several small French cows. All these women, she informed us, were carrying French silks and lace to England, as she herself had often done, for silk-merchants at St. Malo. There were sixteen cows on board. These, too, were all drowned. Finding that the poor woman was doing well under the good care of the kind people of the hut, who promised still to see after her, we rode back as fast as we could to keep ourselves warm, and to change our clothes, leaving the boatman to watch, and render any assistance which might yet be required. The General kindly sent over to my lodgings some hot soup, with which, and a good warming-pan in my bed, I soon fell asleep ; but Morpheus did not hold me long, for I soon awoke, with dreams of the sea, and the unfortunate people of the vessel.

I rose early next morning, and galloped off to the bay. The wind had gone down, but still there was much surf breaking on that fatal rock. The bodies of four women, one man, and a boy, a part of that unfor-

tunate crew, were found. The waters had swallowed the rest, and their place knew them no more. I rode sadly to the hut, and saw the poor woman, of whom her kind hosts had taken great care, so that she had wonderfully recovered. She was a Norman, and spoke English badly, but she was very grateful.

When she had quite recovered her strength we sent her back to St. Malo. This untoward event opened the eyes of many people who were accustomed to purchase so-called Alderney, Jersey, and Guernsey cows. We afterwards saw an advertisement in a paper, to the effect that certain Jersey and Alderney cows were to be sold by auction at Southampton on their arrival, and no doubt these poor drowned cows were to have been the subjects of some such sale. The General afterwards sent me to London with despatches, in which he gave the Government information of the smuggling transactions revealed in such an unfortunate way. Such an event raised quite an emotion in our small community. Many were the calls of inquiry at the Government House; we were made

heroes at the time, and in truth the Governor was much elevated in the estimation of the people.

CHAPTER IX.

Going to a Party—Ladies' Cloaks—Awkward Accident—
 New Year's Reception at Government House—Death
 of George III.—The Minute Guns—Disturbances in
 the North—Luddites—The Thistlewood Conspiracy—
 The Brunette—Unexpected Revelation—Disagreeable
 Interview—Threatened Duel—Satisfactory Issue—
 Temporary Farewell to Elise.

TIME did not stand still in these islands any more than it does anywhere else. Christmas came, and with it its peculiar festivities. My brother officer, the brigade-major, who had a good house at Hauteville, gave a little dance to all the young people of his acquaintance, which his amiable and pretty wife arranged to perfection. It was a curious thing to see how ladies and gentlemen went out to parties in this island at that period. Very few carriages were kept, but they appeared in the drawing-rooms in as apple-pie order as if conveyed there in carriages, for they pattered along the streets in

old-fashioned pattens, in which they might be heard a long way off, an old servant with a horn lantern to show the way walking before them, reminding one much of the old London watchman. The town was ill-lighted with whale-oil, burning in lamps hung upon ropes across the streets; such as I saw in those of Versailles, so far back as the Winter of 1845, which I passed there.

We had a very pleasant party at Mrs. P——'s, plenty of dancing and plenty of flirting. I think that I was the youngest officer there. There were officers of the Artillery and the Engineers, and the Commandant of the Veterans, with his officers, some of whom, of course, were not very young. Every one seemed well pleased, and I not the least so, for here I met my companions of Sark. We danced together, and I returned home with them, having the pleasure of helping them to don their cloaks in the hall, a garment which is worth describing. It is generally made of black silk, wadded, and covered all the dress of the ladies who wore it; to the neck, in order to avoid crushing the head-dress, is fastened a light hood, made with wires

or split canes, covered with black silk, which you can pull forward, or throw back, as required, and tied under the chin with a long loop from the front, by which, in case of a high wind, to hold it down—in fact, exactly the same hood as that worn by our grandmothers in *their* nocturnal visits. Thus equipped, we started on our return, our merry voices and laughter keeping up a running accompaniment with the clatter of the pattens.

On the first day of the new year there was a grand morning reception at Government House, which was attended by the High Bailiff, some members of the Royal Court, one or two bringing their wives and daughters, the Procureur-General, with his wife, and two amiable daughters. I am sorry to remember that, dining with them a few days after, I had the misfortune, while sitting next to one of them, whom I found very agreeable, to upset a whole plate of soup into her lap, spoiling, by this awkward feat, a lovely blue silk dress, very becoming to her fair self. I was shocked and horrified. The General looked daggers at me, which did not mend the matter, while the sweet victim herself be-

haved in the most amiable and ladylike manner. Of course my duty next day prompted me to purchase a silk of the same colour and quality, costing me four guineas, which I presented to her myself. Although she remonstrated with me for thinking of doing such a thing, I saw she was pleased. Nor do I imagine I lost anything in her estimation, or in that of her good mother.

On the first of February, 1820, the packet brought the news of the death of our good old king, George III. The following day, at noon, the General came to inform me that I must go to Fort St. George with an order to fire the minute guns. Taking from his pocket a gold minute-hand watch, and giving it to me, he said,

“You will time the fire of these guns yourself, sir, by this minute-hand; they were so badly fired last time that I desire that you will see it done properly yourself.”

Here was a dilemma; but I immediately rode off to the fort, thinking as I went along how I could communicate this order without hurting the feelings of the officer in command of the Royal Artillery, whom I found with the gunners, preparing to fire the minute guns from

the battery. I was fortunate in the conception of a little plan by which I could at once comply with my orders, and yet not offend the old officer in command. Riding up to Major M——, I said, "The General has sent me with this watch, sir, thinking that it may be a guide to you in firing the minute guns, unless you have a minute-hand watch of your own, sir," I said. The major seemed much pleased with the General's attention, while I dismounted, and holding the watch in my hand, gave him the word to fire, and no one was the wiser. On my return, the General praised me "for having done it so well."

The "last occasion" of firing the minute guns, to which the General had alluded, was at the death of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, who died on the 23rd of January, followed by his royal father on the 29th of the same month, in the year 1820.

The death of the King, of course, created many changes in the various departments of the State; but, some time before his demise, many of these changes were anticipated. Things had not been going on altogether

quietly in England, or agreeably to those in office. In the north there had been serious riots, and some blood had been shed before they could be quelled. A party, calling themselves "Luddites," had been creating much disturbance, fostered, I am sorry to say, by those who ought to have known better, but who, to accomplish their purpose of upsetting the Tory administration, never stuck at trifles, and were often guilty of doing the meanest things to carry their point.

Serious riots being apprehended at Birmingham, the Government had adopted ample measures to prevent the consequences which might follow a meeting addressed by such a man as Mr. Hunt. However, in spite of all, a large assembly of people mustered in the market-place at Birmingham, and Mr. Hunt ascended the platform erected for the purpose, and began to harangue them. As far as my memory serves me, the 15th Hussars and some troops of Yeomanry cavalry moved forward to disperse the mob, and to capture Mr. Hunt, the orator. News reached us in Guernsey of this affair. The mob violently attacked the military with stones

and other missiles, and several soldiers were severely wounded and lacerated with glass bottles. They, in their turn, retaliated upon the mob, who got more than they bargained for.

All this, of course, created a great commotion in London, whither I was sent in February by my General, with private letters to the Horse Guards. As I knew I was to remain a week or more in town, on my arrival there, after delivering my despatches, I went to see my old friends at the Tower, where I was sure to get a hearty welcome and good quarters.

I did not pay much attention to politics in those days, but all things that took place made an impression upon my mind. Two or three days after my arrival in town, an event took place which startled all from their slumbers. The ministerial dinner, which always takes place previous to the assembling of Parliament, was to be held at Lord Harrowby's, in St. James's Square. There was in those days a secret police, who knew everything and everybody, and obtained information for the Government of anything going on, or likely to take

place. They were a most praiseworthy and excellent body of men. The military did all the duty that the police perform now, and where force was required, the soldiers were called upon to act. Previous to this meeting of the ministers, there had been a conspiracy of the most vile character on foot for some time, which was known only to the secret police and to the authorities. A man of the name of Thistlewood, a revolutionary demagogue, with several others whose names I have forgotten, had been in the habit of meeting two or three times a week, and consulting together as to the best means of murdering the ministers, attacking the palace, and setting fire to London. All this was known to the police, and means were taken to apprehend the whole of this venomous body.

They were allowed to assemble in a hay-loft in Cato Street, and a picket of the Coldstream Guards, of a hundred men, commanded by Captain Fitz-Clarence, marched out from the barracks, and proceeded, under the direction of the police officers, to the place where this meeting was to be held. So well and so secretly was the

whole thing done, that they arrived at the appointed place without giving any alarm, distributed the men round the building, while Captain Fitz-Clarence, the sergeant, and a few policemen ascended a ladder and entered into the loft where all the worthies were sitting, much to the astonishment of the leader of the gang and his coadjutors, all of whom were armed. Several shots were fired, and a policeman was shot dead by one of the assassins. Captain Fitz-Clarence had a personal encounter with one of the conspirators, whom he secured, while a third was run through the body by the sergeant. The rest jumped out of the window on to a sloping roof which led into the lane, thus fairly leaping into the arms of the soldiers, who were ready to receive them. I can't tell how many were captured, but I remember the sensation created in the Tower that afternoon when Thistlewood and some of his gang were brought there as prisoners. Everyone in London was astounded when information of this plot was communicated to the public. It appears that the gang had planned to assemble together and knock at Lord Harrowby's door,

when he and the other ministers were at dinner, then to rush in armed with stilettoes and knives and assassinate the whole body. Such an event shows how serious was the aspect of matters when I arrived in London.

My friend the Governor, who had many of these affairs to manage, took his pinch of snuff and walked up and down his room, giving his orders in a very cool and determined manner. Thistlewood, the leader, was confined over the Traitor's Gate, and, as is well known, was afterwards hanged, his head was cut off, and the executioner, holding it up, calling out with stentorian lungs, "This is the head of a traitor." All this seemed to make a vast impression on the populace. Some old women screamed and fainted. I wondered why they went at all; but no scene of this kind ever takes place without the presence of a number of the fair sex to witness its horrors.

The time that I was to remain in London having expired, I took the coach down to Southampton, where I found the *Starling* cutter waiting to take me back to Guernsey. We sailed late that night, but the breeze being

fresh, and blowing in our favour, I found myself at eight o'clock in my lodging opposite the Governor's house. Next morning, having made myself comfortable, I put on my uniform, and proceeded to report my arrival to the General. Everything passed off well, and in the afternoon we took a ride together and visited the gardens belonging to the Government House, though two miles away from it. They once belonged to the ancient castle still standing in them, but in ruins, which in former days, with its keep and a chapel, surrounded by a moat, was a refuge for the inhabitants when the island was infested by pirates.

On our return we passed along the Grange Road, which was the fashionable walk of the place, where I perceived my three young friends, who were taking their afternoon saunter. They seemed much pleased at seeing me, and I thought they appeared to wish to speak to me unseen by the General, an impression which I subsequently found to be correct.

A few days afterwards we received an invitation to a party at a gentleman's house at Hauteville. The General was determined to go to

this house, and here we met the same party who had accompanied us to the island of Sark, but with the exception of the fair brunette. It was a dull and stupid affair, and I had to play the fool with Miss S——, to keep my chief in good humour. But I had another game in hand, which I wished to play out that evening, and I found it difficult to do so. This was to ascertain the cause of the absence of the only one in whom I felt an interest. When the supper was announced, I found the wished-for opportunity, and offered my arm to the eldest sister, from whom I heard, to my deep regret, that something unpleasant had occurred at home, of which they wished to tell me. It appeared that, after I had left the island, it was reported that I had thrown up my staff appointment, and had left the General in disgust. This had given them much pain, although, seeing my horses exercising, they could not believe the story; besides, they thought that I should have taken a farewell leave of them. As she said this, she looked very earnestly at me, saying pointedly that there was at least one "who expected it of me." This I well understood. I said, "Of

course I should have done so." And we came to an understanding.

The brunette was prevented coming out that evening by her old guardian friend, who had lived with them since their father's death—(their mother being dead many years before)—that she might not meet me.

"Not meet *me*?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, not meet you—you are the cause of the whole disturbance."

"What disturbance?" I inquired.

She then proposed that, as people were close around us at the table, we should return to the other room, which we did. Taking quiet seats in one of the windows, she continued—

"After you left for England, my sister became nervous and anxious, and this was so apparent to us all that we were desired to discover the cause; and I should tell you that some time since a gentleman of large fortune in England, though double her age, and more (she being only eighteen and he more than fifty), had taken so deep an interest in her that he had begged of her guardian to be allowed to pay his suit to her, offering to settle his property

upon her. This was a great consideration with her, we being poor; and she hoped that in time my sister would give way to the wishes of her family. But we discovered that this had now become impossible, after she had become acquainted with you, and particularly so after our pleasant day at Sark. Evidently, something must have passed between you there, making an insuperable bar to the rich bachelor's hopes" (looking me pointedly in the face as she said this).

I must confess that I felt very awkward at this explanation, for, although I had admired, and said some very tender things to my beautiful brunette, no doubt leading her, poor girl! to think that I was deeply attached to her, nothing definite had passed between us. However, as these were her feelings towards me, however unwittingly called forth at the time—Oh, ye young men, at balls or picnics, beware how, by breathing soft "nothings," as you think them, into youthful beauty's ear, ye break the trusting hearts of Cupid's votaries!

Knowing now that I stood in the way of her making a match, so eligible for her future com-

fort, I felt bound in honour to see her, and therefore we agreed that the next evening her sisters would accompany her soon after nine o'clock to their garden gate, where I would meet them, after I had left the General for the night.

Having made this arrangement, by which she seemed greatly relieved, I begged her to convey my kindest wishes to her sister, beseeching her not to be unhappy. We now thought it best to join the company, who were listening to a pretty girl singing Italian music beautifully, and I, too, was requested to favour them with a song. The General, coming up at the time, said, "Oh, yes, he'll sing an Irish melody for you;" and I sang "If all those endearing young charms;" and as I sang, the eyes of the two sisters were fixed upon me.

Soon after, my chief and I returned home. I cannot say that I passed a tranquil night. After the unexpected revelation to which I had been listening, my mind was so perplexed, and I felt, at the same time, so vexed with myself at being the cause of pain to so sweet a girl, that I rose at my usual hour, having had no rest from

sleep, and repaired to my morning duties. The day wore on, and the appointed hour of rendezvous having arrived, I repaired to the garden-gate, and there I stopped to listen for approaching voices or footsteps; but all was still. In a few moments, however, I heard the sound of some one raising the latch of the garden-gate—or wooden door, rather—and bending forward, a small head appeared, looking down the road. Guessing this must be one of my friends, I advanced, and in an instant was within the door. It was the eldest sister who had come to meet me. She whispered, "Speak low. I will show you where they are;" and, turning to a walk on the right, I was in the presence of her sisters, in a spot quite secluded from the house, but whence they could retreat unperceived, and from which I could gain ready egress also. After a few minutes, her sisters left me alone with my fair friend, and went to walk at a little distance from us. Of course, the meeting was as embarrassing to me as to herself. I expressed how deeply I regretted having been the cause of so much unhappiness to her.

"Oh," she said, "it was all my fault, and not

yours. But I could not make up my mind to let things pass without a full and clear explanation with you. If I am wrong in all I have done, I think you will be generous enough to forgive me; and I think I can trust to your honour not to reveal to a soul all that has passed. For if my guardian, or one of my family, of whom I am more afraid than of any one, were to know of this clandestine meeting, I do not know what would be the consequence to you or myself."

It was a lovely calm evening, the moonlight, in the heaven above us, was still clear enough for me to see every change in the beautiful face of her who stood near me. Taking her hand, I assured her that I had nothing to forgive on her part, but myself I could not so easily exonerate from blame, particularly as I felt that I stood in the way of one who had the means of making her happy—and I had none, nothing but my profession and my sword to depend upon.

"Oh! do not speak of it!—do not speak of such a thing!"

As she said this, the tears trickled down her

fair face, and I could stand it no more. Taking her hand in mine, I gently drew her towards me, and with all the ardour and chivalry of youth in my breast, poured into her ear the truth—that she had nothing to fear from me, that she might rely implicitly on my love and affection, and upon my honour to keep her secret.

“It is enough,” she exclaimed. “Oh! yes, I am happy!” And as I pressed her head on my shoulder, I imprinted the first fond kiss of love on her lips.

The next minute the sisters came hurrying back, to say we must part. “The bell has rung for supper, we must go.” And we parted, saying they would let me know when Elise and I could meet again. I could only hope that her heart was more at rest, as truly mine was that night.

However, I could not but turn over in my mind this sudden and unexpected *affaire de cœur*, which had in so short a time come to a crisis, and which would be likely to create embarrassment, for I was well aware of my dear father’s objection to the early marriages of young men without good prospects, and here were few on

either side. But what could I do? And I thought over the words of the song which I had heard Braham sing not long before:—

“Is there a heart that never loved,
Or felt soft woman’s sigh?
Is there a man can mark unmoved,
Dear woman’s tearful eye?
If so, bear him to some distant shore,
Or solitary cell,
Where none but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne’er deigns to dwell.”

Wrapped in such thoughts as these, Morpheus came to my aid, and I awoke in the morning, scarcely knowing if I were still in a garden of roses, where I had met such sweet flowers, or fixed on the horns of an embarrassing dilemma. Nevertheless I ate my breakfast, despite of Cupid’s darts, visited my stable to see after my horses, and joined my chief, in his usual morning costume of dressing-gown and slippers of red morocco, standing with folded arms as usual, like Napoleon. He began talking of being probably obliged to go to England ere long, as the coronation of the King would soon take place.

“But to-morrow’s mail may bring us some intelligence.”

Yes, to-morrow's mail did come, and brought with it that which gave *me* something to think about. I was fastening on my sash to attend the General, when I saw a little boy run up to the door with a note for me, which was from my young friend, to put me on my guard, and to be cautious, if anyone called upon me, of saying that we had met in the garden.

I heard nothing more that day, and the mail had come in ere I rose the next morning, but it brought me no letters. The following morning, as I was leaving my room, ready to attend at the Government House, I saw a well-dressed person pass my window, and come to the front door, at which he knocked, and I heard him ask if Captain Loftus was at home, and he sent in his card, and requested to see me. The card bore the name of him of whom my brunette had warned me that she was afraid, and he had no doubt arrived by the mail, and her note had forewarned me that he might call. He was ushered in, and bowed stiffly but politely to me, a salutation which of course I returned. He was a handsome, well-made young man, about five feet nine inches in height, of very gentlemanly ap-

pearance. He fixed his dark, scrutinizing eyes keenly upon me, and said,

"I have called, sir, to speak to you upon a subject which has given my family and myself much concern. I believe, sir, you know my name, and who I am?"

"I do so, sir, by your card," I replied.

"I believe, sir, you are acquainted with my relations—the Miss V——s?"

"I am so, sir."

"Now, sir, I request you to inform me, at once, whether you have been holding a correspondence with Miss E. V——."

"Humph!" I said to myself, but he heard it, and seeing me so cool, while he was in the most violent rage, he doubled his fist, and brought it down with a crash upon the table, exclaiming,

"By heaven, sir, you shall answer me!"

Being attacked in this sharp and unexpected manner brought the blood of the Plantagenets into my veins. I had not refused to answer him, but to be bullied into an answer I would not submit—or to betray one who had put such trust in me, let the consequences be what they might.

I brought down my hand on the table with equal force to his own, and said, "I will give you no reply to such a question, sir, put to me in such a manner."

"Then, sir, you shall hear more from me," and looking furiously at me, he walked from the room, banging the door after him.

"Well," thinks I, "here's a pretty go!" To add to my dilemma, my time was up for my appearance as aide-de-camp—it was past nine o'clock. Taking up my cocked hat, I speedily gained my room, but fortunately the General had not come in, and I was alone. I stood upon thorns all that day, and was none the better because I had nothing to do that morning. At three o'clock it was arranged that we were to ride to a farm to look at two cows that were to be sent over to the King.

At twelve o'clock I went to my room, and watched from my window the road from the home of my friends leading to the town. In a little while I beheld one of the three walking very quickly towards my lodgings; she passed my windows, and we made a sign to each other to meet farther down the road. I gave

her five minutes' law, and then followed. She had taken the turn towards Elizabeth College, and I joined her at a point where we could remain unobserved. I told her what had happened; she returned, "I know it all; he is furious, and poor Elise is crying her heart out, he vowing that she shall marry her old admirer, and threatening vengeance against you; and she vowing that she will not give in to his wishes. We all thought it best that I should come out and try to see you, and fortunately I have succeeded, for H—— is so very hot-headed that we are all afraid of what he may do, and we do beg of you that, if he takes the mad step, which he threatens to do, of calling you out, we do hope that you will take no notice of it."

I replied, "You may be sure that I will do him no harm, whatever happens."

I sent every kind wish to her sisters, and agreed, if possible, to meet them all the next evening at six o'clock in a romantic spot, called "Water Lane," not far from the town, but where H—— was not likely to be. My difficulty lay in perhaps not being able to get away

from my attendance on the General. Three o'clock arrived, and I set off to the farm, and we bought both the cows we went to see. Meanwhile, I must not forget to say that I sent off my servant with a letter to my friend at the barracks, begging him to come down and see me at ten o'clock. On his arrival, we sat down over a bottle of Burgundy, to see if the little wreathed god of wine could help me out of the scrape into which Cupid had got me. Having told him what had passed, he highly approved of all that I had done, which was some satisfaction to me. I could not in honour have done otherwise. We then agreed, to save time, that, if this fiery young man should persist in what he had threatened, I should refer his second to my friend, and he kindly offered to act for me. He was much amused at the note I had sent asking him to come that night, for I had said, "Pray don't fail me, for there's the devil to pay, and no pitch hot!"

The next morning it was, indeed, all pitch hot, for it brought an emissary to my door requesting an interview. Descending to my sitting-room, I there met a middle-aged gentle-

man, whom I did not know, but thought I had seen somewhere. He came to say "that, as I had refused to give any explanation to the gentleman who had called upon me on the previous day, that I must meet him at six o'clock on the following morning, to give him that satisfaction which he demanded as a right for the insult I had offered him."

I replied, "Very well, sir; but allow me to say one word before you go. I have offered your friend no insult. He comes to me in an excited state, because a young lady refuses to marry an old man, and he thinks that I stand in her light as the obstacle to his wishes, and therefore he wants to shoot me to clear the way. How well this will all look to the public, will it not?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and looked at me earnestly.

"It is very true, sir, all that you say. I wish he were as cool-headed as you are."

"Ah, sir," said I, "he has quite forgotten that she may prefer a young man to an old one—in fact, sir, I do not find fault with her—I think her a most charming young lady."

He rubbed his chin with a smile on his face, and looked at me in the most good-humoured manner. I saw at once that I had gained an ally. He muttered to himself, loud enough for me to hear, "It is a foolish business—it will never do."

"Now, sir," said I, "as I am to have my brains blown out to-morrow morning at six o'clock, I beg to refer you to Captain B——, at the barracks, for all necessary arrangements. Perhaps you will also ask your friend to bring a pair of good pistols, for I have none—none that will do for such a purpose; and as you are going to the barracks, perhaps you will take a few lines I will write, if you will kindly sit down."

My note, soon written, requested my friend to come to me at five o'clock, telling him who the bearer was, and that, if I were not at home, he was to wait for me. Mr. D—— and I parted, he shaking me warmly by the hand.

I passed the morning in no pleasant mood, which was rendered worse by the fact that my commandant was not in the best of humours. I did not know how things might have gone

off with him at La Rey, and felt for him. Does not the great poet say that "one touch of feeling makes all the world akin?"

Towards noon the General informed me "that he should go to inspect the veterans in the Bay, at ball practice, and requested me to have my horse accoutred, and two dragoons to accompany us." Here was another *contre-temps*. "*Bullet practice*," thought I. "*I am likely to have enough of that soon. I might perhaps as well take a shot or two myself, to get my hand in; at the same time that my friends are cooling themselves in Water Lane.*"

At the ball practice I fortunately met my friend B——, and asked him to ride to my fair friends and say I was engaged with the General, but not to say a word of the pending affair, which was such an anxiety to me. Soon after nine o'clock, B—— met me at my apartments, and told me he had been to Water Lane, but fruitlessly—no one had appeared. This gave me much concern, as I feared there was more trouble for my friends in the wind, and it doubled my anxiety. But he had had an interview with the gentleman who had delivered

my note to him, and every arrangement had been made for the following morning. They had both agreed that it was a most foolish business, but neither seemed to think that my hasty opponent would change his resolve. My friend left me, agreeing to be at my rooms at half-past five in the morning.

I then sat down and wrote a long letter to my dear father, telling him all that had passed, and what might come of the dire rencontre of the ensuing day, but that I had made up my mind not to endanger the life of my antagonist. Having done this, and directed my letter to the care of my friend B——, to be delivered in case of the worst, and writing a few directions for the disposal of my horses, and little personal property, I made out a cheque for fifty pounds, to pay my debts, and went upstairs to my bed, committing my cause and myself to the care of that Great Being who had protected me on the stormy sea and amid the cannon's roar, and up to that hour—and strange to say I slept soundly till five o'clock in the morning, when I arose and took some pains with my dress, as it is said people do when they are going to be

hanged. People also say they do the same when they are going to be married.

B—— arrived punctually to his time. We took a cup of coffee together, and went to the place of meeting—a mile away. Turning the corner which led into the field, I perceived my opponent and his second coming down the other turn of the road. Both parties halted. My antagonist stood for a few minutes talking with his friend. They both evidently were talking very earnestly. At last the principal quitted his second, and advancing rapidly towards me, held out his hand, and taking mine, walked on with me at a quick pace. I observed B—— turn and look at us with the utmost astonishment. Stopping out of hearing, the gentleman said—

“I am satisfied, and I confess I have been hasty.”

I said, “Never mind, sir, think no more of it. As long as you are satisfied, I assure you that I am.”

“You have acted rightly,” said he, “and have betrayed no one; and I trust that we shall be friends.”

I said that nothing would gratify me more. And then I asked for her who had been the cause of this threatened affair of honour. He told me that she had been very unwell, for of course all that had been passing had been very trying to her, particularly with regard to the old friend living with the sisters.

I asked if he thought I might see her? He could give me no reply as to whether that would be allowed, but he assured me that *he* should interfere no farther in the matter, that we must fight our own way, that he was leaving that morning at ten o'clock for England.

We now called to his friend, and I beckoned to B—— to join us also. We all shook hands, my *ci-devant* enemy saying "that everything was satisfactorily arranged," and we parted.

My feelings on my return to my rooms were a great contrast to those with which I had left them. I ordered breakfast for B—— and myself—the relief to our minds, and our early walk, had given us an appetite. The coffee, eggs, and broiled ham quickly disappeared. I had to be with my governor at half-past ten at Fort St. George, mounted and caparisoned for

a Thursday's parade—"not a ball practice," I thought, with gratitude—*that* was over for that day.

After this rather painful event, I felt a great wish for a little quiet thought, and was not disappointed in my desire, for I heard nothing for two days of my particular friends. At the same time this of itself was a cause of anxiety, because I knew not what was taking place, and was afraid to inquire at the house, for fear of bringing a more strict surveillance over Elise—after the hints I had received from Mr. H——. However, I was not longer kept in doubt. Whilst at breakfast, I observed a little boy—the same who brought me my first note—run past the window, tap at the door, deliver something, and then run off as fast as he could. This was a note, telling me that they were all anxious to see me, and appointing a meeting at the farm in Water Lane that afternoon. It all depended if I should be out with the General or not. It so happened that that very afternoon the General and I took a round, and came home by Water Lane to look at a cow of which he had heard at the farm.

This Water Lane is a most charming spot, surrounded with orchards—cherry-trees, pear-trees, &c. The farm-house is a square building, of only a lower and upper floor, with good out-buildings for a dairy-farm. We were in a field adjoining the road, looking at the cow, when I saw my friends coming along past the gate. The General, too, saw them.

“Oh!” said he, “there are your friends. Go and ask them to come and look at the cow.”

I obeyed gladly this behest. “Fortune favours the brave,” said I to myself. “Was there ever such luck!” Delivering my message, and saying a few words of greeting, we all turned into the field, where the General was most polite to them, as he always was to all ladies. I dismounted, and while he descanted on the beauties of his cow, I stole off with Elise to look at another. She was charmed at our meeting, which I told her was quite by chance, though I had received her note, having had no idea which way we should ride. We talked together over what had passed, and she seemed perfectly aware of it all. They had been most unhappy at the violence of Mr. H——, and

at the conduct of their old dowager, who was still resolved that she should, if possible, marry her ancient admirer, but *that* she had made up her mind never to do. Of course I said everything that I could to soothe and comfort her, and she was comforted. "As long as she could look up to me, she cared for nothing else," she said. And they were going to England before long. I told her that I expected that we likewise should be going to London, and I begged her to let me hear at my father's house when they should arrive. Having arranged this, we rejoined her sisters. They walked part of the way home by the side of our horses, till near the town, when we parted. This was the last that I saw of them before we left for England. We took one lingering look in each other's face, and with a warm grasp of the hands, which speaks so much, we rode slowly home.

CHAPTER X.

Return to England—Preparations for the Coronation of George IV.—Queen Caroline—How the *Times* did Business—The Old Charlies—Night Amusements—The Coronation—The Queen's Attempt to enter Westminster Hall—The Champion's Challenge—Popular Feeling—The Guards insulted by the Mob—Riding at Norfolk Fences—Raynham Troop of Yeomanry—Purchase of a Horse—A Yeoman of the Old Style.

I HAVE mentioned in a former part of this narrative, relating to my stay in Guernsey, that I had received information from a friend that my General would be replaced by some other officer ere long. I was perfectly aware that he was not fond of the Guernsey people, and likewise knew that they were not fond of him, therefore I was not surprised when I learnt that we were ere long likely to be removed. The death of King George III. made everyone begin to think of the crowning of George IV., and my General being one of the Equerries of

His Majesty, he would most likely be compelled to be present on the occasion.

The Spring of the year came on, and I found myself, with the General, once more *en route* for England. I had been told that it might possibly happen that we should not return, so I had packed up all my things, sold one of my horses, and taken my handsome little bay with me to England. On arriving in London I found everyone preparing for the approaching coronation, which, as is generally known, took place on the 19th July, 1821. One thing seemed to create great excitement, namely, the return of the Princess of Wales, now Queen Caroline, who had been residing abroad for many years, and of whom grave things were said in general conversation, all of which are well-known in history.

The populace took up the part of the Queen, as did also some among the higher class. The excitement throughout England was great. Meetings were held at various large towns, and people were talked into believing that she was the most innocent and persecuted woman in the world. I used to hear all the *pros* and *cons* of the question, but I took my father's good advice,

and never gave an opinion. I also observed that the General was equally silent. The talk, however, in London, especially among the ladies, was something wonderful. Occasionally some of them would say to me,

“Well, what does your General think of all this?”

“The General,” I replied, “never speaks about it.”

“That’s impossible, for he, being about the Court, must know something.”

“Ah!” replied I, “the General is a discreet man.”

“And so his aide-de-camp seems to be,” remarked they; and we all laughed.

“Well,” said I, “you had better look at the *Times*—that will give you all the information you require. It is the leading journal of the world.”

The *Times*, my readers must understand, had taken up the cause of the Queen. Speaking of the *Times* newspaper, and its great influence everywhere, I must relate a little anecdote connected with it which happened to me many years after the period of which I have been speaking. I was on my return from Italy, at

the latter end of January, and I arrived late at Boulogne from Paris, just in time to catch the steamboat bound for Folkestone. It was blowing fresh, with the wind in our teeth, sleet, snow, and rain all coming down at intervals. We did not arrive in port until late, and finding that I should gain nothing by going on to London that night, I resolved to take up my quarters in a small comfortable hotel which had just been opened. I had taken my place in the coffee-room near the fire, and had ordered my dinner, when I walked a tall, handsome, well-dressed man, whom I recognised as a fellow-passenger in the steamer. He rang the bell, and then seated himself in a chair near me. The bell being answered by the waiter, the gentleman turned round and said,

“Send the *Queen of the Belgians* here to me directly.”

During the absence of the waiter, the stranger addressed a few words to me, to the effect that he thought this a more comfortable place than we had had on the deck of the steamer, to which of course I agreed. A person entering the room, I looked round to see who it was,

and recognised the captain of the steamer, the *Queen of the Belgians*, which had brought us over that afternoon.

"Get up steam immediately, sir, for Boulogne," said the stranger.

"Ay, ay, sir," said the captain, with a polite bow, and retired.

"That is the way," said my companion, "we do business for the *Times*. You might have observed a large vessel lying outside as we came out of the harbour at Boulogne."

"I did," said I.

"Well, that is the *Herald's* boat, waiting for the Indian mail, and news of consequence is expected; but I mean to have mine reported in the *Times* before she gets hers."

So many years have elapsed since all these events took place, that I am sure my readers will forgive me if I am not always exact in my dates, but, as far as memory serves me, I will endeavour to be exact in such events as came under my own observation. I know it used to be very unpleasant to be out late in the streets at night, for we had no well organized police force in those days, as we have at present. The

public peace was very indifferently maintained by the Charlies, with their big watch-coats, and lanterns, and rattles; and they were of very little use if a row took place.

Coming home one night from the club, I observed two or three young gentlemen walking up Bond Street, talking and laughing, having evidently been to the Opera or to some dinner-party, for they were all dressed in evening costume. A Charlie whom they passed, called out, "Past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy morning!" when up went his lantern spinning into the air, and away started the party of merry young fellows. "Wiz! wiz! wiz!" went the rattle; while old Charlie cried out, "Stop him!—that's him with the cocked hat on." The springing of the rattle had brought several of these guardians of the peace towards the spot, but these young gents were not to be taken so easily. One of the old fellows, endeavouring to stop one of the runaways, was tripped up by another, and came down with his lantern rattling on the pavement.

While greatly amused at the scene, I was afraid lest I might be taken up as one of the

delinquents. The old Charlie who had lost his lantern was grumbling most vociferously about these young sparks, and wished he could catch hold of one of them.

"I think," says he, "that I know one of them young chaps—he is Lord So-and-so, who lives at Portman Square. I have seen him before."

Such things were by no means unfrequent in those days, but, upon the whole, I think the Charlies got the best of it, for, though they were played upon by the more youthful and active portion of the population, they were often handsomely remunerated for the amusement they afforded.

As the time drew near for the coronation, great excitement prevailed throughout London. The General still retained his appointment under the King, and was constantly called upon to attend His Majesty at the palace, and he made liberal use of my services during my stay in London. My father had arrived in town from his country-house. The reduction which had occurred in the Guards, and, indeed, throughout the Army generally, had placed me on half pay, but I was in hope of returning to

active service whenever an opportunity occurred, and my friends in the regiment wished much to have me back again.

The day at last arrived for the grand event of the coronation, and I went in my uniform to attend upon the General, as he had requested, but as I had little or nothing to do, I saw all that was going on. My brother Ferrers, who was in the Grenadier Guards, had a more active part to play. I did not get into the interior of Westminster Hall, and so saw nothing of the splendid spectacle there, but I saw all the grand procession and the entrance of His Majesty into the Abbey. I likewise witnessed the arrival of Her Majesty the Queen, who, driving up to the entrance of the Hall, demanded admittance, and as nearly as possible succeeded in getting in. She had a sad party of persons of revolutionary principles about her, who, from a violent spirit of opposition, were determined, if possible, to create a disturbance. They had resolved to place her in the procession into the Abbey, but they were fortunately late in arriving, for the procession had commenced to move. As rumours were abroad that the Queen intended

to force her way in, strict orders had been given that no one was to be allowed to enter except by special permission, and a guard was placed, with orders to prevent the ingress of anyone who should attempt to disobey that order. The special police and soldiers of the Grenadier Guards, with two officers, one of whom was my brother, were placed there to support the civil power. Another account I heard was that some one went to the door and quietly tried, under some subterfuge, to cause it to be opened, but the cheering of the populace was heard by those inside, and this put them on their guard. The mob, however, according to this statement, rushed up the steps to the door when the Queen came to demand admittance, but my brother and another officer with some soldiers, placed themselves across it to prevent its being forced in.

I saw the carriage going away with the Queen in it. She looked deadly pale, and her countenance bore every mark of sadness, disappointment, and vexation. She was surrounded by an enormous mob of "roughs" who followed

her carriage, shouting vociferously, "Queen, Queen for ever!"

That sad business over, I went to try if I could, by any means, get into the Abbey, but it was useless, for I had no ticket. For the Hall I had one; and there I saw, what, as a lover of horses and horsemanship, gave me far more delight than anything, namely, the beautiful riding of the champion—an office, as it is well known, which belongs to the Dymoke family. It was buzzed about in the hall, however, that the champion, on this occasion, was Sir Horace Seymour of the Life Guards, but I do not think so, for he was a larger man than the champion Dymoke, who rode, on this memorable occasion, on a magnificent charger with superb action, and caparisoned quite in the olden style, his rider clad in beautiful inlaid armour.

As the trumpets sounded the arrival of the champion of England, and he rode up the Hall on his prancing steed, it was a fine sight. When in a graceful manner he halted, threw his gauntlet on the ground as a challenge to any man to dispute the right of the newly-crowned king, he was greeted with immense applause, in

which I heartily joined. No one, of course, picked up that gauntlet—no one answered that challenge. The whole affair was a mere splendid formality.

It would have been difficult to find anyone in England disposed to dispute the rights of the Sovereign, so unanimous and hearty seemed the voice of the people in his favour, and he was himself evidently moved by the enthusiasm which he could not but be conscious prevailed around him. At the conclusion of the imposing ceremony the champion gracefully backed his beautiful charger out of the Hall as nobly as he had entered it. He had trained him superbly in the performance of his part, and it was not the least imposing one.

When his royal brothers gave the King their congratulatory kiss of fealty on his cheek, there was affection evidently combined with loyalty in the manner in which they performed this act. The natural feeling with which the King and the Duke of York pressed each other warmly to the heart, excited the sympathy and admiration of all. The king was evidently very much touched by the reception he met with, and His

Majesty's subjects were convinced that in the nearest of kin to the throne there lay the nearest affection. And so thought no less an observer than Sir Walter Scott.

When the grand pageant was brought to an end, I got away in the crowd, and was glad when I found myself safely at home. The subsequent events of that unfortunate episode of the Queen and her wrong-headed and mischievous supporters are too well known in history for me to notice here. The trial was a failure, and after having nearly caused a revolution, it was abandoned. Everything at that time was most unpleasant for those connected with the Court. The officers of the Guards came in for their share of insult from the mob, as it well knew we were loyal and true to the crown, and would stand by it in all circumstances. Crowds of ill-mannered fellows used to gather round the front of our Club, and insult us as we came out by calling out, "Queen! Queen!" Some of our young fellows, in the spirit of retaliation, would shout in reply, "King! King!" and we had, on more than one occasion, to rush down to save them from maltreatment.

A few of our officers were pretty expert in the use of their fists, and gave some of these "roughs" such a beating as they richly deserved. I was so fortunate as to escape without being hurt, which was due more to good luck than to good management.

I saw my cousin, Harrington Hudson, of the Grenadier Guards, knock two fellows down one evening, one after the other, in the finest style imaginable. We lived both in the same street, and had agreed to walk home together from the Club. On coming out of it, we were insulted on the steps in the usual way, by these blackguards crying "Queen! Queen!" but a wonderful effect was produced upon them when they saw two of their champions so neatly floored, and we passed on without any other attempt at insolence or violence.

The General, having nothing more to do in England, told me that we must prepare to return to Guernsey, as he had many things to settle before he gave up his appointment there, which he expected he should have to do before long. Accordingly, in ten days' time I found myself once more in my old quarters, but during

our stay there nothing of any interest happened, although, as everywhere else, there was great excitement, in consequence of the trial of the Queen, which began in August, and did not end till November.

In October of that year I started with the General for London, where I remained a fortnight, and then set out for Norfolk, happy indeed to find myself once more in my old room at Stiffkey. I could not help singing to myself the old song, "The Old House at Home," which was fraught with so many fond recollections of the happy days of childhood. I don't remember that I ever felt happier than when I put on my old shooting-coat, and sallied forth with old Trudge to pick up some game for the house. I felt myself free from the inquisitive eye of a disagreeable man, who seemed ready to pounce upon me in a moment, if I committed the least blunder.

I was not altogether free from anxiety regarding the subject upon which I have written in my account of what took place previous to my leaving the island. However, I determined to enjoy myself as much as I could. I had sold

my bay horse in London, and sorry I was that I had done so, for I now found that I wanted one in order to go out occasionally with the harriers and foxhounds. I used to go over and stay with my uncle, Lord James Townshend, who was building a house on some property he had bought; he hunted a good deal with the hounds of Mr. Dewing, a gentleman who lived near him. My uncle had two splendid horses, and to show his loyalty, he had named one "Regent," and the other "Monarch."

I bought a pretty brown mare, a perfect fencer, who had been used to carrying a heavy weight, and the difference between me and her previous owner was so great that she thought nothing of my weight, and used to fly away over hedge and ditch in first-rate style. But I soon found that there was a vast difference between riding across country with hounds and showing off on parade, and it was owing to my going out constantly with Dewing that I learnt that it would not do to ride at the Norfolk fences in the same style that is done in Leicestershire, for I got several tremendous falls, and Mr. Dewing said to me one day, "If you ride in that

style here, you will soon break your neck," a warning which I have no doubt was well-timed.

Sir Jacob Astley also had established a pack of foxhounds, and I used to go out sometimes with them. The great difficulty in the way was the insufficient number of foxes in the country; but as he was determined to have sport, he had bought a great number of French foxes, and people in other counties, hearing they were wanted in Norfolk, soon supplied him with plenty. But the gamekeepers, and gentlemen who did not care about hunting, killed a great many of them. We got, however, some sport that Winter.

I went to London with my father in the Spring, and was unfortunately attacked there with a violent inflammation in my right eye. For a long time it was doubtful whether I should not lose the sight of this eye also; but through Guthrie's treatment it was saved, and, acting under his directions, I was fortunate enough to have it preserved to me for some years longer.

I sold my little brown mare, and in July returned to the country, where I enjoyed myself

with fishing and shooting, which kept me in good health. About this time, I remember, I had been out all day on the marshes in search of wild fowl, and did not return till a quarter of an hour before dinner, when I found that my uncle, Lord James, had been over from Yarrow in order to see me, but had gone home. My father informed me that he had come over for the purpose of asking me to assist him in taking command of a regiment which had been for many years laid on the shelf, but which had originally been raised by his father, the old Marquis, during the war, and, after peace had been declared, not exactly disbanded, but left in the same state as the militia regiments, liable to be called out at any time. It appeared that there were several regiments of this kind still on the muster-roll at the Horse Guards, and which were under the control of the Lord-Lieutenants of the counties. The Lord-Lieutenant had written to my uncle, the only son living of the old Marquis, asking him to take command of this regiment, as it was to be called out to go on duty for a certain time, and to be inspected. I knew nothing of this kind of ser-

vice, as they were cavalry, and were composed of the tenants and farmers' sons, mustering altogether two troops of a hundred and twenty men, whom, it was feared, there would be some difficulty in finding. There was a muster-roll somewhere, but where to find it no one knew. My father and I talked the matter over after dinner, and he advised me to go over and see Lord James; so I rose early in the morning, and, taking one of my father's horses, rode over to breakfast with him—a ride of about thirteen miles. My good uncle was most amusing on the subject.

“Well,” says he, “I think it is the best thing I ever heard—making me a soldier. But if you'll help me, I'll undertake the duty—for I don't like to refuse, or to let the command of the old corps go out of the family.”

Having fully discussed all the circumstances of the case, it was determined that we should meet at Fakenham Market, where we should be sure to find some of the old members of the corps who had joined when young, and who would be able to give us the information we required. Accordingly, on the following market-

day, we duly met at Fakenham, where we were fortunate enough to meet a man, occupying one of the largest farms on the Raynham estate, who still held a commission as lieutenant in the corps, and who had in his possession a muster-roll of the men composing it. In consequence of this lucky meeting, my uncle wrote to the Lord-Lieutenant, undertaking the command, and sent in my name as first captain of the corps. I merely mention this circumstance to show how I first had anything to do with this description of force, which afterwards caused me so much trouble and anxiety.

It would not be interesting for me to go through all the details of hunting up the men whose names were enrolled as members of the corps—a task which took some time to perform. Some were dead, others too old to take the field again, and their places had to be supplied by others; however, there were young men ready to come forward to fill up the vacancies, and in about two months we completed our list. The uniforms were made very similar to that of the rifles—green, with black facings and black braid, shako and black plume, dark grey

trousers with a white stripe. The officers had silver epaulettes, and narrow silver stripe down the trousers—together a very pretty dress; and I began to think we should turn out a very smart body of men. The thing now was to get them into some kind of order and discipline. I had been for some time making myself *au fait* with the cavalry movements. My father, being an old cavalry officer, soon put me to rights on this subject; and he had several books, from which I soon learnt all that I required. I was so happy as to get three or four old cavalry soldiers who were settled in the country to join us. Two of them had been sergeants in my father's old regiment, the 24th Light Dragoons, and had served in India. These men were of great use to me. We had some private drills, getting the men together as well as we could in squads, and after the Spring of the next year it was determined that they should go on duty for ten days into the town of Fakenham, which was most convenient for both officers and men.

Having made all these arrangements, I waited for the time when we should be called

out for duty. The hunting season had commenced, and having to go to London on business, I thought I would bring down a horse which would answer every purpose for my work with the cavalry, and also give me some sport in the field. So I went to Tattersall's on the Saturday previous to the Monday's sale, to look over the horses. I was very fond of going in there to see the animals, and to gain all the information I could about hunting. I saw several fine horses, some of which were described as first-rate hunters, others as good hacks for the road, &c. I had observed a very fine bay horse standing in a stall among the hunters, but he looked such a fine creature that I thought he must be far beyond the means I possessed for purchasing. However, I was there on Monday as soon as the horses began to be brought out and trotted up and down, and not very long after the horse I had observed was brought out to be put up to the hammer. He was trotted up and down, and I admired his action, which was very good. He was a powerful horse, standing fifteen hands, and was described as a fine Leicestershire hunter, that

could jump any hedge, gate, or brook. Five pounds was bid for him, then ten pounds, then fifteen pounds. I heard an observation of some people talking close to me—

“Ah! I know him well—a beautiful horse across country, but he is a brute.”

“Yes, he has a dreadful temper,” said another.

However, I did not pay much attention to these remarks. Another bid was made, bringing him up to twenty pounds.

“Shame,” exclaimed the auctioneer, “that this fine Leicestershire hunter should go for twenty pounds!”

I observed two or three men shake their heads, as much as to say, “We won’t have anything to do with you.”

Twenty-one pounds was now bid.

“Only twenty-one pounds. Going, gentlemen, for twenty-one pounds—going for twenty-one pounds.”

And I thought the hammer was coming down, when I cried “Twenty-two pounds.” And at twenty-two pounds he fell to my lot. I must confess I felt frightened when I heard the ham-

mer descend, and knew that he was mine. I gave my name and address, and followed the horse into the stable. A tall, gentlemanly man came in at the same time, and bowed to me, saying,

“I think you have bought that horse?”

I bowed in the affirmative.

“It is my horse, sir, and you have got as good a hunter as ever crossed the country, and he is sound, but he is a most dreadful temper. He is quiet in the field, but most dangerous in the stable, and will not allow himself to be rubbed with a brush, and it is always with great difficulty he can be cleaned.”

I thanked him for his kindness in informing me, and I began to think that I had done a very foolish thing. What would my father say when he heard what a horse I had brought into his stable; but then I recollected that I could keep him apart from my father's horses, which were kept in what was called the upper stable. I went in and paid my money, and had the horse sent to Wimpole Street, where I followed, but I put him into the mews close by, to be taken care of by the man who supplied my father with job carriage horses.

In a few days I quitted London with this animal, riding him down to Norfolk. I stopped two nights on the road, and at the last place I heard complaints of the manner in which my purchase had behaved in the stable, which was most violent. He kicked and bit at everything within reach, and would permit no one to come near him in order to rub the dirt off his legs, and to make him look tidy. I almost felt inclined to shoot him on the road, or to sell him as a poster. However, at last I arrived at my father's house, very glad to get to the end of my journey. The first thing I did was to show him to John Lane, our factotum, butler, and everything, who greatly admired him; but when I gave him the character of my steed, he looked rather grave, and said, "I've got a man now working on the General's land who can manage any vicious horse, and you can have him to attend yours, if you like." So I agreed to take him, and I soon found that he could manage him very well, and kept him clean, but it was a long time before I found out how he did it. There was only one thing that I could manage, and that was to make him lie

down after a day's hunting, for if he did not, his legs used to swell very much.

About a fortnight after my return, the hounds were to meet six miles from our house, near a place called Gunthorpe Hall, where some friends of mine resided, and they invited me to go and stay there the night before, so as to be ready for the hunting next morning at Melton Constable, so I accepted the invitation, passed a pleasant evening, and was ready for the chase next morning.

I had only been out once or twice previous to this with Sir Jacob's hounds. Everything was in first-rate style, Sir Jacob driving all his party up in a drag with four beautiful bays. Fox-hunting being then quite a novel sight in Norfolk, brought a great many people to the meet. There was an old gentleman who lived at a place called Egmere, grey-headed, and apparently near seventy, mounted upon a good horse, evidently one of the sportsmen of the old school. He wore a thick blue coat, with brass buttons, with a fox on them, a broad-brimmed hat, dark corduroys, and boots with dark brown tops, instead of the white tops of

more recent fashion. This old gentleman, who knew the country well, always made his appearance whenever the hounds were at all within reach. He told me that he had hunted from his boyhood, and remembered the time when my grandfather at Raynham kept hounds, and hunted the country. He had also hunted a deal with Mr. Coke of Holkham. He was highly respected by all who knew him, being a yeoman of the old class, with property of his own, farming a large extent of ground, and apparently doing well in the world. He had also a son, who always came out with him—certainly not a young man, but, however bad the day or long the run, these two were sure to be up at the close.

We drew the Thursford Hall woods, but did not find there, then trotted away for Hildoveston Wood, where we found, had a sharp burst for twenty minutes, and killed our fox; after which I rode home on a little brown mare I bought of Mr. Brown of Norton, which carried me well.

In the following Spring I went to London, where I again suffered from a violent inflammation in my right and only eye.

CHAPTER XI.

Trial of Queen Caroline—Non Mi Ricordo—Funeral of the Queen—Military Arrangements—Proceedings of the Mob—Two men Shot—Ludicrous and Perilous Position—Letter describing the Marriage of Queen Caroline—Marriage of the Princess Charlotte—Wreck of a Vessel on the Norfolk Coast—Wreck of a Dutch Galliot—Meeting with the Hounds—Capital Run—Laying my Horse.

I HAVE mentioned in a former part of my narrative many circumstances relating to Queen Caroline, and in my opinion it would have been far better had her trial never been undertaken. No party seemed to gain any *éclat* from this proceeding, except Mr. Brougham, the Queen's advocate, who certainly made a most splendid defence for Her Majesty, and was highly praised by every party for the talent and ability he showed on that occasion. I was myself extremely struck with his opening speech for the defence. The Italian witnesses who were brought forward on this unfortunate

matter originated many by-words, which passed freely amongst all classes of society. Among the rest was one much in use among the pot-boys who carried the beer and porter about to the gentlemen's houses. When asked a question, the answer to which they did not remember, they used to put their fingers up to their nose in the most impudent way, and say, "Non mi ricordo," which in English is well known to mean, "I don't remember." Not many of these young urchins knew what it meant, but had caught up the words, and this was the reply you got, not only from them, but from many others.

When I last saw the unfortunate Queen it was on the day I have mentioned, when she was refused admittance to Westminster Hall to join the procession for the crowning of the King. She looked, as she passed me, so deathly pale that I thought to myself, "Unfortunate woman, you have received your death-stroke." The next thing I saw of her was her funeral procession. I was staying in London, and had dined the evening before in the company of my old General who took my arm in

coming out and said, "I want to speak to you. To-morrow morning the Queen's funeral is to come up through Knightsbridge, down Park Lane and the Edgware Road, on its way to Harwich, where she is to be embarked for Germany, and I wish you would go to Hyde Park Corner and see what is going on there in the morning, and come and tell me. I shall be at Sir F. Watson's."

I was up early the following morning and went down to Hyde Park Corner, where there was, at that time, a turnpike-gate, and there I found a great many people collected. I made some inquiries as to the time when the funeral procession was expected up there, and heard that it would be about ten o'clock. As it was then past eight, I went straight to the General's lodgings in Bond Street and told him thus much. He invited me to breakfast, after which I returned to get more information. I found a battalion of the Guards drawn across Piccadilly, with a strong body of the Blues. I went up to Park Lane to see what was going on in Oxford Street, some way down which I saw another battalion of the Guards forming in column of com-

panies, to prevent the procession going in that direction, for the object of the mob, under the guidance of some revolutionary demagogues, was to get the hearse, containing the body of the Queen, driven through the City, thereby to create a riot. However, in this they were foiled by the judicious arrangement of the troops.

It came on to rain very hard, and I was in hopes that the mob which was collecting fast would disperse—but no, they remained at their posts. I waited a long time till at last it was whispered, “She’s coming.” I looked down the road and observed a number of horsemen, a great many of whom wore black scarfs round their shoulders and on their hats, and some riding on each side of the hearse. There were two or three mourning coaches, between which and the hearse rode an escort of the Blues. They came up to Hyde Park Corner, and evidently tried to go down past Apsley House, and here the disturbance began. Another body of the Blues was in front of Apsley House, with an officer, and these turned the leading horses of the hearse through the gate into the Park, after a good deal of skirmishing. The mob shouted,

threw stones at the Blues, and the men on horseback tried to force their way against the troopers. That, however, was of little use, for they were turned into the Park. I ran forward towards Cumberland Gate, about fifty yards from which I passed a troop of the Life-Guards, with their helmets, &c., but no cuirasses. The officer who commanded this troop I knew well—a tall, fine man, and a most gallant fellow. I told him they were coming, and that the mob had been very violent at Hyde Park Corner. I turned into Oxford Street, and went down to the right on the side opposite to the Park, and further on I saw another battalion of the Guards drawn up in column to prevent the hearse being turned down that way into the City. The mob and their leaders, however, did not seem aware of this.

The Life-Guards came into Oxford Street, and drew up in line across it. The hearse came on slowly, passed through Cumberland Gate, which is now styled the Marble Arch, and the leading horses were turned with their heads down Oxford Street. The moment this was observed by the officer commanding the Life-Guards, he

rode forward, desiring them to turn their horses down the Edgware Road. This they hesitated to do, when he ordered some of his men forward, who soon turned their heads the right way. Then began the storm. The mob shouted, "No soldiers, no soldiers!" and then began throwing stones at the Life-Guards. Finding that the troops paid little attention to this, and the hearse not moving on, the mob seized the iron railings, which were at that time placed on the top of a brick and stone parapet about a foot and a half high, and began to swing them with all their might. The consequence was that the whole fabric came down with a crash, and the brickbats and stones were immediately made use of by the mob as missiles against the soldiers, upon whom they hurled such a shower of stones as I never saw before or after. The mob must evidently have been under the command of some man acquainted with military matters, and afterwards it was well known that they were; he was a General.

The officer commanding the detachment charged with some of his men, and broke the mob. I had retreated towards the infantry, who were

formed lower down the street, and I got on the steps of a door on their right flank, from whence I could observe everything going on. The stone-throwing still continued, and the Life Guards kept from time to time charging and dispersing the mob, who gathered again quickly. A good many of these stone-throwing scoundrels were chased down the street as far as the infantry, before whom they threw themselves down, not being able to pass.

I saw, about fifty yards from where I was standing, some of the Life Guards knocked about most shamefully with stones, and the officer commanding them also received several hard blows. Two rascals came up close to him, and shied stones at his head. He drew out his pistol from his right holster, and shot one of them dead; another coming up on his left side, he shot him also. The report of these two pistols acted like a charge of electricity; there was a complete stop to the shouting and to the stone-throwing; the hearse was pushed forward into the Edgware Road, and moved on amid dead silence. I got into the rear of the battalion near which I was standing, and ran

down through Berkeley Square, to the General, to whom I told all that I had seen. Being very wet, I got home as soon as I could to my father's house, and gave him an account of the events that were passing.

I afterwards learnt that the hearse had gone along Edgware Road, but had somehow or other been got through the City. However, they did not succeed, as they had wished, in going down St. James's Street, and along Pall Mall, and creating a disturbance opposite Carlton House. I never witnessed a more unpleasant piece of opposition to authority than what took place on this melancholy occasion. Of course all the Radical papers were most violent on the subject. Many of the soldiers were cut with stones, and much hurt. Great endeavours were made by the Radical press, and the populace, to find out who was the person that fired the two shots. I believe several of the mob were cut and wounded with the swords of the cavalry, and it served them right, for there never was a more disgraceful attack upon soldiers who had fought for their country, and had evinced such bravery only a short time before, on the ever-memor-

able field of Waterloo. Many of these gallant fellows, who wore the Waterloo medals on their breasts, were shamefully ill-used by their own countrymen. But an English mob, like all other mobs, are easily led to commit any violence by those vile agitators who prey upon the ignorance of those whom they excite ; and such was the case in the instance which I have just narrated.

The next day I strolled down into Oxford Street, to look at the damage done. Having taken a survey of all, I turned into the Park, and bent my steps towards the Serpentine. I had not gone very far when I heard quick footsteps behind me, and I perceived a tall, gentlemanly man, walking very fast ; I immediately saw that it was the officer who had commanded the detachment of the Life Guards the day previous. We both looked at each other, but I saw that he did not wish to stop and speak to me, or be observed. As he passed close to me, he said, in a low tone, putting his finger to his mouth,

“You understand!”

“Quite so,” I said, for he knew I had witnessed the death of his assailants.

Singularly enough, the name of this officer never transpired, and no one knew who had fired the two shots, nor have I ever mentioned his name in connection with that day.

On this melancholy occasion a circumstance happened that was rather amusing. There was a noble lord, whom I knew, who lived at that time in a house nearly opposite Cumberland Gate, where this riot took place. Being desirous to see all the row, he had himself wheeled, in an arm-chair, to the window of the balcony, for having just then a bad fit of the gout, he could not walk. The servants having placed him, as they considered, in a place of safety, went down to the windows below, to have a view themselves of what was going on. In all mobs of this kind boys are always the most mischievous, and generally commence the row; at least, they give them the credit of doing so in France, and I suppose they also deserve it in England. Some of these young urchins, seeing the noble lord sitting with his foot bandaged up in the balcony, thought his figure was fair game for what they style a "cock-shy," so first one took a shot at

him, then another, breaking the windows of his house. He could not rise to ring the bell, and he shouted to no purpose, for none of the servants heard him, being too intent on what was passing below. Fortunately his youngest son, who was up in his bed-room looking out of window, thought he recognized his father's voice, and ran down and rescued him from his perilous position.

In recalling the miserable details of what took place on the passage of the Queen's remains through London, it may not be uninteresting to my readers to compare the hopes and aspirations of the nation for her happiness at the time of her marriage, so touchingly prayed for in a letter to the grandmother of an old friend of my wife, which has been placed in my hand.

“ Thursday, April 8th, 1798.

“ MY DEAR LADY ELCHO,

“ I would not answer your kind letter till this morning, that I might give you an account of the wedding, which took place at nine o'clock last night.

“ I could not have supposed that the Peerage

could have produced such a crowd as was in every room, from the staircase to the drawing-room, by seven o'clock. By six, every bench was filled, as was every window, inside and out, to see the procession. First went the Prince, then the Princess of Wales, dressed in white and silver, handed by the Duke of Clarence, with a profusion of diamonds, and a little diamond crown or coronet upon her head—a purple robe, the train held by four bridesmaids, dressed in white—Viscountess Lady M. Osborne, Lady Caroline Villiers, Lady C. Legge, and Lady L. Spencer. The Princess's dress was certainly not becoming, for it made her appear short. She is very fair, low, and inclined to be fat, and I do not think has so young a look as she ought to have at twenty-eight years. Her hair is flaxen white, like the Duke of Gloucester's, and her face is certainly very like the Duchess of Hamilton, rather older-looking, and upon a fatter scale. I hear she is very sensible, and has most violent spirits; there never was so lively a creature, and of a most heavenly temper; but to return to the wedding. The King's procession followed, and then the

Queen's, through the King and Queen's apartment, down to the great staircase, along the colonnade—all covered in, carpeted, and lighted—to the chapel. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, after which there was an ode that lasted half an hour. All the Orange family were in the King's closet above. The Duke and Duchess of York were in the chapel, as likewise the Duke of Gloucester, and Princess Sophia with the procession. The Prince of Wales handed the Princess of Wales from the altar, and they all proceeded to the registry, where Their Royal Highnesses knelt to the King and Queen, and then they went into the drawing-room, merely to *show* the Princess of Wales to the company, who had been assembled four hours—for in ten minutes they all returned—and with the Orange family, every branch of Royalty supped at Buckingham House, after which Their Highnesses of Wales retired to Carlton House. This day they go to Kemshott. This day se'night, there will be a ball in the eve, and a drawing-room in the morning, at St. James's; on the following Monday, the Princess of Wales will have a drawing-room at Carlton House.

“I thought the Prince appeared (*entre nous*) as if he had drunk rather more than usual to give him spirits—and still it did not seem to have had the effect complete, for he seemed agitated, and not himself. This might be accounted for a thousand ways; but I hope to God it was not from dislike to the poor little woman. Lady J. was finer than any person present, in her dress; upon the whole, every person was fine, but particularly the gentlemen of the Prince’s family. Lord Darnley was magnificent; so were Lords Cholmondeley and Villiers.

“The Princess had the advantage of most others, who are, in general, married the day they arrive. The Prince dined with her, the day she came, at St. James’s, and each day since, and has hardly been a moment from her. The mob, whenever she has appeared, have hailed her with blessings, and call ‘her beautiful,’ and say ‘they like her because she looks like an Englishwoman,’ and they cry out, ‘Her mother was an Englishwoman.’ She speaks a little English, and spoke to the people from her window.

"The illuminations were very fine, and for the present this marriage seems a pleasing topic; but we know that all things of the sort are a nine days' wonder. From my heart I pray it may, in every sense, prove a fortunate and a happy marriage.

"Pray let me see you on your way to Scotland. Mr. Champneys told me himself that the Prince was to buy his house; but, since that, I have heard he will not. There seems to be nothing but war and turmoils at home and abroad. How is all this to end? I agree with you that this business of Lord Fitz-William is strange. I think it will not end quietly."

We will now turn to another scene of the past enacted there, another contrast—one of pleasure, though alas! not unalloyed with sadness—a marriage of perfect love and confidence, that took place in 1816, namely, that of Queen Caroline's daughter, our dearly loved Princess Charlotte, and Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, in which union the whole nation sympathised with her in her unbiassed choice. The Princess, as she passed down the same staircase and left the hall, turned gracefully to the young ladies

assembled there to see her depart, and in her charmingly urbane manner, which indeed belongs to all our Royal family, as evinced upon all occasions, and with her face beaming with joy, said to them, "Good night to you all. I am so happy. I wish you all as happy as I am. Good night." This I learned from one who was present. Even now we can scarcely bear to think of that short-lived happiness, and that deeply-touching moonlight funeral in Windsor Chapel, which the beautiful lines of a poem of a connection of mine, who was present, so feelingly describe:—

"The bier is stay'd, the solemn rites are done,
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, are gone,
The opening blossom and the expanded flow'r,
Mother and infant, wither'd in an hour.
'Reft of the blessed birth whose welcome cry
Blots out the record of past agony,
Thy patient spirit unrepining bow'd
In resignation to the 'will of God.'
Blest be thy tomb with all the grave can know,
To soothe the sorrows thou has left below.
Amid the chambers of the mighty dead,
High-born and holy, rests thy quiet shade;
Edwards and Henrys to the dust gone down,
To wear a brighter and unfading crown.
O'er thy cold marble proudly float on high
The banner'd scrolls of England's chivalry;
And morn and eve the vaulted roofs repeat
Celestial music o'er thy still retreat.

Long shall each anthem, as its echoes fall,
 This night's sad homage to our hearts recall ;
 And fancy cherish, with fond thoughts, that shed
 A softer balm of sadness o'er the dead,
 Those ardent virtues

And who is He, in anguish all His own,
 Like moving marble, man in form alone,
 Whose haggard brow, wan cheek, and faded eye
 Proclaim the soul's unutter'd misery ;
 That cureless wretchedness of hope in wreck,
 The struggle of a heart that will not break ?
 Is there in youth, thus early doom'd to prove
 The desolation of dissever'd love,
 Plunged, and at once, from transport to despair,
 That knows no anodyne but Heaven and pray'r ?
 He, only He, can image half the pain
 That racks a mourning husband—heart and brain."

If my readers knew the touching beauties of the whole poem, which I know few can read even now without tears, they would the more readily pardon my long quotation of lines originally distributed only among friends, but subsequently published at the conclusion of his "Siege of Jerusalem," by the same author, Charles Peers, Esq., of Chislehampton, Oxfordshire, a gentleman of very refined mind and tastes.

On the first of September I found myself once more in the country, and at once proceeded with my gun and a brace of pointers in search of partridges, of which, as I have before stated,

we had always plenty. The pleasure of getting home again to scenes of early youth is entertained by everyone, high or low in life. The children of the humblest cottage, be it ever so homely, look back with warm affection, as they grow up in life, to the days of their childhood, and so do I now look back with fondest recollections to those days when, either by myself or with my brothers, I walked over the fields which my forefathers enjoyed.

In the latter end of September a heavy gale of wind blew on the coast, and a vessel was driven on the sands opposite to our salt marshes. She was a light collier brig, and came on shore with the flood-tide, and bumping high up on to the sands, she swung round, with her head to sea, embedding herself so deeply in the sand that she sat upright, losing no spars, and sustaining little or no damage. It was imagined that they would get her off again with the Spring tides. My brother and I, having gone down to the marshes with our guns to search for wild fowl, took the opportunity also to look at the vessel. The "Jacob's ladder," hanging over her stern, sailor-like I mounted, got on board, and examined her all over. She was quite

empty, and the seamen seemed to have taken everything away belonging to them, in which they were quite right.

It so happened that about three weeks after this, my brother Ferrers went on duty, and I was left alone at Stiffkey with my father and sisters. It came on to blow again a very heavy gale from the north-east, and thinking some woodcocks might come in with the gale, it being about the time of year when they first made their flights to our coast, I went out with my gun and keeper, Billy Betts by name, an old sailor, in search of game. I had shot a brace or two of partridges on my way to Morston Hill, and seeing a boy, I asked him if he had seen any woodcocks about.

"Naa, sir ; but I have seen a bird with a long bake" (beak) "come over from the sae this morning, and light in that there fence, sir."

Billy looked at me, and said—

"I think, sir, that must be a cock."

"Come and show us where you saw it alight," said I—which the boy did.

Having beat the fence, up flew the cock, when I fired and missed. The poor bird being tired,

went into the fence again, and I fired again. In the second shot I was more successful, and killed him. I then went on to the furze hill, taking the boy with me to beat, and was lucky enough to kill three couple. All this time it was blowing very hard, and the keeper, looking out towards the sea, said—

“There’s a vessel running straight on towards the sands!”

I said, “Why, it’s a Dutch galliot! She seems to have lost her mainmast, and has got her square foresail set.”

The brig which I have before spoken of, lying with her head to sea, an anchor down in the sand, and the water flowing round, I have no doubt looked from the galliot as if she were floating at anchor, and that vessel being in distress, thought she would anchor at the same spot, and was bearing up for that purpose. Billy observed to me—

“It is heavy-laden, and if she strikes those sands among the breakers, she’ll go to pieces in ten minutes.”

The coastguard-house was a very little way from where we were, and we ran down, in

hopes that they would be able to make some signal to the galliot, to warn her of her danger. They did make some signals, but they were of no use, for the Dutchmen either did not see them, or did not understand them. Three of the coastguards and we two ran off across the marshes, in the hope of being able to render some assistance; but we were too late, for, as we predicted, she struck the ground, swung round on her broadside, and was knocked to pieces in fifteen minutes, every soul on board perishing. We found Sam Dunn, with his boat from Warham Hall, who had got up as far as he could to the brig, but could render no assistance to the unfortunate crew. A good many people who came down from the village picked up many things from the wreck, and found the body of one man washed on shore.

Sometimes we had little or nothing to do, and at others we were fully employed. On certain days I used to amuse myself with drawing, music, &c. I was glad when the hunting season commenced with Sir Jacob's hounds, when my old horse, which I had taken great pains to get into good condition, came into requisition.

We had a fine run that day, which I distinctly remember, as if it had only occurred yesterday, although fifty-three years since then. We met at Melton Hall, where we found collected a good number of gentlemen and some ladies on horseback, my good old uncle, Lord J. Townshend, on his famous horse Regent, Sir George Montgomery, a good rider, and General the Honourable William Fitzroy, and many others. We drew one or two woods not far from the Hall, but they were blank, and then trotted away to Barney Wood. An old dog-fox broke away in gallant style. Old Denny and his son, who were both there, were the first to see him break cover, but, sportsmen-like, they never spoke a word till he was well away over another field, when they gave the view-holloa "Gone away!"

Now the sound of the horn was heard, and the huntsman cheered on his hounds, which broke cover in beautiful style. My old horse began to paw the ground. They made away for Thursford, through the woods, at their best pace; then broke away for Ketcher's Wood without a check; from thence to Ryburgh Carrs,

Testerton Wood, Elmham Wood, towards Gressenhall Carrs, and there we came to a check, and lost the fox for a few minutes. A view-holloa from the other side of the Carrs, the hounds were again laid on, and we ran away to Foxley Park without a check. My old horse carried me splendidly. The Honourable H. George Mills, Sir Jacob Astley, Mr. Leeder, Mr. Dewing of Guist, myself, the huntsman and two whips, all came up to the pack together at our best pace. My nag cleared a low gate into the wood at the finish. Sir Jacob called out to me, "Well, Loftus, that old horse has carried you splendidly," and, indeed, he had. We then whipped off, for it was getting dark—in fact, I believe the fox had run to earth. I trotted home with young Mr. Harvey, of Cockthorpe, who was also up at the finish, riding a pretty chestnut mare, which I afterwards bought of him.

After my first meeting with the foxhounds this year, and a capital run it was, altogether nearly twenty miles, the old horse was in great favour; but although so well behaved in the field, he was not so in the stable, and gave a

deal of trouble to all who looked after him. First, after a gallop with the hounds, he would take it into his head never to lie down at night, consequently his legs would be greatly swelled in the morning. When I went over to my uncle's, I could never get him laid—I say *laid*, because my man used to make him go down on his knees, stretch himself out in the stall as quietly as a child, and so he remained until the morning. This man, as I said, was very clever in the management of horses; and if I omitted to take him with me to any friend with whom I stayed for a night or two, my horse suffered in consequence. Considering these things, I resolved to part with the animal as soon as possible.

One night I stopped at Yarrow, after a hard day with Mr. Dewing's pack. A deer had been turned out, and we had a long run ere we took him, and quite in an opposite direction to that of my home. Coming near Yarrow on my return, I was requested to stay there for the night. Having a change of dress at the house, I did not refuse the invitation, although I felt uncomfortable regarding my horse. After dinner, there being a party at the table, I took

an opportunity to steal out, to look after him. My uncle espied this movement, and beckoning me to him, said, quickly,

“Where are you going?”

“I am going to lay my horse,” I replied.

“Lay your horse!” he said. “What *do* you mean?”

In two minutes I explained.

“Oh!” said he, “I should like to see that performance,” and jumping up, he was followed by all the gentlemen to the stables.

“Now, how is this done?”

The grooms were bedding up their horses. I walked up to mine, and commenced by patting him on the neck, and talking to him in soft, low tones. He began pawing first with one fore-foot, then with the other, and evidently knew me and my voice. Taking a snaffle bridle, I put it on, pulled him gently back into the stall, rubbed my hand up and down on his knees, and then, putting my mouth to his ear, whispered into it, as if talking to him. He began immediately to move, and bending his knees, slowly let himself down on his near side, I at the same time keeping well clear of him, while I still patted

him on the neck. When I took the bridle off, he settled for the night. "Now," said I, "he's safe, and will sleep all night. Come away!" They were astonished.

"Why," said my uncle. "I shall send you to Astley's Amphitheatre—and make your fortune. Where did you learn this?"

"From my own groom," I replied.

CHAPTER XII.

Management of Yeomanry and Volunteers—Reminiscences of the Norfolk Rangers—Popularity of the Corps—Mr. Matthew Pepper Manby and Sergeant Bond—Military Discipline—Travelling in Former Days—Box-coats—The Old Waggon—The Sleepy Waggoner—Ponding Horses after Work—All Hallow Eve Superstition—Old Molly—Bed-warming Extraordinary—A Noble Stag.

I HAVE said that, in taking command of a troop of cavalry which had been raised by my grandfather, Lord Townshend, at the commencement of the war between France and England, I had, after some difficulty, got the two troops together, and into some degree of order; but I soon observed that it required great tact to keep them so. In the first place, I found then, as I have since been convinced from long experience, that the whole force of the yeomanry and the volunteers is in reality of a very difficult description to manage. I,

individually, have no cause to complain. I always experienced the greatest civility; my orders were attended to, and there was an *esprit de corps* which animated all the members composing the troops. It must be remembered that these men were all independent of me, and had I been unmindful of this fact, I should never have been able to retain them so long as I did. To hold command it is requisite that the officers should be acquainted with regimental duty, and if the privates see that their superior officers understand their work, they are the more ready to receive their orders, and obey their instructions. From the four non-commissioned officers whom I appointed to the corps—namely, two to each troop, men who had served in the 24th Light Dragoons in India—I obtained great assistance. They were pensioners, and occupied small portions of land in the vicinity of Fakenham, and each rode a good horse. Men who served in yeomanry cavalry regiments were exempted from the duty on horses, and were not compelled to serve in the militia when balloted for.

For the first eight consecutive days' drill we

went to Fakenham. Mr. Dewing, of Guist, was the other captain. Mr. James Diggins was lieutenant of my troop; a Mr. Sepping, of Creak, cornet; Mr. Stibbart quarter-master; and Mr. Cave, of Testerton Hall, lieutenant of No. 2 troop (Mr. Dewing's). Several members of the corps belonged to the Raynham tenantry, and were well mounted. Sergeant Bond was the oldest man in it, having entered the regiment on its first formation in 1803. This excellent and truly loyal man served in the Rangers until they, with other corps of this description, were disbanded by the Whig government in 1829. This very year my uncle received from the inspecting officer of cavalry a very flattering report—and it was a *true* report—of the discipline and efficiency of the corps. It was not, certainly, a very grateful conclusion of all our endeavours and exertions in the service of the country to be disbanded; but, by way of a sop, we were told we were to retain our rank.

While recalling these reminiscences of the Norfolk Rangers, so much prized in their own county in those days, I cannot but remember

a circumstance which I witnessed as a boy, but which will hardly be credited in these days. My much-loved mother, a beautiful woman, my aunt Charlotte, afterwards Duchess of Leeds, Lady Anne Hudson, fair as alabaster, with beautiful golden hair, and Lady Harriet, afterwards Lady de Blaquire—the three latter called in London “the Graces” of the time—and all four sisters, were all good horsewomen, and were dressed in neat uniforms, consisting of dark green cloth habits, braided in black across the chest in the style of the Rifles, white gauntlets, standing collars, with a neat black tie and small bow. On their heads they wore helmets of black polished leather, on the top of which was a slight fringe of bearskin, from the back of the neck to its point on the forehead, while the peak was edged with a narrow line of silver, the chin-strap being a silver chain. It was really not only becoming, but very pretty, and produced an immense feeling of pride in the corps. Young men, on the occasion of the inspection in Raynham Park, when these ladies marched past at the head of the corps in twos before their old father, were so charmed by the

spectacle, that those who had not entered the corps came forward now in such numbers, offering to serve, that the Marquis had more members than he required. My dear mother's helmet and jacket I had in my hand years after, when old Sally Fox, who had the key of the cupboard in the nursery in which they were kept, showed them to me when I came back from sea. It was the sight of this corps of Rangers which inspired me with my first fancy to be in the cavalry, though I afterwards went to sea.

I may here mention an anecdote regarding Sergeant Bond of this corps. When a little boy of seven years old, I was sent with my brothers from Raynham to see the Rangers on Hampton Green, at exercise. We were driven to the Green in an old style of carriage, a phaeton upon C springs, with high wheels, with silver-plated knobs and mountings, drawn by a handsome pair of cream-coloured horses, and great was our delight in thinking of the admiration we were sure to excite in such a splendid turn-out.

Among the members of the Rangers was a Mr. Matthew Pepper Manby, the second name

well adapted to him, for he was a very peppery, but good and kind-hearted person. The Marquis was very fond of him, and when a boy he had been very often at the Hall, with his brother, the Admiral, and Captain Manby, who was subsequently the inventor of the well-known apparatus for saving life in shipwreck, by means of firing a rope, attached to a shot or rocket, over a stranded vessel, a plan which has been the means, to my knowledge, of saving the lives of many good seamen on the Norfolk coast, and elsewhere. Mr. Manby had always had a wish to hold a farm on the Raynham estate, and when he became old enough to do so, Lord Townshend gave him that at South Raynham, called Raynham St. Martin's.

But I find myself digressing from my story of Sergeant Bond. The corps had finished their exercise, had been dismissed on the Green, and the standard had been committed to the custody of an escort of those members who lived at the three Raynhams, to be taken to the Hall. Sergeant Bond, who resided at Helhoughton, had generally the command of this escort, and on his way he overtook Mr. Manby riding quietly

home. The sergeant, coming up with his men to the said gentleman, who was in his uniform, called out,

"Fall in, Mr. Manby, with the escort."

Manby, looking round instantly, replied,

"I'll see you d——d first!"

"Will you, sir? I tell you again, sir, to fall in!"

Manby, being in one of his peppery fits, started off at a trot. The sergeant set spurs to his horse, headed the peppery cavalier, and with his drawn sword at his breast, arrested his progress. The pepper became sharper, and drawing his sabre, Manby crossed that of the sergeant, who, making a number one cut, brought his weapon down on the helmet of the obstreperous knight with such force that he not only cut it through, but brought the wearer to the ground. Fortunately the helmet saved his skull, but the fall did not subdue his temper. Rising from the ground, all soiled, he broke out into a violent passion, swearing vengeance against old Bond, who coolly said,

"Sheath your sword, and mount your steed immediately, sir."

Manby, finding that he had a tough customer with whom to deal, and one from whom he was likely to receive no quarter, at last thought "discretion was the better part of valour," and did as he was commanded—fell in with the escort, with a fallen countenance, and rode quietly up to the Hall with the standard. Bond, having formed his men in line there, fronting the windows, gave the word, "Return swords! To your quarters, break!" and dismissed the men to partake of a black jack of fine old ale, prepared for them on these occasions. Manby, meanwhile, requested an interview with the Marquis, who was at home in the library. He was shown upstairs, through the marble hall, to the presence of his Colonel, with his damaged helmet in his hand, himself covered with dust. On entering, having saluted his officer, he said,

"My lord, is this the way in which your lordship will allow your troop to be served?" showing his helmet.

The Marquis inquired how it had all happened, and expressing his regret at it, instantly sent for the sergeant, who made his appearance, quite expecting that he should be summoned.

He told his story, and the refusal of private Manby to "fall in." The Marquis, turning to the latter, said,

"I fear, Mr. Manby, you are a better farmer than a soldier! It is very fortunate it is no worse. It might have been your head, but it is only your helmet. Sergeant Bond did his duty, when you disobeyed orders."

He rang the bell, ordered wine for Manby, and dismissed the sergeant, with a caution not to be quite so hasty with the use of his sabre, but to report any act of disobedience in future.

Manby looked glum for a few moments, and then recovered his usual manner. The sergeant was recalled, the butler filled glasses of wine, which they drank together, and shook hands, and no more was said of the matter. I knew nothing of it till I heard the maids talking of "poor Mr. Manby," but I have often since heard my father relating this anecdote.

In the month of January, the following year, my father going to London, I took advantage of the opportunity of going with him in his chariot, one of the most easy and comfortable carriages of the kind of that day in which I

ever sat, and very handsome, with high wheels, three silver-mounted lamps in front, the door handles and the buckles of the same metal; also hung upon C springs, and therefore a great favourite with the post-boys on the road, as it ran so lightly. This chariot would carry five people with great comfort, having a seat which could be let down in front. It had belonged to my poor uncle, Lord Charles, who was accidentally shot by his brother. How different was the travelling in those days from that of the present! I look back with the greatest pleasure to the recollection of these journeys, when, after posting from Stiffkey on our way to London, we stopped at nine o'clock at the "Rutland Arms," Newmarket, where, driving through the archway, we drew up at the door of one of the most comfortable hotels at which you could desire to pass the night. A large tank in the yard facing the hotel was generally supplied with fine silver eels, which, when cooked to perfection, either boiled or fried, with a dish of Scotch collops, followed by an apple pudding of such thin and delicate pastry that it was tinted by the fruit within to a pink hue,

composed a repast with which before me now, I would envy no nabob, with all that wealth could procure for his feast ; and we know that enough is better than that. When the time for repose arrived, we were provided with a bed the feathers of which were as soft as down beneath us. These were the luxuries of travelling post in those days, opposed to that restless haste by rail and steam now, when you have not a moment to rest, fearing in the hurry-scurry to be left behind. True it is there was now and then an accident by the upsetting of a coach ; but although sometimes there were fatal accidents, they were comparatively few.

In those days, most gentlemen travelled by the coach, as I often did, well armed against the weather by wearing what was termed a box-coat of enormous weight, made of very thick Yorkshire drab, the shoulders, across the back, covered by at least four capes, lapping one over the other, which not only kept out the wet, but, however cold it was, kept you warm and comfortable. I have not seen such a coat for the last forty years, and I do not think that half my young readers, if any, can ever have seen

one, unless upon an old family body coachman. The young men of my time thought it very effeminate to take "an inside place," for which in those days you paid two pounds five shillings from Fakenham, or Norwich, to London, while for the outside seat one pound one was paid, unless you purchased the privilege of taking the second box-seat, when, if you were a good whip, the reins were passed into your hands.

Travelling was much more expensive in those days than it is at present, it is true. You may now travel by second-class carriage, very comfortably, the same distance, not exposed to the weather, for seventeen shillings, but you run a great chance of having your brains dashed out, or of incurring the loss of an arm or a leg, before you arrive at the end of your journey. "Yes," people will say, "that is all very true, but remember the many accidents happening by the upsetting of coaches." In reply to which I also say, "Very true. But forty or fifty people were not killed or wounded in one crash. The accidents, moreover, were far less numerous than by rail; and while writing on this subject, I will take the liberty of

saying that I trust that the time is not far distant when the whole of the railway management of this country will come under the superintendence of the Government.

I often travelled from London by the "Magnet" night coach, and sometimes by the Norwich mail, into Norfolk. The young readers of the present day know very little, though they may have heard of, that primitive, but roomy, conveyance, the old tilted waggon, with high broad wheels, carrying a whole family, with chairs and tables and anything they wished to cram into it—in fact, as big as a house. It took a week to travel from Norfolk to London, and was generally drawn by six large carthorses, ornamented with bells, which hung on each side of their heads, and, by their musical tinkling, warned any carriages on the road, at night, of their vicinity. The farmers' waggons going to market to supply merchants with corn, were obliged to have these bells, the roads being narrow, to prevent accidents.

One night, coming down from London by the Magnet, I was sitting at the back with the guard. Between Bourne Bridge and New Market,

after passing the turnpike-gate, where the guard always blew his horn in good time to awaken the drowsy inmate with those musical notes so well blown by some guards, we came upon the open heath extending for some miles to Newmarket. Looking to the left, we could perceive the roofs of farm-buildings and stacks of hay and corn. Across the heath were several tracks, made by waggons and carts, leading to the village below. As we neared these tracks, the guard observed one of those ponderous waggons winding its way along the road, at its funereal pace, a lantern hung in front to show its approach, another light shining through the open curtain at the back, where, probably, sat some good old motherly dame, mending her grandchildren's stockings by its aid. The guard blew his horn, that the driver might make way and give us room to pass. The "gee-ups" kept on at the same pace—the tramp, tramp of the horses distinctly heard mixed with the tinkle of the bells.

"Why," said I, "they are all asleep!"

"I think so, too," said he.

"Give them another blow," said I, but no notice was taken.

“ Will you try, sir ?”

I was rather *au fait* at blowing the horn, so taking the instrument, I blew a blast loud enough to wake the seven sleepers, but without effect. We pulled up, while the guard jumped down and ran forward. In a moment or two he came back, saying, “ Sir, the driver and the whole of them are asleep. I will turn those gee-ups’ heads down this road to the left, sir, if you will assist me, and they will, maybe, awake in another county.”

No sooner said than done. I jumped down, ran to the waggon, and taking the head of one horse, while the guard seized that of another, we turned them successfully into the road across the heath, along which they went patiently on their way—we watching as long as we could see them. Some months after, coming up by the same coach, I said to the guard,

“ Well, and what news of the waggon ?”

“ Oh, sir, rare fun about it ! There was such a shindy about being too late into Norwich, and being found on the road to Ely ! But they never found out the cause.”

On the journey to London with my father the

following morning, we changed horses at the fifteen miles stage, Chesterford, a well-known posting-house, where, with my dear mother, I have often passed the night. It was, likewise, a very comfortable hotel, kept by Mrs. Edwards, who, with her son, managed a large farm, and had upwards of a hundred and twenty horses for posting and farming. I used to enjoy going to this old house and looking out of my bedroom window, facing the yard, seeing the post-horses go out and come in. On one side of this yard was a large pond into which the boys, returning from their jobs, would ride their horses for a wash, thereby saving themselves the trouble of cleaning them. This was a ruinous practice for their mistress, for the poor horses, after this chilling ablution when they were, perhaps, just off a journey, were put into the stables, where their legs were left to dry themselves. No wonder I observed that a number of these horses had enormously swelled limbs, and that when they moved they did so with the greatest pain, the blood actually starting out of their fetlocks, having contracted, in fact, what is called "the grease."

Some years after, when I had a knowledge of these things, I knew the cause of the swelled legs. Travelling down from London, on horse-back, I stopped to sleep at Chesterford. The roads being wet and muddy, my horse was much splashed, and Mr. Edwards proposed his being taken to the pond to have his legs washed.

"No, thank you," said I. "I do not wish my horse's legs to be as big as his body, as all yours are!"

"What, sir?"

"Will you tell me what your horse-doctor's bill is?"

"Why, a sight of money, sir—a hundred a year and more!"

"And so it will be," I said, "as long as you allow your post-boys to wash their nags' legs there, and then stand in the stable wet all night; you ought to wash them in warm water, and then bandage them. If you buy fifty pairs of flannel bandages, Mr. Edwards, they will be better to you than all your doctors."

To be brief, he did as I told him, and the following year he showed me that he had filled

up the pond, and declared that he had not spent £20 with the farrier for the year. Moreover, he had built a large copper in his harness-room, where a good supply of warm water was kept for the use of the horses. But he had had no end of difficulties with his men, whom it was difficult to induce to break through all the bad habits to which they had been accustomed from childhood, and to reconcile to what they called "new fangled notions and nonsense."

The superstition among that class of people, particularly among those employed in farms, where very few could read or write, was very great. They always kept All Hallow's Eve. One of the largest farms on the Raynham estate, situated at Morston, had been for some years in the occupation of a family of whom I have every reason to speak with feelings of respect and affection. Mr. George Wood—with whom I used to stay for many weeks at a time, and whose hospitality I can never forget—told me of a curious act which he witnessed. Coming home late from a friend's house on All Hallow's Eve, he observed a light shining in the window of the huge cart stable.

Dismounting from his pony, he stole softly to the window, and saw five men sitting round a pitchfork, placed upright, upon which hung a clean white shirt. These men believed firmly that the sweetheart of one of them, were she true to him, would enter, and take away the shirt, in solemn silence, before twelve o'clock; and there they sat, mute, waiting for her appearance. The clock struck the midnight hour, but no one appeared; and the fellows concluded that not one of them had a faithful lover. Mr. Wood quietly put the pony in the riding-stable—and the men never knew they had been watched. He waited to see the light extinguished, and went away to bed.

To the Chesterford Hotel was attached a large garden, well stocked with fruit-trees, in the centre of which was a fine walnut—and if we happened to be there when this fruit was ripe, it was great fun to my brothers and myself to knock them down, which good Mrs. Edwards allowed us to do, “old Molly” the maid, a specimen of the antique school of servants, always coming to help us. Her full-frilled mob cap, tied under her chin,

surrounded a broad, kindly face, with dark, penetrating eyes, a wide, smiling mouth, dark hair, very good teeth, and a comely person, not tall, but well-made. She wore a white apron over a dark stuff gown, with white stockings and shoes, but no "long tails" for good Molly, dragging dirt after her up the stairs, and if there happened to be a beetle in the kitchen, catching it up and bringing it into her mistress's room, or that of any lady lodging in the house, and then dropping it there; she had far more propriety and good sense than to copy the dress of ladies whom she constantly saw, and was all the more respected for her prudence. Dear old Molly! many a half-crown did she get from us—particularly if, in the Winter, she brought us a good pan of coals, wherewith she made the beds so hot that we could scarce lie down in them.

One night she told us the following story. "An old gentleman came to the inn to sleep, had his tea, and ordered his bed to be warmed by ten o'clock. Feeling tired, he did not wait till that hour, but went upstairs, undressed, and got into bed. True to her time, up comes

Molly with the pan, not imagining that the gentleman was in bed and fast asleep. So she raised the clothes at the foot, and sent the pan in in good earnest, meaning to make the bed very comfortable for the old gentleman; but lo! the moment the hot instrument touched him, he roared out in such a way as to frighten old Molly, "I'm on fire!" and the poor woman dropped the pan, and took to flight downstairs in no time. Mrs. Edwards had to find salve and plaister to heal the wounds inflicted on the old gentleman by poor Molly.

Arriving at home in Wimpole Street, I found a note which had arrived by post that morning, and on opening it, I saw at once that it was in the handwriting of Elise's sister, informing me of their arrival in London the night before, and expressing a wish to see me. They should be at the panorama in Leicester Square at eleven o'clock the next day. It is needless to say that I repaired there at that hour. They were as delighted to see me as I was to meet them. They told me that after I had left the Island there had been a great coolness towards

them on the part of their guardian, who had never forgiven poor Elise for not complying with her wishes. Of course, I was very sorry to hear all this; but what was to be done? The old lady had extracted a promise from her that she would not marry for two years, when she would be of age. The sisters had £200 a-year each.

We sat talking all this over for some time and parted, promising to meet the next evening at Drury Lane, where they were going to see Kean in Richard III., but I was not to speak to them in their box, as they might have one of the family with them who did not know me. Their present *chaperon* and confidential friend I had met in Guernsey, where their guardian remained.

Elise, meanwhile, I was told, was to go to a seminary for young ladies, where there were only four besides herself, and there to stay for two years to finish her education—in fact, in the hope of thus shaking her constancy to me. I met my friend Boghurst, with whom I dined at Stephens's Hotel, where we talked over the old Guernsey days, and all the news which I had

so lately heard, interesting to him as well as to me. He promised to send me his address in London, when he should be settled there in the Spring; and after a fortnight's stay with my father in London, I returned to the country, where I passed my time to the end of the shooting season very pleasantly, with my dog and my gun, and occasionally afterwards with the hounds.

I went to Morston one afternoon to get a brace of partridges for the house, my dear, kind father having said to me, as was his custom, that he wanted a few birds, and I was only too glad of the walk. So I took old Ponto, my brother Henry's best pointer, and strolled away. I stopped at Wood's Farm, at Morston, and bent my way to several "pightals" (small fields) lying contiguous to its outskirts, in which, late in the day, the partridges were sure to be lying close, and one was more certain of a shot than in the open or larger fields.

Entering one of these "pightals," Ponto made a dead point. Skirting the hedge, so as to head him and get the birds, as I thought, between him and myself, I advanced, and be-

hold, to my amazement, up sprang a magnificent red stag, with noble antlers. The beautiful creature stood still for an instant, and regarded me with his large, soft eyes. I could have shot him dead where he stood with my double-barrel, but I was so lost in admiration of the noble animal that I, too, stood still, gazing at him; and he, turning suddenly, cleared the fence at a bound, and was gone. I watched him take towards Langham, a large wood of Captain Marryat's, B.N., the author, a great friend of mine. "Oh, ho," thought I; "I'll have you to-morrow." I shot a brace of birds, returned home, and wrote to Dewing to have his hounds ready in the morning. Fortunately it was his hunting day, and the meet was to take place at Hendringham, near Langham, whither, at half-past ten, I repaired. My father lent me a capital horse he had recently bought at my recommendation—an animal of safe action, and a superb jumper. I had observed him on a common as we passed in full run with the hounds, when he cleared a fence, joined the hunt, took every leap in the most perfect manner, and was in at the finish. Some one who

knew him, good-naturedly took him back to his owner. Meeting the hounds, I informed Mr. Dewing whereabouts I had seen the stag make for Langham, and we trotted to the wood, and drew it, but found nothing there. Coming into the road again, we met a small boy, who said—

“Sir, I have seen a quare-looking baste with big horns.”

“Where, boy?”

“Why, going into that there cover, sir, on the Cockthorpe Road, half an hour ago.”

“That’s him! We’ll have him! Come along!” cried Dewing, trotting fast down the road. Coming to the copse, the hounds were instantly thrown in, and no sooner was this done than a cry was heard on the other side, “Tantivy, gone away!”

“Heigh ho, Tivy!

Hark forward, hark forward, Tantivy!

Heigh ho, Tivy!”

Encouraged by Mr. Dewing’s musical voice, and the cheering sound of the horn calling out the hounds, away we went at a slapping pace. You might have thrown a sheet over them, so compact was the whole pack. Everyone who

knew Mr. Dewing's hounds *felt* that when they did go they went the pace—and this day there was no mistake. The scent was brilliant, so that there was no stopping at a fence to see what was on the other side. I got away with the hounds close to Dewing, on his favourite horse Brush, and kept close to his pack during the run. The first twenty-five minutes my little horse carried me superbly without a check over everything. The stag took a long round, and went away to Melton Park, where, at a broken place in the paling—and most likely he had issued thence three days before, for he had been seen—he bounded over, and we had to whip off, after as good a run of more than thirty-five minutes as could be desired. In my heart I could not be sorry that the beautiful creature was safe at home at Melton.

London was a charming place of meeting in the Spring of the year, and to that city I repaired in the middle of April, and met several of my oldest and most esteemed friends, among them my old naval companion, Paul Benfield. He was residing with his amiable mother, in Cumberland Place; and

in her hospitable house we often met. After dinner one afternoon, while sipping a glass of claret, we talked over the many strange sights we had witnessed, the many hard gales we had weathered on the stormy sea, together. He told me that, being very fond of hunting, he had built a hunting-box at Leicester, with stabling for several horses, and he invited me to go there, and stay with him whenever I pleased, which I did, not only at that time, but at different periods for many years after.

During the London season, the Derby Day, of course, arrived, and I accompanied Paul, with his mother and sister, to that annual race, so well known that it needs no description. It was a beautiful sight to watch the different "turns-out" of the nobility and gentry as they left London for Epsom Downs; the postilions clad in their best, some in scarlet, others in blue, white, or green jackets, white leathers, and top-boots. Mrs. Benfield was in a barouche, with four bays, the postilions in blue jackets, black caps, with silver tassels, looking all very pretty then; but, alas! ere we reached the course, it was difficult to distinguish one colour from

another amid the dust. Many people, going to witness the race, not having secured a good place on the course for their carriages, returned as wise as they went. I saw the start, and looked at each horse as it came upon the ground from the paddock; but the one which was generally regarded as the favourite, did not win, but a small horse, of which no one seemed to have formed any opinion, ridden, I think, by Chiffney. That great race has been going on from that time to the present, and is open to all the world. We hear of horses coming from France and Germany to compete with the best blood in England, and winning our prizes. But it may be asked who, and of what country, are the jockeys? They are English. Who trained these horses? Again I answer, *Englishmen*. Moreover, these horses are of English blood; but bred in France, in a warmer climate than ours, they attain earlier to their strength.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN. By LORD

WILLIAM PITT LENNOX. SECOND SERIES. 2 vols. demy 8vo. 30s.

Among other persons mentioned in the Second Series of this work are—The Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; the Dukes of Wellington and Beaufort; the Earls of Durham and Carlisle; Lords Byron, Clyde, Adolphus Fitzclarence, and Cockburn; Sirs Walter Scott, G. Wombwell, A. Barnard, John Elley, Sidney, Harry, and C. F. Smith; Count D'Ossay; Dr. Dodd; Messrs. Thomas Moore, Theodore Hook, Leigh Hunt, Jerdan, James, Horace, and Albert Smith, Beazley, Tattersall, Hudson, Ude, George Colman, The Kembles, G. F. Cooke, Charles Young, Edmund and Charles Kean, Yates, Harley; Miss Foote; Mrs. Nisbet; Mesdames Catalani, Grassini, Rachel, &c.

"This new series of Lord William Lennox's reminiscences is fully as entertaining as the preceding one. Lord William makes good use of an excellent memory, and he writes easily and pleasantly."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This second series of Lord William Lennox's highly-interesting reminiscences of political, social, literary, sporting, and theatrical life, is one of the best books of the season. As a book of genial nineteenth-century gossip it is unequalled. Pleasant anecdotes, exciting episodes, smart sayings, witticisms, and repartees are to be found on every page."—*Court Journal*.

"This work will be very widely read. The author has had quite exceptional opportunities for observing the remarkable men of his time, and he has used these opportunities in a very profitable and satisfactory manner. He is generally amusing and displays keen observation and kindly judgment."—*John Bull*.

"These volumes are very interesting from the personal element which pervades them. There are not many men in England who have enjoyed the same varied experience as Lord William Lennox. His book is rich in reminiscences of literary, theatrical, and club celebrities."—*Standard*.

HISTORIC CHATEAUX: BLOIS, FONTAINEBLEAU,

VINCENNES. By ALEXANDER BAILLIE COCHRANE, M.P. 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

"A very interesting volume."—*Times*.

"A lively and agreeable book full of action and colour."—*Athenæum*.

"This book is bright, pleasant reading."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"A most valuable addition to the historical works of the time. It is full of life and colour."—*Morning Post*.

"A well executed book by a polished and vigorous writer."—*The World*.

"An interesting and pleasantly written volume."—*Vanity Fair*.

"The perusal of this volume will enlighten, instruct, and interest the reader. Throughout there is a vigour of narrative and description that stamps the author most successful historian, thoroughly accurate and impartial."—*Court Journal*.

LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF

FRANCE. By CHARLES DUKE YONGE, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College Belfast. New and CHEAPER EDITION. 1 vol. large post 8vo, with Portrait. 9s.

"Professor Yonge's 'Life of Marie Antoinette' supplies, in a most attractive and readable shape, all the latest information respecting this unfortunate Queen."—*Church Quarterly Review*.

"A work of remarkable merit and interest, which will, we doubt not, become the most popular English history of Marie Antoinette."—*Spectator*.

"A work of considerable value. It is a most interesting and carefully-considered biography, as well as a valuable elucidation of a portion of the political history of the last century."—*Morning Post*.

"This book is well written, and of thrilling interest."—*Academy*.

"An invaluable biography; one of the very best of modern times."—*Messenger*.

"A narrative full of interest from first to last. To tell it clearly and straightforwardly is to arrest at once the attention of the reader, and in these qualities of a biographer Professor Yonge leaves little to be desired."—*Graphic*.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—Continued.

MY LIFE, FROM 1815 TO 1849. By CHARLES LOFTUS, formerly of the Royal Navy, late of the Coldstream Guards. Author of "My Youth by Sea and Land." 2 vols. 21s. (*In April*)

ACROSS CENTRAL AMERICA. By J. W. BODDAM-WHETHAM, Author of "Pearls of the Pacific," &c. 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s. (*In May*.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLONEL DE GONNEVILLE. Edited from the French by CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, Author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," &c. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

"The author of this very interesting memoir was a French gentleman of ancient lineage, who left his home in Normandy to enter the service of Napoleon I in 1804, and, having distinguished himself in the Grand Army, retired from military life in 1833, and survived to witness the war of 1870, and the outbreak of the Commune of 1871. The personal career of M. de Gonnevillle, as we see it in his modest account of himself, presents a number of points of interest—for he was an officer of no ordinary merit—intelligent, vigilant, and with great presence of mind. The most valuable part of these memoirs consists in the light they throw on the great age of military wonders and revolution which passed before M. de Gonnevillle's eyes. The work contains some interesting details on more than one campaign of the Grand Army which have not, we believe, been disclosed before; and it adds to our knowledge respecting the struggle in Poland and Prussia in 1807, and several passages of the Peninsular War. It brings us, also, within the presence of Napoleon I., and some of the chiefs who upheld the fortunes of the First Empire; and its anecdotes about that extraordinary man are evidently genuine and very characteristic. It introduces us to the inner life and real state of the Grand Army, and lays bare the causes of its strength and weakness. The work discloses a variety of details of interest connected with Napoleon's escape from Elba, the Hundred Days, the Bourbon Restoration, and the Revolution of July, 1830. We have dwelt at length on this instructive record of the experiences of a memorable age, and can commend it cordially to our readers."—*The Times*.

MY YOUTH, BY SEA AND LAND, FROM 1809 TO 1816. By CHARLES LOFTUS, formerly of the Royal Navy, late of the Coldstream Guards. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

"It was a happy thought that impelled Major Loftus to give us these reminiscences of 'the old war,' which still retains so strong a hold on our sympathies. Every word from an intelligent actor in these stirring scenes is now valuable. Major Loftus played the part allotted to him with honour and ability, and he relates the story of his sea life with spirit and vigour. Some of his sea stories are as laughable as anything in 'Peter Simple,' while many of his adventures on shore remind us of Charles Lever in his freshest days. During his sea life Major Loftus became acquainted with many distinguished persons. Besides the Duke of Wellington, the Prince Regent, and William IV., he was brought into personal relation with the allied Sovereigns, the Duc D'Angoulême, Lord William Bentinck, and Sir Hudson Lowe. A more genial, pleasant, wholesome book we have not often read."—*Standard*.

OUR BISHOPS AND DEANS. By the Rev. F. ARNOLD, B.A., late of Christ Church, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.

"This work is good in conception and cleverly executed, and as thoroughly honest and earnest as it is interesting and able. The style is original, the thought vigorous, the information wide and thorough, the portrait-painting artistic, and the comments keen enough to gratify and impress any student or thinker, whether or no he be inclined to endorse all the opinions of the author. There is not a chapter that any intelligent reader is likely to find uninteresting."—*John Bull*.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

TALES OF OUR GREAT FAMILIES. By

EDWARD WALFORD, M.A., Author of "The County Families," &c.
2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

CONTENTS:—The Lady Blanche Arundell of Wardour—The Two Fair Gunnings—The Thellussons—The Noble House of Cecil—Laurence, Earl Ferrers—The Duchess of Kingston—The Drummonds, Earls of Perth—The Three Miss Walpoles—The Wooing of Sir Heneage Finch—The Ducal House of Leeds—The Cathcarts—The Noble House of Hastings—Thomas Pitt, Lord Camelford—The Earldom of Pembroke—The Rise of the Rothschilds—The House of Harley—The Bad Lord Stourton—Benjamin, Lord Bloomfield—Lord Lytton's Ghost—The Witty Duke of Wharton—The Ducal House of Buckingham—The Noble House of Stafford—The Ducal House of Richmond—George Hanger, Lord Coleraine—De Courcy, Lord of Kingsale—The Heiress of Haddon Hall—An Eccentric Lady—Sir Simon Eyre—The Barings—Sir F. Dashwood and the Franciscans—The Sackvilles of Drayton—The Ducal House of Sutherland—Colonel Chartres—The Courtenays—The House of Berkeley—The House of Ashbrook—Romance of the Townshends—The Dymokes of Scriveleysby, &c.

"Two exceedingly entertaining volumes. Mr. Walford's book will be widely read, and we are sure nobody will regret having read it."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A very amusing and interesting book, containing a variety of remarkable episodes in the history of many of our noble families."—*Morning Post*.

"A very charming and readable book. It contains a large amount of useful and interesting matter."—*John Bull*.

"An entertaining, valuable, and instructive work."—*Daily Telegraph*.

"This work is replete with interest, information, and anecdote. It will take its place beside the best standard volumes, and no library, public or private, will be complete without it."—*Court Journal*.

MY YEAR IN AN INDIAN FORT. By Mrs.

GUTHRIE, Author of "Through Russia." 2 vols. crown 8vo, with Illustrations. 21s.

"Written with intelligence and ability."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"A book that will well repay perusal."—*Daily News*.

"A charming book—clever, interesting and entertaining."—*London*.

"A book of much pleasant reading."—*Graphic*.

"A pleasantly written book. Mrs. Guthrie appears to have enjoyed her visit to the Fort of Belgaum, in the Deccan, immensely. Those who know India, and those who do not, may read her work with pleasure and profit."—*Standard*.

"There are few books about India which in point of freshness of matter and grace of manner will compare with these volumes."—*Scotsman*.

"A graphic sketch of up-country life in India which can hardly fail to attract a numerous circle of readers."—*John Bull*.

"Mrs. Guthrie is favourably known by her Russian book, but her Indian volumes will find a larger number of readers. Her charming book affords a truthful and agreeable picture of an English lady's life in India."—*Globe*.

THROUGH FRANCE AND BELGIUM, BY RIVER AND CANAL, IN THE STEAM YACHT "YTENE."

By W. J. C. MOENS, R.V.Y.O., Author of "English Travellers and Italian Brigands." 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Illustrations. 15s.

"There is much in Mr. Moens's book that is decidedly fresh and original, while the novel routes that he followed introduced him to many interesting places which are too much neglected by ordinary tourists."—*Saturday Review*.

"An agreeably written story of a pleasant tour."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"This book is pleasantly written, the descriptions of the scenery and objects of interest are fresh and lively, and are interspersed with entertaining anecdote. Mr. Moens gives very valuable information to his yachting readers."—*Sporting Gazette*.

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS: CATHARINE OF ARAGON and ANNE BOLEYN. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. *Second Edition.* Vols. 1 & 2. Demy 8vo. 80s.

"In two handsome volumes Mr. Dixon here gives us the first instalment of a new historical work on a most attractive subject. The book is in many respects a favourable specimen of Mr. Dixon's powers. It is the most painstaking and elaborate that he has yet written. . . . On the whole, we may say that the book is one which will sustain the reputation of its author as a writer of great power and versatility, that it gives a new aspect to many an old subject, and presents in a very striking light some of the most recent discoveries in English history."—*Athenæum*.

"In these volumes the author exhibits in a signal manner his special powers and finest endowments. It is obvious that the historian has been at especial pains to justify his reputation, to strengthen his hold upon the learned, and also to extend his sway over the many who prize an attractive style and interesting narrative more highly than laborious research and philosophic insight."—*Morning Post*.

"The thanks of all students of English history are due to Mr. Hepworth Dixon for his clever and original work, 'History of two Queens.' The book is a valuable contribution to English history. The author has consulted a number of original sources of information—in particular the archives at Simancas, Alcalá, and Venice. Mr. Dixon is a skilful writer. His style, singularly vivid, graphic, and dramatic—is alive with human and artistic interest. Some of the incidental descriptions reach a very high level of picturesque power."—*Daily News*.

"Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his new work, has chosen a theme at once intrinsically interesting and admirably fit for illustration by his practised and brilliant pen. The lives of Catharine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn give ample scope to a writer so clear and vivid in his descriptions, so lifelike in his portraiture, so decided in his judgment, and whose sparkling vivacity of style can be shaded off, when necessary, by such delicate touches of tenderness and pathos. For pleasant reading and very effective writing we can warmly commend Mr. Dixon's volumes."—*Daily Telegraph*.

VOLS. III. & IV. OF THE HISTORY OF TWO QUEENS: CATHARINE OF ARAGON and ANNE BOLEYN. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. *Second Edition.* Demy 8vo. Price 30s. Completing the Work.

"These concluding volumes of Mr. Dixon's 'History of two Queens' will be perused with keen interest by thousands of readers. Whilst no less valuable to the student they will be far more enthralling to the general reader than the earlier half of the history. Every page of what may be termed Anne Boleyn's story affords a happy illustration of the author's vivid and picturesque style. The work should be found in every library."—*Post*.

"Mr. Dixon has pre-eminently the art of interesting his readers. He has produced a narrative of considerable value, conceived in a spirit of fairness, and written with power and picturesque effect."—*Daily News*.

"Mr. Dixon has completed in these volumes the two stories which he has narrated with so much grace and vigour. Better still, he has cast the light of truth upon incidents that have not been seen under that light before. Full of romantic and dramatic sentiment as the story of Catharine is, we think that the more absorbing interest is concentrated in the story of Anne Boleyn. Never has it been told so fully, so fairly, or so attractively."—*Notes and Queries*.

HISTORY OF WILLIAM PENN, Founder of Pennsylvania. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. A NEW LIBRARY EDITION. 1 vol. demy 8vo, with Portrait. 12s.

"Mr. Dixon's 'William Penn' is, perhaps, the best of his books. He has now revised and issued it with the addition of much fresh matter. It is now offered in a sumptuous volume, matching with Mr. Dixon's recent books, to a new generation of readers, who will thank Mr. Dixon for his interesting and instructive memoir of one of the worthies of England."—*Examiner*

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

COACHING ; With ANECDOTES OF THE ROAD. By LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX, Author of "Celebrities I have Known," &c. Dedicated to His Grace the DUKE of BEAUFORT, K.G., President, and the Members of the Coaching Club. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

"Lord William's book is genial, discursive, and gossipy. We are indebted to the author's personal recollections for some lively stories, and pleasant sketches of some of the more famous dragsmen. Nor does Lord William by any means limit himself to the English roads, and English coaches. Bianconi's Irish cars, the continental diligences, with anecdotes of His Grace of Wellington, when Lord William was acting as his aide-de-camp during the occupation of Paris, with many other matters more or less germane to his subject, are all brought in more or less naturally. Altogether his volume, with the variety of its contents, will be found pleasant reading."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Lord William Lennox is favourably known as the author of a charming book full of most interesting personal recollections about the great and celebrated men he has known in his time. We have now from his facile and graceful pen another clever and amusing book, entitled 'Coaching; with Anecdotes of the Road,' which is published at a most seasonable time. It would be very difficult to give any adequate idea of the fascinating contents of Lord William Lennox's work in a brief space—suffice it to say that in the historical and antiquarian section the noble author's pleasant anecdotal humour imparts to what would otherwise be a dry performance all the charming gaiety of the sprightliest gossip. A very excellent account is given of coaching in Ireland. A quaint account, too, is given of some of the most 'moving accidents' incident to coaching, and Lord William tells some capital stories about crack drivers, both professional and amateur, who were once famous. Altogether, we may say his lordship has been successful in producing a fresh and lively book, which contains, in the pleasant guise of anecdote and gossip, much information, both valuable and curious, on what may be called an out-of-the-way subject."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"An extremely interesting and amusing work; chatty, anecdotal, and humorous. By far the best coaching book that has seen the light."—*Globe.*

LIFE OF MOSCHELES ; WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE. By HIS WIFE. 2 vols. large post 8vo, with Portrait. 24s.

"This life of Moscheles will be a valuable book of reference for the musical historian, for the contents extend over a period of threescore years, commencing with 1794, and ending at 1870. We need scarcely state that all the portions of Moscheles' diary which refer to his intercourse with Beethoven, Hummel, Weber, Czerny, Spontini, Rossini, Auber, Halévy, Schumann, Cherubini, Spohr, Mendelssohn, F. David, Chopin, J. B. Cramer, Clementi, John Field, Habeneck, Hauptmann, Kalkbrenner, Klessewetter, C. Klingemann, Lablache, Dragonetti, Sontag, Persiani, Malibran, Paganini, Rachel, Ronzi de Begnis, De Beriot, Ernst, Donzelli, Cinti-Damoreau, Chelard, Bochsa, Laporte, Charles Kemble, Paton (Mrs. Wood), Schröder-Devrient, Mrs. Siddons, Sir H. Bishop, Sir G. Smart, Staudigl, Thalberg, Berlioz, Velluti, C. Young, Balfe, Braham, and many other artists of note in their time, will recall a flood of recollections. It was a delicate task for Madame Moscheles to select from the diaries in reference to living persons, but her extracts have been judiciously made. Moscheles writes fairly of what is called the 'Music of the Future' and its disciples, and his judgments on Herr Wagner, Dr. Liszt, Rubenstein, Dr. von Bülow, Litolf, &c., whether as composers or exponents, are in a liberal spirit. He recognizes cheerfully the talents of our native artists, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Mr. Macfarren, Madame Arabella Goddard, Mr. John Barnett, Mr. Hullah, Mrs. Shaw, Mr. A. Sullivan, &c. The celebrities with whom Moscheles came in contact, include Sir Walter Scott, Sir Robert Peel, the late Duke of Cambridge, the Bunsens, Louis Philippe, Napoleon the Third, Humboldt, Henry Heine, Thomas More, Count Nesselrode, the Duchess of Orleans, Prof. Wolf, &c. Indeed, the two volumes are full of amusing anecdotes."—*Athenæum.*

18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

VOLS. I. & II. OF HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN. *Sixth Edition.* 8vo. 30s.

FROM THE TIMES:—"All the civilized world—English, Continental, and American—takes an interest in the Tower of London. The Tower is the stage upon which has been enacted some of the grandest dramas and saddest tragedies in our national annals. If, in imagination, we take our stand on those time-worn walls, and let century after century flit past us, we shall see in due succession the majority of the most famous men and lovely women of England in the olden time. We shall see them jesting, jousting, love-making, plotting, and then anon, perhaps, commending their souls to God in the presence of a hideous masked figure, bearing an axe in his hands. It is such pictures as these that Mr. Dixon, with considerable skill as an historical limner, has set before us in these volumes. Mr. Dixon dashes off the scenes of Tower history with great spirit. His descriptions are given with such terseness and vigour that we should spoil them by any attempt at condensation. As favourable examples of his narrative powers we may call attention to the story of the beautiful but unpopular Elinor, Queen of Henry III., and the description of Anne Boleyn's first and second arrivals at the Tower. Then we have the story of the bold Bishop of Durham, who escapes by the aid of a cord hidden in a wine-jar; and the tale of Maud Fitzwalter, imprisoned and murdered by the califf John. Passing onwards, we meet Charles of Orleans, the poetic French Prince, captured at Agincourt, and detained for five-and-twenty years a prisoner in the Tower. Next we encounter the baleful form of Richard of Gloucester, and are filled with indignation at the blackest of the black Tower deeds. As we draw nearer to modern times, we have the sorrowful story of the Nine Days' Queen, poor little Lady Jane Grey. The chapter entitled "No Cross, no Crown" is one of the most affecting in the book. A mature man can scarcely read it without feeling the tears ready to trickle from his eyes. No part of the first volume yields in interest to the chapters which are devoted to the story of Sir Walter Raleigh. The greater part of the second volume is occupied with the story of the Gunpowder Plot. The narrative is extremely interesting, and will repay perusal. Another *cause célèbre* possessed of a perennial interest, is the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury by Lord and Lady Somerset. Mr. Dixon tells the tale skillfully. In conclusion, we may congratulate the author on this work. Both volumes are decidedly attractive, and throw much light on our national history."

VOLS. III. & IV. OF HER MAJESTY'S TOWER.

By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. DEDICATED BY EXPRESS PERMISSION TO THE QUEEN. Completing the Work. *Third Edition.* Demy 8vo. 80s.

"These volumes are two galleries of richly painted portraits of the noblest men and most brilliant women, besides others, commemorated by English history. The grand old Royal Keep, palace and prison by turns, is revived in these volumes, which close the narrative, extending from the era of Sir John Eliot, who saw Raleigh die in Palace Yard, to that of Thistlewood, the last prisoner immured in the Tower. Few works are given to us, in these days, so abundant in originality and research as Mr. Dixon's."—*Standard.*

FREE RUSSIA. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON. *Third Edition.* 2 vols. 8vo, with Coloured Illustrations. 30s.

"Mr. Dixon's book will be certain not only to interest but to please its readers and it deserves to do so. It contains a great deal that is worthy of attention, and is likely to produce a very useful effect."—*Saturday Review.*

THE SWITZERS. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Third Edition. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 15s.

"A lively, interesting, and altogether novel book on Switzerland. It is full of valuable information on social, political, and ecclesiastical questions, and, like all Mr. Dixon's books, is eminently readable."—*Daily News.*

18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS—*Continued.*

WORDS OF HOPE AND COMFORT TO

THOSE IN SORROW. Dedicated by Permission to THE QUEEN.

Third Edition. 1 vol. small 4to, 5s. bound.

"These letters, the work of a pure and devout spirit, deserve to find many readers. They are greatly superior to the average of what is called religious literature."—*Athenæum*.

"The writer of the tenderly-conceived letters in this volume was Mrs. Julius Hare, a sister of Mr. Maurice. They are instinct with the devout submissiveness and fine sympathy which we associate with the name of Maurice; but in her there is added a winningness of tact, and sometimes, too, a directness of language, which we hardly find even in the brother. The letters were privately printed and circulated, and were found to be the source of much comfort, which they cannot fail to afford now to a wide circle. A sweetly-conceived memorial poem, bearing the well-known initials, 'E. H. P.', gives a very faithful outline of the life."—*British Quarterly Review*.

"This touching and most comforting work is dedicated to THE QUEEN, who took a gracious interest in its first appearance, when printed for private circulation, and found comfort in its pages, and has now commanded its publication, that the world in general may profit by it. A more practical and heart-stirring appeal to the afflicted we have never examined."—*Standard*.

"These letters are exceptionally graceful and touching, and may be read with profit."—*Graphic*.

LIFE OF THE RT. HON. SPENCER PERCEVAL;

Including His Correspondence. By His Grandson, SPENCER WALPOLE. 2 vols. 8vo, with Portrait. 30s.

"Mr. Walpole's work reflects credit not only on his industry in compiling an important biography from authentic material, but also on his eloquence, power of interpreting political change, and general literary address. The biography will take rank in our literature, both as a faithful reflection of the statesman and his period, as also for its philosophic, logical, and dramatic completeness."—*Morning Post*.

"In Mr. Perceval's biography his grandson has undoubtedly made a valuable addition to our Parliamentary history. The book is full of interest."—*Daily News*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SOCIETY IN FRANCE

AND ENGLAND. By LADY CLEMENTINA DAVIES. *2nd Edition.* 2 v.

"Two charming volumes, full of the most interesting and entertaining matter, and written in plain, elegant English. Lady Clementina Davies has seen much, heard much, and remembered well. Her unique and brilliant recollections have the interest of a romance, wherein no character is fictitious, no incident untrue."—*Post*.

COSITAS ESPANOLAS; OR, EVERY-DAY LIFE IN

SPAIN. By Mrs. HARVEY, of Ickwell-Bury, Author of "Turkish harems and Circassian Homes." *Second Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. 15s.

"A charming book; fresh, lively, and amusing. It may confidently be recommended to all readers who want to know something about the inner life of Spain. Mrs. Harvey describes Gibraltar, Madrid, the Escorial, the Alhambra, Seville, and many other places; and there is a freshness and sincerity about the account which causes it to seem as new as if the topic had never been treated before. The descriptive faculty is very largely developed in our author, and some of the passages relating to scenery are extremely fine, and lay the view before the eyes to perfection. What makes the book still more attractive is the keen sense of humour manifested throughout."—*Post*.

ON THE WING; A SOUTHERN FLIGHT. By the

HON. MRS. ALFRED MONTGOMERY. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

"A most entertaining and instructive work."—*Court Journal*.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
PUBLICATIONS—*Continued.*

A BOOK ABOUT THE TABLE. By J. C.

JEFFERSON. 2 vols. 8vo. 80s.

"This book is readable and amusing from first to last. No one ought to be without it. No point of interest concerning the table or its appurtenances is left untouched. Racy anecdotes coruscate on every page."—*Morning Post.*

"We cordially recommend these very amusing and instructive volumes. They are racy in style, rich in anecdote, and full of good sense."—*Standard.*

RAMBLES IN ISTRIA, DALMATIA, AND MONTENEGRO. By R. H. R. 1 vol. 8vo. 14s.

"The author has the knack of hitting off those light sketches of picturesque life, which are none the less telling for being done by a passing observer. The really instructive part of his book relates to Montenegro, and it has especial interest at the present time."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

PEARLS OF THE PACIFIC. By J. W. BODDAM-WHETHAM. 1 vol. Demy 8vo, with 8 Illustrations. 15s.

"The literary merits of Mr. Whetham's work are of a very high order. His descriptions are vivid, the comments upon what he saw judicious, and there is an occasional dash of humour and of pathos which stirs our sympathies."—*Athenaeum.*

"Mr. Whetham is evidently an intelligent and well-informed man; he writes pleasantly, and it should be strange if every one in a volume of this size does not find much that is fresh and novel."—*Fall Mall Gazette.*

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By C. J. ANDERSSON, Author of "Lake Ngami," &c. Edited by

L. LLOYD, Author of "Field Sports of the North." 1 volume demy 8vo. With Portrait of the Author. 15s. bound.

"This book is most interesting reading, and the notes on the zoology of Damara land are especially to be recommended to the naturalist."—*Saturday Review.*

WILD LIFE IN FLORIDA; With a Visit to Cuba.

By Captain F. T. TOWNSHEND, F.R.G.S., 2nd Life Guards. 1 vol. 8vo, with Map and Illustrations. 15s.

"A volume decidedly above the average of books of mingled travel and sport. He writes in an easy, pleasant fashion."—*Athenaeum.*

SPAIN AND THE SPANIARDS. By AZAMAT

BATUK. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 21s.

"By the aid of this really entertaining book the *Cosas de Espana* of the moment may be brought before the mind's eye."—*Athenaeum.*

TURKISH HAREMS & CIRCASSIAN HOMES.

By MRS. HARVEY, of Ickwell Bury. 8vo. *Second Edition.* 15s.

"Mrs. Harvey not only saw a great deal, but saw all that she did see to the best advantage. In noticing the intrinsic interest of Mrs. Harvey's book, we must not forget to say a word for her ability as a writer."—*Times.*

MEMOIRS OF QUEEN HORTENSE, MOTHER

OF NAPOLEON III. Cheaper Edition, in 1 vol. 6s.

"A biography of the beautiful and unhappy Queen, more satisfactory than any we have yet met with."—*Daily News.*

THE EXILES AT ST. GERMAINS. By the

Author of "The Ladye Shakerley." 1 vol. 7s. 6d. bound.

"The Exiles at St. Germain's will be every whit as popular as 'The Ladye Shakerley.'"—*Standard.*

13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT'S
PUBLICATIONS—*Continued.***

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'JOHN HALIFAX.'

Each in One Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.	CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.
A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.	A NOBLE LIFE.
A LIFE FOR A LIFE.	HANNAH.
NOTHING NEW.	THE UNKIND WORD.
MISTRESS AND MAID.	A BRAVE LADY.
	STUDIES FROM LIFE.
THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.	

WORKS BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SAM SLICK.'

Each in One Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.	THE OLD JUDGE; OR, LIFE IN A COLONY.
WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.	TRAITS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.
THE AMERICANS AT HOME.	

WORKS BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Each in One Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

ADAM GRAEME.	THE LIFE OF THE REV.
THE LAIRD OF NORLAW.	EDWARD IRVING.
AGNES.	A ROSE IN JUNE.

WORKS BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

Each in One Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 5s.

DAVID ELGINBROD.	ALEC FORBES OF
ROBERT FALCONER.	HOWGLEN.

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

MRS. ARTHUR. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of
"Chronicles of Carlingford," &c. 3 vols. (*Just Ready.*)

BRIDGET. By M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, Author of
"Kitty," &c. 3 vols.

WINNIE'S HISTORY. By Mrs. M. C. M. SIMPSON.
3 vols.

ALL FOR HERSELF. By SHIRLEY SMITH.
3 vols.

THE BURTHEN OF REUBEN. By Mrs. RANDOLPH, Author of "Gentianella," "No Love Lost," &c. 3 vols.
(*Just Ready.*)

MIGNON. By Mrs. FORRESTER, Author of "Dolores,"
"Fair Women," "Diana Carew," &c. 3 vols.

"Mrs. Forrester is invariably successful in the novels of fashionable life that she gives us. She presents graphic and animated sketches of the society of the day. 'Mignon' may reckon upon wide popularity, for it interests and amuses from the first page to the last."—*John Bull.*

MR. CHARLTON. By the Author of "Anne Dysart,"
&c. 3 vols.

"A work of real merit. One of the most amusing novels of the day. The story is interesting, the style is animated, and the characters are faithful transcripts from life."—*Court Journal.*

"This novel cannot but raise the writer still higher in the estimation of those whom her previous works have most thoroughly delighted."—*Messenger.*

"A good novel, well worth reading."—*Scotsman.*

ONE GOLDEN SUMMER. By Mrs. MACKENZIE
DANIEL. 3 vols.

"'One Golden Summer' has the characteristics of a good novel. It is written in a ladylike style, has a definite plot, and shows a knowledge of society on the part of the author."—*Academy.*

"A novel which will amuse and interest the reader."—*Court Journal.*

ANNE WARWICK. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. 2 v.

"This book is, in our judgment, most unusually good. It deserves to be read. The truth and delicacy of the character-drawing are most remarkable."—*Academy.*

"An exceptionally pleasant story."—*Morning Post.*

GLENCAIRN. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY. 3 vols.

"A distinctly clever novel, with a bold and striking plot, and at least four incisively drawn leading characters."—*Academy.*

MARK EYLMER'S REVENGE. By Mrs. J. K. SPENDER, Author of "Jocelyn's Mistake," &c. 3 vols.

"A thoroughly good and well written book, which both deserves and will repay perusal."—*British Quarterly Review.*

"A bright and entertaining novel."—*John Bull.*

"A very well written and readable novel."—*Vanity Fair.*

THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

PUBLISHED BY HURST & BLACKETT.

DIANA, LADY LYLE. By W. HEPWORTH DIXON.

Second Edition. 3 vols.

"Mr. Dixon's novel has decided merits. Not a few of his conceptions are fresh and original, many of his scenes are highly dramatic, many of his descriptions show a keen faculty of artistic observation, and impress you with a lively sense of their fidelity."—*The Times*.

"Mr. Dixon's powers are, in many ways, such as to lead the world to expect a good novel from him, and his readers will not be satisfied with what is less than excellent. They feel that they have a right to look for a story well put together and a rapid succession of exciting incidents, and in these expectations they will not be disappointed. Mr. Dixon's book is undoubtedly original. The reader's attention is at once arrested, and his interest kept alive throughout."—*Athenæum*.

"A book of extraordinary merits. A vivid and vigorous romance of real life. To say that this remarkable story is 'original' would convey no adequate idea of its sterling newness and unconventionality of conception, design, and treatment."—*Morning Post*.

"'Diana, Lady Lyle,' is a most interesting novel. The heroine herself is charmingly, powerfully, and naturally drawn. The descriptions are fresh, vigorous, and picturesque. The interest not only never flags, but grows in intensity to the end. Altogether, Mr. Dixon's first novel is a success."—*The World*.

TWO LILIES. By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of

"Nathalie," "Adele," &c. 3 vols.

"A well written story. The rival Lilies are admirably contrasted."—*Athenæum*.

THOMAS WINGFOLD, CURATE. By GEORGE

MAG DONALD, LL.D., Author of "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," "David Elginbrod," &c. 3 vols.

"Its nobility of purpose, its keen insight into human nature, and its poetry, place this book in the first rank of novels of the year."—*John Bull*.

"A very fine story. One of the books most worth reading that has been published for many a day."—*Standard*.

PHOEBE, JUNIOR; A LAST CHRONICLE OF CARLINGFORD. By MRS. OLIPHANT. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"This novel shows great knowledge of human nature. The interest goes on growing to the end. Phoebe is excellently drawn."—*Times*.

NORA'S LOVE TEST. By MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Myddelton's Money," &c. *Second Edition.* 3 vols.

"A very powerful story—bright, fresh, and sparkling."—*Examiner*.

EFFIE MAXWELL. By AGNES SMITH, Author of

"Eastern Pilgrims." 3 vols.

"A very interesting, sensible, and wholesome story."—*John Bull*.

MAJOR VANDERMERE. By the Author of

"Ursula's Love Story," "Beautiful Edith," &c. 3 vols.

"A pleasant and graceful story."—*Academy*.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE. By MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

Author of "A Golden Sorrow," &c. 3 vols.

"A remarkably clever and powerful novel."—*World*.

POWER'S PARTNER. By MAY BYRNE, Author

of "Ingram Place," &c. 3 vols.

"A good novel in all respects. It deserves success."—*Post*.

Under the Especial Patronage of Her Majesty.

Published annually, in One Vol., royal 8vo, with the Arms beautifully engraved, handsomely bound, with gilt edges, price 31s. 6d.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE, CORRECTED BY THE NOBILITY.

THE FORTY-SIXTH EDITION FOR 1877 IS NOW READY.

LODGE'S PEERAGE AND BARONETAGE is acknowledged to be the most complete, as well as the most elegant, work of the kind. As an established and authentic authority on all questions respecting the family histories, honours, and connections of the titled aristocracy, no work has ever stood so high. It is published under the especial patronage of Her Majesty, and is annually corrected throughout, from the personal communications of the Nobility. It is the only work of its class in which, *the type being kept constantly standing*, every correction is made in its proper place to the date of publication, an advantage which gives it supremacy over all its competitors. Independently of its full and authentic information respecting the existing Peers and Baronets of the realm, the most sedulous attention is given in its pages to the collateral branches of the various noble families, and the names of many thousand individuals are introduced, which do not appear in other records of the titled classes. For its authority, correctness, and facility of arrangement, and the beauty of its typography and binding, the work is justly entitled to the place it occupies on the tables of Her Majesty and the Nobility.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL CONTENTS.

Historical View of the Peerage.
Parliamentary Roll of the House of Lords.
English, Scotch, and Irish Peers, in their orders of Precedence.
Alphabetical List of Peers of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, holding superior rank in the Scotch or Irish Peerage.
Alphabetical list of Scotch and Irish Peers, holding superior titles in the Peerage of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.
A Collective list of Peers, in their order of Precedence.
Table of Precedency among Men.
Table of Precedency among Women.
The Queen and the Royal Family.
Peers of the Blood Royal.
The Peerage, alphabetically arranged.
Families of such Extinct Peers as have left Widows or Issue.
Alphabetical List of the Surnames of all the Peers.

The Archbishops and Bishops of England, Ireland, and the Colonies.
The Baronetage alphabetically arranged.
Alphabetical List of Surnames assumed by members of Noble Families.
Alphabetical List of the Second Titles of Peers, usually borne by their Eldest Sons.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Dukes, Marquises, and Earls, who, having married Commoners, retain the title of Lady before their own Christian and their Husband's Surnames.
Alphabetical Index to the Daughters of Viscounts and Barons, who, having married Commoners, are styled Honourable Mrs.; and, in case of the husband being a Baronet or Knight, Honourable Lady.
Mottos alphabetically arranged and translated.

"This work is the most perfect and elaborate record of the living and recently deceased members of the Peerage of the Three Kingdoms as it stands at this day. It is a most useful publication. We are happy to bear testimony to the fact that scrupulous accuracy is a distinguishing feature of this book."—*Times*.

"Lodge's Peerage must supersede all other works of the kind, for two reasons: first, it is on a better plan; and secondly, it is better executed. We can safely pronounce it to be the readiest, the most useful, and exactest of modern works on the subject."—*Spectator*.

"A work of great value. It is the most faithful record we possess of the aristocracy of the day."—*Post*.

"The best existing, and, we believe, the best possible Peerage. It is the standard authority on the subject."—*Standard*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

OF CHEAP EDITIONS OF

POPULAR MODERN WORKS,

ILLUSTRATED BY SIR J. GILBERT, MILLAIS, HUNT, LEECH, FOSTER,
POYNTER, TENNIEL, SANDYS, HUGHES, SAMBOURNE, &c.

Each in a Single Volume, elegantly printed, bound, and illustrated, price 6s.

I.—SAM SLICK'S NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

"The first volume of Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's Standard Library of Cheap Editions forms a very good beginning to what will doubtless be a very successful undertaking. 'Nature and Human Nature' is one of the best of Sam Slick's witty and humorous productions, and is well entitled to the large circulation which it cannot fail to obtain in its present convenient and cheap shape. The volume combines with the great recommendations of a clear, bold type, and good paper, the lesser but attractive merits of being well illustrated and elegantly bound."—*Post*.

II.—JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN.

"This is a very good and a very interesting work. It is designed to trace the career from boyhood to age of a perfect man—a Christian gentleman; and it abounds in incident both well and highly wrought. Throughout it is conceived in a high spirit, and written with great ability. This cheap and handsome new edition is worthy to pass freely from hand to hand as a gift book in many households."—*Examiner*.

III.—THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS.

BY ELIOT Warburton.

"Independent of its value as an original narrative, and its useful and interesting information, this work is remarkable for the colouring power and play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. Among its greatest and most lasting charms is its reverent and serious spirit."—*Quarterly Review*.

IV.—NATHALIE. By JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Nathalie' is Miss Kavanagh's best imaginative effort. Its manner is gracious and attractive. Its matter is good. A sentiment, a tenderness, are commanded by her which are as individual as they are elegant."—*Athenæum*.

V.—A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A book of sound counsel. It is one of the most sensible works of its kind, well-written, true-hearted, and altogether practical. Whoever wishes to give advice to a young lady may thank the author for means of doing so."—*Examiner*.

VI.—ADAM GRAEME. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A story awakening genuine emotions of interest and delight by its admirable pictures of Scottish life and scenery. The author sets before us the essential attributes of Christian virtue, with a delicacy, power, and truth which can hardly be surpassed."—*Post*.

VII.—SAM SLICK'S WISE SAWS AND MODERN INSTANCES.

"The reputation of this book will stand as long as that of Scott's or Bulwer's Novels. Its remarkable originality and happy descriptions of American life still continue the subject of universal admiration."—*Messenger*.

VIII.—CARDINAL WISEMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST FOUR POPES.

"A picturesque book on Rome and its ecclesiastical sovereigns, by an eloquent Roman Catholic. Cardinal Wiseman has treated a special subject with so much geniality, that his recollections will excite no ill-feeling in those who are most conscientiously opposed to every idea of human infallibility represented in Papal domination."—*Athenæum*.

IX.—A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"In 'A Life for a Life' the author is fortunate in a good subject, and has produced a work of strong effect."—*Athenæum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

(CONTINUED.)

X.—THE OLD COURT SUBURB. By LEIGH HUNT.

"A delightful book, that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner*.

"A more agreeable and entertaining book has not been published since Boswell produced his reminiscences of Johnson."—*Observer*.

XI.—MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.

"We recommend all who are in search of a fascinating novel to read this work for themselves. They will find it well worth their while. There are a freshness and originality about it quite charming."—*Athenaeum*.

XII.—THE OLD JUDGE. By SAM SLICK.

"The publications included in this Library have all been of good quality; many give information while they entertain, and of that class the book before us is a specimen. The manner in which the Cheap Editions forming the series is produced, deserves especial mention. The paper and print are unexceptionable; there is a steel engraving in each volume, and the outside of them will satisfy the purchaser who likes to see books in handsome uniform."—*Examiner*.

XIII.—DARIEN. By ELIOT Warburton.

"This last production of the author of 'The Crescent and the Cross' has the same elements of a very wide popularity. It will please its thousands."—*Globe*.

XIV.—FAMILY ROMANCE; OR, DOMESTIC ANNALS OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY SIR BERNARD BURKE, ULSTER KING OF ARMS.

"It were impossible to praise too highly this most interesting book. It ought to be found on every drawing-room table."—*Standard*.

XV.—THE LAIRD OF NORLAW. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"The 'Laird of Norlaw' fully sustains the author's high reputation."—*Sunday Times*.

XVI.—THE ENGLISHWOMAN IN ITALY.

"We can praise Mrs. Gretton's book as interesting, unexaggerated, and full of opportune instruction."—*Times*.

XVII.—NOTHING NEW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'Nothing New' displays all those superior merits which have made 'John Halifax' one of the most popular works of the day."—*Post*.

XVIII.—FREER'S LIFE OF JEANNE D'ALBRET.

"Nothing can be more interesting than Miss Freer's story of the life of Jeanne D'Albret, and the narrative is as trustworthy as it is attractive."—*Post*.

XIX.—THE VALLEY OF A HUNDRED FIRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS."

"If asked to classify this work, we should give it a place between 'John Halifax' and 'The Caxtons.'"—*Standard*.

XX.—THE ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.

BY PETER BURKE, SERGEANT AT LAW.

"A work of singular interest, which can never fail to charm. The present cheap and elegant edition includes the true story of the Colleen Bawn."—*Illustrated News*.

XXI.—ADELE. By JULIA KAVANAGH.

"'Adele' is the best work we have read by Miss Kavanagh; it is a charming story full of delicate character-painting."—*Athenaeum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXII.—STUDIES FROM LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"These 'Studies from Life' are remarkable for graphic power and observation. The book will not diminish the reputation of the accomplished author."—*Saturday Review*.

XXIII.—GRANDMOTHER'S MONEY.

"We commend 'Grandmother's Money' to readers in search of a good novel. The characters are true to human nature, and the story is interesting."—*Athenæum*.

XXIV.—A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS.

BY J. O. JEAFFRESON.

"A delightful book."—*Athenæum*. "A book to be read and re-read; fit for the study as well as the drawing-room table and the circulating library."—*Lancet*.

XXV.—NO CHURCH.

"We advise all who have the opportunity to read this book."—*Athenæum*.

XXVI.—MISTRESS AND MAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A good wholesome book, gracefully written, and as pleasant to read as it is instructive."—*Athenæum*. "A charming tale charmingly told."—*Standard*.

XXVII.—LOST AND SAVED. By HON. MRS. NORTON.

"'Lost and Saved' will be read with eager interest. It is a vigorous novel."—*Times*.

"A novel of rare excellence. It is Mrs. Norton's best prose work."—*Examiner*.

XXVIII.—LES MISÉRABLES. By VICTOR HUGO.

AUTHORISED COPYRIGHT ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

"The merits of 'Les Misérables' do not merely consist in the conception of it as a whole; it abounds with details of unequalled beauty. M. Victor Hugo has stamped upon every page the hall-mark of genius."—*Quarterly Review*.

XXIX.—BARBARA'S HISTORY.

BY AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

"It is not often that we light upon a novel of so much merit and interest as 'Barbara's History.' It is a work conspicuous for taste and literary culture. It is a very graceful and charming book, with a well-managed story, clearly-cut characters, and sentiments expressed with an exquisite elocution. It is a book which the world will like."—*Times*.

XXX.—LIFE OF THE REV. EDWARD IRVING.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

"A good book on a most interesting theme."—*Times*.

"A truly interesting and most affecting memoir. Irving's Life ought to have a niche in every gallery of religious biography. There are few lives that will be fuller of instruction, interest, and consolation."—*Saturday Review*.

XXXI.—ST. OLAVE'S.

"This charming novel is the work of one who possesses a great talent for writing, as well as experience and knowledge of the world."—*Athenæum*.

XXXII.—SAM SLICK'S AMERICAN HUMOUR.

"Dip where you will into this lottery of fun, you are sure to draw out a prize."—*Post*.

XXXIII.—CHRISTIAN'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A more charming story has rarely been written. Even if tried by the standard of the Archbishop of York, we should expect that even he would pronounce 'Christian's Mistake' a novel without a fault."—*Times*.

XXXIV.—ALEC FORBES OF HOWGLEN.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"No account of this story would give any idea of the profound interest that pervades the work from the first page to the last."—*Athenæum*.

HURST & BLACKETT'S STANDARD LIBRARY

XXXV.—AGNES. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'Agnes' is a novel superior to any of Mrs. Oliphant's former works."—*Athenaeum*.
"A story whose pathetic beauty will appeal irresistibly to all readers."—*Post*.

XXXVI.—A NOBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"This is one of those pleasant tales in which the author of 'John Halifax' speaks out of a generous heart the purest truths of life."—*Examiner*.

XXXVII.—NEW AMERICA. By HEPWORTH DIXON.

"A very interesting book. Mr. Dixon has written thoughtfully and well."—*Times*.
"We recommend every one who feels any interest in human nature to read Mr. Dixon's very interesting book."—*Saturday Review*.

XXXVIII.—ROBERT FALCONER.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"'Robert Falconer' is a work brimful of life and humour and of the deepest human interest. It is a book to be returned to again and again for the deep and searching knowledge it evinces of human thoughts and feelings."—*Athenaeum*.

XXXIX.—THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"'The Woman's Kingdom' sustains the author's reputation as a writer of the purest and noblest kind of domestic stories."—*Athenaeum*.

XL.—ANNALS OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

BY GEORGE WEBBE DASENT, D.C.L.

"A racy, well-written, and original novel. The interest never flags. The whole work sparkles with wit and humour."—*Quarterly Review*.

XLI.—DAVID ELGINBROD.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD, LL.D.

"The work of a man of genius. It will attract the highest class of readers."—*Times*.

XLII.—A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A very good novel; a thoughtful, well-written book, showing a tender sympathy with human nature, and permeated by a pure and noble spirit."—*Examiner*.

XLIII.—HANNAH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"A very pleasant, healthy story, well and artistically told. The book is sure of a wide circle of readers. The character of Hannah is one of rare beauty."—*Standard*.

XLIV.—SAM SLICK'S AMERICANS AT HOME.

"This is one of the most amusing books that we ever read."—*Standard*.

XLV.—THE UNKIND WORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"The author of 'John Halifax' has written many fascinating stories, but we can call to mind nothing from her pen that has a more enduring charm than the graceful sketches in this work."—*United Service Magazine*.

XLVI.—A ROSE IN JUNE. By MRS. OLIPHANT.

"'A Rose in June' is as pretty as its title. The story is one of the best and most touching which we owe to the industry and talent of Mrs. Oliphant, and may hold its own with even 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.'"—*Times*.

XLVII.—MY LITTLE LADY. By E. F. POYNTER.

"There is a great deal of fascination about this book. The author writes in a clear, unaffected style; she has a decided gift for depicting character, while the descriptions of scenery convey a distinct pictorial impression to the reader."—*Times*.



